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1852



THE
JEW OF DENMARK.

A TALE.

BY
M. GOLDSCHMIDT.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL DANISH,

By MRS. BUSHBY.

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PREFACE.

THE following translation of “En Jöde” was made from the original Danish between two and three years ago,—although circumstances have retarded its publication.

It is now offered to the public by the permission, and with the entire approbation, of its author, Mr. M. Goldschmidt, of Copenhagen.

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"Ah, good madam," said he, "you must keep yourself well to-day; this is not a time for sick fancies. There is the devil to pay with the Spaniards, but you must not be afraid of the guns, for they will not hurt you."

"Schema Iisroel!* she is ill;" cried the sister, rushing to the door to call her maid.

Philip Bendixen took Isaac Bamberger out of the room. "What could tempt you to speak so as to frighten her?" he asked angrily.

"Heyday! why, don't you know it was just *not* to alarm her. Hark—how the drums are beginning to beat, and the guns to fire! Was it not better to prepare her for all that?"

And loud indeed was the uproar—the windows of the houses shook as the drums (to whose measured sound marched the burgher militia with their clanging arms) beat lustily, and the single cannon the town possessed sent forth its thunder, darkening the air with its volumes of smoke.

Great was the anxiety of Philip Bendixen, as he paced hurriedly back and forwards, and in vain endeavoured to busy himself with some out-door occupation.

At length the joyful news was brought to him that he was the father of a fine boy. Philip sprung up in the air in his exultation, and then laying his hands on his head, "Adaunoi Elauheinu! Gebenscht sei dein nome!"† "A son! A son!" he exclaimed, reverentially.

He rushed towards his wife's apartment to see the welcome little stranger; but being repulsed by the females who were in charge therein, he ran into the shop, and kissed and embraced Benjamin, shouting to him at the same time, "A son is born to me!"

"Madsel tauv!"‡ responded Benjamin.

"Thanks, thanks, Benjamin; and now it were well that thou shouldst go with the joyful tidings to Rabbi Jokuf, he shall be maul;§ also to Simon Nasche, and all the other Jews in the town. But my brother-in-law—where is he? True, he went home. Run over to him, and beg him to come back presently—and stop, Benjamin!" cried he, calling him back, when he had got half across the street. "Here, take a pound of coffee, and two or three pounds of sugar, and some rice and flour, and this money, to old Martha. Tell her I send it that she may have a day of feasting and rejoicing in honour of my son's birth—*my* son! yes, I *have* a son!"

* Hear, Israel! An exclamation of terror or surprise.

† Lord, my God! Blessed be thy name!

‡ Blessed be God!

§ This word may perhaps best be rendered by, "*to stand father.*"

Almost as rapidly as events had been happening in Philip's house, had the militia of this little town in Funen been delivered from their apprehensions. The Spaniards had taken their departure in the English ships, and it might have been a question whether they or the townspeople were the most satisfied.

The latter now fell on the Jews. Because they had not taken any part in the warlike preparations, they were called cowardly wretches, who were strangers to all patriotic feelings and regard for their native land. Knots of people, on their way to the public houses, stopped before the habitations of the Jews, and gave vent to their wrath by shouts of imprecations, groans, and injurious words.

"These Christians are a droll set," said Isaac Bamberger, with a sneer, to Philip, at whose door a group of common people had stopped for a few minutes hooting and hallooing. "They will not suffer the Jews to enter any of their militia corps while there is peace, but when any disturbance happens, they rail at us for not serving with them. I trow I will go over and kick my dog, that is always chained up, because he stays ever at home."

"And how will that punish *them*? Let them scream themselves hoarse," said Philip Bendixen, as he betook himself to his wife's apartment.

Eight days after this, the little family were all assembled in the invalid's chamber, on the occasion of the infant's admission into the Jewish community, and many were the exclamations of surprise and satisfaction at the boy's size and beauty. Old Rabbi Jokuf laid on the cradle a *horro*—a gold coin on which was inscribed a Hebrew benediction, which was to preserve the child from *the evil eye*—and said, in an elevated tone of voice, "He shall become strong as Judah, and blessed with wisdom like Assur!"

Isaac drank a bumper of wine, and cried, "Yes, that were well; but I must maintain that his arrival in this world took place upon a day by no means the most fortunate for such an event. Had the boy been a Christian, the martial uproar that ushered in his birth would have betokened that he should become a great hero; but as a Jew, it will but give him double aversion for war and warlike matters. He is destined to be so timid, that even the Jews will call him coward."

All laughed except the mother; for women are by nature chivalric in soul, and love-courage in their sons. She replied, "No, no, Isaac; when the boy is brought up under thine

eyes, and sees every day thy big sword, perhaps he will not turn out such a craven."

"A bargain!" cried the uncle. "I will bring him up! After he is weaned, let him be my pupil."

It is time to make our readers somewhat acquainted with this uncle, who had volunteered to play the part of an Aristotle to this Philip of Funen's son. He was what is rarely found among the Jews, a tall and very powerful man. It was told of him, that on one occasion, when two peasants began to fight in his shop, he lifted one up in each arm, knocked them several times together, and then flung them forth. Though he was hated as a Jew, and envied as a rich man, all his fellow-citizens stood in awe of him, and dared not but treat him with respect when they saw his athletic figure among them, and shrunk beneath the half-laughing, half-threatening glance of his keen eye. His hair was already beginning to turn gray, for he was past fifty. In his youth, in Germany, his native land, he had been engaged in military service against the French; and after a variety of adventures and changes of fortune, he had settled himself in Denmark, where he married a woman without fortune, and where unforeseen losses had at one time plunged him into the most abject poverty. He used in after-days to tell, with a degree of pride and complacency, how he and his wife had subsisted a whole winter on a capital of two rix bank dollars, which he laid out in small wares, and, pedlar-like, went about the country selling. When he came home one Friday evening, he found his house burned down, his wife ill, and his only child dead. Unconquered in spirit by these calamities, he devoutly kept his sabbath, then burying his child on the Sunday, he set forth with all his worldly goods made into a bundle, tied up in a pocket-handkerchief, which he carried under his arm. He now lived in a large house, and was a wealthy man; but whenever he saw a small coin, he failed not to observe that his present fortune had commenced with a similar insignificant sum, and therefore that he entertained the greatest respect for such small money.

Philip Bendixen, the newly-made father, was a quiet and peaceful man. The servants in his family, and servants often give the truest character, averred only that he was terrible when he *was* angry, but that his anger never lasted long. It was rumoured that, during his bachelor estate, he had lived a very gay, and not over strict life; but this was merely a report which might have had no foundation in truth, while it was certain that after his betrothal he had become exceedingly religious, and bitterly censured those who erred.

Late on the evening of the day when the somewhat noisy ceremonial of congratulations had taken place, Philip Bendixen stole softly into his wife's little apartment. She was reclining behind the white curtains of her bed in a calm slumber, his child, its soft cheek tinted like a rosebud, was sleeping sweetly in its cradle, whilst the night-lamp cast a mellowed light upon its little face; and the Jewish matron who had undertaken to watch by them had sunk into a deep sleep on a low stool by the bedside.

Philip gazed in silence for a few moments on this scene of comfort and repose; his heart swelled, and he bowed his head and prayed:—"Almighty Father! Ruler of the universe! I humbly thank thee that thou hast given me a son to read *Keadish** over my grave. If it be thy will to call me hence soon, take, I pray thee, all good fortune from my head, and shower it over that of my son. I will bow down to the dust and worship thy name, if thou wilt bestow prosperity on him!"

Such was the blessing invoked over the cradle of the child who is to be the hero of this tale.

CHAPTER II.

As the boy grew older, his father began to think of his future education.

"He shall not go to school. He shall not have to put up with *rishes*,"† said he, "and, being exposed to the sneers and gibes of the other children, learn rudeness from them. When he is old enough, I will teach him myself all that a Jew ought to learn; and afterwards I will send him to Copenhagen."

No one was more rejoiced at this determination than the uncle, as it would permit of his amusing himself with the child to his heart's content. Often did he come for the boy, and taking him from his mother, carry him over to his own house. There he would retire with him to a remote room, and lock the door, so that it might have been supposed he was instructing him in the art of magic. Had any one seen Isaac Bamberger on these occasions, they might have indeed imagined he was bewitched. He would seize up the child in his arms, and jump about the floor with him, while

* A prayer for the soul of the dead; a requiem.

† Maliginity towards the Jews.

he howled in his ear, and made sundry noises resembling trumpets, drums, the neighing of horses, the lowing of cows, and the barking of dogs. When the infant laughed loudly and scratched him in the face with his little nails, he would set him on his knee to ride, and gallop him so violently that the child, after trying to be amused, would end by crying. The uncle would then take him by the ears, and hold him tight until he was quiet, exclaiming, "I will teach you to be afraid, youngster!" He then would make droll grimaces until the child began to laugh, when he would catch him up and hug him so closely that he would cry again. As the boy ripened in intelligence, he would add to these exercises tales about warriors and knight-errants, legends from distant lands, and Bible anecdotes respecting the Jewish heroes of old, so that the boy in after-years, not remembering where he had acquired all this legendary knowledge, almost fancied that it had been born with him.

The father one day remarked to Isaac, who had as usual come for the child, "The boy is so often with you, Isaac, that he really will not know who is his father."

"I should make just as good a father to him as you," said Isaac; "and the child is turning quite clever under my care. He can already say his *Krischmo**—who taught him that, I wonder? and now I will teach him to say the grace after meals too."

"Very well, Isaac, teach him what you like until he is six years old; I shall then take him in hand and instil into him our Jewish lore.

"You teach him a great deal too much," said his mother, with an air of anxiety; "you tell him things he cannot comprehend. It would be much better for the boy if he were allowed to play and prattle with other children, and sport about in the open air."

The child looked at its mother as if he acknowledged the truth of what she had said, and felt that she had prescribed the best remedy for that infantine longing which made his little cheeks so pale.

"To-morrow," cried the uncle, "he shall go with me on a nice excursion into the country!"

* The Jewish creed, which is introduced into their form of daily prayer.

CHAPTER III.

HAPPY the man who can exclaim "He was a schoolfellow of mine—a companion of my childhood!" Ah! what meanings does that one word *schoolfellow* convey! Does it not speak of the green meadow where you and your little friends played together with hearty and exuberant glee? or of the little court-yard where you and your neighbours' children met and wrestled until you quarrelled and cried?—Tears such as these are not shed in after-years!—Of the oranges that lay piled up in pyramids in the grocers' windows, and which to his great vexation always rolled down when you mischievously knocked against the panes of glass? Of the old woman's cat, to which you used to tie bladders and chase it away, that she might have a hunt after it? Or of the many games whose mysteries are only known to schoolboys? Does it not speak of the dark room, where you had to remain perfectly quiet, because your aged grandfather had fallen asleep, and where, in the dreamy stillness that prevailed, your thoughts had flown to a little world of joy of their own, until your grandfather, and every one, and everything in the real world around you were forgotten? Does it not speak of the little damsel for whom more than one of you would pluck pretty flowers, and on whose account you learned to dislike each other—you hardly yourselves knew why?

Then was the time that you received your first insight into that stirring game which is called—the world; then was the time when your unsuspecting mind freely sought and easily found the two brightest blossoms of life—friendship and love; then also were you all stamped in the same mould, and beheld in each other's characters little more variety than in each other's clothes!

Jacob grew up alone. He had no playfellows, for the other Jewish families in the little town had no children of his age, and the Christian children jeered at him when they saw him. They never gave him his own name, but called him *Moses* in derision. And when he approached them they would chuck him under the chin by way of showing their contempt for him. If ever he attempted to join in their games, they would hiss him off, shouting at "*the Jew usurer*." He would then walk slowly away, and, standing at a distance, cast many a wistful look upon their merry play. Their rudeness discomfited the lonely child, but it could not utterly annihilate the longing

which he felt to make one among them. This sense of his own solitary situation, this vain yearning after companionship, had been awakened so early in his childish mind, that he felt as if it were inherent in him, and formed, as it were, a part of himself from which he could not escape.

On one occasion his mother's brother came from another town to visit her, and brought his little son with him. The child went familiarly towards Jacob, who drew back timidly; but when his cousin spoke to him in a friendly tone, Jacob—his large dark eyes staring with surprise—exclaimed, “Why do you not call me *Jew usurer*?”

Every one present started at this unexpected outbreak. “They have been abusing the poor boy,” said his mother's brother. His father kissed him tenderly, but his uncle Isaac asked, “Who called thee Jew usurer, Jacob?”

“The children down on the beach always call me so,” said Jacob.

The next day his uncle took Jacob down to the beach; but when the children who were playing there saw this tall man, they naturally kept silence. Nevertheless, Isaac Bamberger could not control his indignation, but striding up to them he seized one boy, and flung him with force among the group of children. On seeing this, it suddenly occurred to Jacob why his father had kissed him so affectionately the preceding day, and why his uncle had accompanied him that morning to the sea-shore. In an instant a bitter spirit of revenge seemed to start up in his young mind as he remembered the insults to which he had been subjected;—like a tiger just let loose from confinement, he sprung upon one of the children, knocked him down, and fell upon him furiously with tooth and nail. His uncle, who supposed it to be a common boy's fight, stood by applauding and encouraging his nephew; but when he observed that blood was flowing from the other boy, he ran up and dragged him away. On seeing Jacob's ashy pale cheeks, blue lips, clenched teeth, and bloodshot eyes,—his hands filled with hair from the other boy's head, his whole figure convulsed with strong passion, the uncle feared he would be ill, and taking him home, immediately sent for a physician to see him. The child soon after fell into a deep sleep, in which he remained many hours, and from which he awoke weak and languid, but without any recollection of what had taken place.

But Isaac Bamberger was summoned before the magistrate

on account of the children to whom he had been the cause of so much injury. He was condemned to pay a good deal of his treasured gold to make amends to the parents of these children; and to avoid any similar assault in future, it was ordered that Philip Bendixen's meadows, which extended to the shore, should be enclosed by a high wooden paling.

There many and many an hour sat Jacob, separated from all the rest of the world, the Broad Belt with its few sails spread out before his fixed eye. In silence and solitude he often wandered thither, and half hidden among the trees and shrubs, he would gaze upon the majestic ocean when its ever-rolling waves were glancing in the bright sun, or dark and threatening, came dashing furiously on the shore. There, in his loneliness, he would give the reins to his imagination, and create a whole world for himself, wherein he and the few he loved played conspicuous parts; but whenever a dark shade would cross these waking visions, it was the remembrance of the children on the beach, his longing after them, and his quarrel with them. If, however, by chance one of these children met him in the street and smiled to him, or greeted him in a friendly way, he would hurry to his favourite spot, and please himself by thinking over all the nice things he would like to give that child. He would weave a little story in his own mind of that child being in some great danger, of his rescuing him from it, and of the child in gratitude coming to him, helping him over the wooden fence, and offering to play on the sea-shore with him.

But—which more frequently happened—had one of the children met Jacob when without his uncle's protection, and commenced abusing him while disdainfully passing him, he would retreat to his favourite spot, and thus discourse to himself:—"Suppose I were to set fire to the corn-fields and put it upon them . . . There would be a search after me; but they should not catch me, unless I were to fall asleep, and then they would find me and bind me fast. Perhaps they would take me to their temple, and place me between the pillars that support it;—and then, thinking they had me in their power, they would gather round me, and cry, 'Jew usurer!'—'Jew—can you eat pork?' Oh! then I would seize the pillars with all my might, and pull until I pulled down the house upon them and myself, and ——" Then he would shudder all over at the scene his fancy had conjured up, and finish by almost shedding tears at the bare idea of having nearly killed so many human beings.

CHAPTER IV.

THESE sort of dreams took stronger and stronger hold of the boy's mind; but instead of trying to conquer such wayward fancies, he would encourage them until his head swam and his limbs trembled with excitement; yet this morbid excitement had such charms for him, that he sought every opportunity of flying to his solitary haunt near the sea, secretly to indulge in these strange castles in the air.

As he sat there one day with his eyes half-closed, and his mind absorbed in some gloomy vision, which gave an air of pain to his countenance, his father happened to pass near him. It was a day on which the shop was closed, and there was nothing going on in the house. "What art thou doing there?" he called out to his son.

Jacob started up, and answered hurriedly, "Nothing."

"It is now high time that thou shouldst learn something regularly," said Philip. "Thy uncle fills thy ears with stories and fables. Come with me, and we shall begin the Hebrew alphabet."

Jacob felt an instinctive joy at the prospect of some occupation, and he gladly took his father's hand.

"I have not yet given thee thy *Arbakampfaus*,* although thou art in thy seventh year," said his father. "We must bestir ourselves, Jacob; from this time forwards thou shalt learn thy religion, and be instructed in our Jewish faith."

"Yes, father," said Jacob, secretly proud of being spoken to as a reasonable being.

The father after this allotted a portion of every day to the instruction of his son, and Jacob devoted his whole time to his lessons, which began to obliterate from his mind his fantastic day-dreams. He grew like a well-watered plant, and became cheerful and rosy like other children; yet his mother often complained that he studied too much.

One day that she was lamenting this, his father endeavoured to convince her that he was not called on to do more than his own inclination prompted. "However, he knows what I have promised him if he be diligent. What is it, Jacob?" said he to the boy, winking, as if there were a great

* A quadrangular piece of stuff, with a hole in the centre to draw it over the shoulders. In every corner is a string of plaited thread, called *zizis*, or *ziziths*. This article is symbolical of the religion of the Jews, and of their covenant with God.

secret between them. "Canst thou not whisper what I have promised thee when thou shouldst know *the eighteen prayers?* What have we on Monday?"

"Purim,"* replied the boy; "shall we go disguised, father?"

"No; but thou shalt go with me to *the school*,† and hear *megillen*,‡ and get leave to cudgel Haman."

"Who is he, father, and why should I cudgel him?"

"Dost thou not know *him*? He it was who wished to have all the Jews killed in one night; but our God was with the Jews, and Haman was hanged himself. See, this is what thou must do. When thou drawest a certain cord, a hammer will fall and strike on Haman's name; every time that thou hearest his name read in the story of Esther and Haman, pull thou the cord and strike him."

"I would rather strike the real Haman, father."

"He is dead, my child," said his father, laughing at his warmth, and patting him on the head. "If thou continuest to be very diligent, thou shalt sit at my side at *Peisach*,§ and read the *Hagod*,|| and I will tell thee all that happened then."

"Oh! tell me now," cried Jacob, eagerly.

"No; we only talk of that at the time of *Peisach*."

"How long is it till *Peisach*, father?"

"Four weeks. Be thou diligent and well-behaved till then."

The anxiously-expected feast of the Passover came at length, its approach having been announced by manifold preparations. A ship brought a large well-fastened case from Copenhagen, which was forthwith conveyed to an empty room at the top of the house, to be kept apart from everything else, as it contained the unleavened bread. All the glass-ware in the house was steeped three days in water, the vessels of copper and iron purified with fire, and on the last day before the festival the whole house was thoroughly cleaned out. All the domestic vessels and articles in common use were put to one side, and those reserved for this great festival were brought forth from the keeping-places where they had been locked up since the preceding year.

Towards the evening, when the first star twinkled in the heavens, the master of the house wandered through the rooms

* A Jewish festival.

† The history of Esther and Haman.

‡ The book in which is related the departure from Egypt.

† The church.

§ The Passover.

with a feather in one hand and a wooden pan in the other, to sweep into it every atom of the usual food of the family which he might find, and thus assure himself of the purity of the house. Some crumbs of leavened bread had been purposely left by the mistress of the house lying about that he might find them; but she had hidden under a sofa a large jar of butter, which she intended to use after the festival had commenced.

When Philip Bendixen, inwardly praying, had brushed away the crumbs, and was about to leave the room, Jacob, who had been following him about, and attentively watching his proceedings, stopped him, exclaiming, "Father, mother has hidden a jar of butter under the sofa."

"Hush, boy!" cried his father; "I must not see that, or I shall have to take it and burn it."

"But, father," persisted Jacob, "you are, then, like the custom-house officer, when you bribe him with a little money."

"Be quiet, boy, for God's sake!" replied his father, with a look of vexation, as he hurried from the room, "thy tongue may bring me into trouble."

The following day, the first of the Passover, was passed in devout preparation for the festival. The father fasted on his son's account; for it was on that day that the angel of the Lord had slain the first-born of the Egyptians, and spared the first-born of the Jews. "This day do I fast, and for years now have I fasted, for thee," said Philip affectionately to his son; "when thou reachest thirteen years, thou shalt thyself pay thy debt to our Lord and Master."

The other members of the family dared not on that day eat anything that was leavened, neither dared they taste the unleavened bread until the sun had set, and the stars were visible in the firmament; until that hour, they were bound to preserve a rigid fast. When it became dark, Isaac Bamberger and his wife came over, for they had no children for whom to prepare a feast, and all repaired to the eating-room, where the Passover-table was laid out, and which was brilliant with lights.

A high seat, covered with cushions, was there placed for the head of the family; on the table stood, covered with a napkin of snowy whiteness, the Passover dish,—a shoulder of lamb, with sweet and bitter herbs,—while a flask with sweet raisin-wine was placed before each person.

The father took his place on the raised seat, clad in the fine white linen garment, a sort of blouse, which the bride presents to her bridegroom on the wedding-day, and which is never worn by him but during the commemoration of the

Passover, the feast or fast of the Atonement, and when he is laid in his coffin.

After a solemn thanksgiving to God, who ordained the Passover feast, the bread, the wine, and the herbs were blessed. Two large pieces of the Passover bread were laid aside, in order to be afterwards distributed among all present as amulets, or charms against dangers by sea and land.

After that the *Hagod*,—the book of the servitude in Egypt, and the deliverance from thence,—was read aloud by the head of the family to the small but pious assemblage. On the recital of the Plagues of Egypt, each dipped his or her little finger into the wine, and cast a drop on the table for every plague.

When the account of the deliverance of the Israelites was read, Philip rose and made a sign to Benjamin. Amidst profound silence, the latter rose and opened every door in the house. Philip then poured out a glass of wine, and placed a piece of unleavened bread close to it on the table by his side, as if expecting another guest.

When Benjamin had returned and resumed his seat, all the company joined aloud in a prayer to God that *He* would send his deliverance and peace to those of his people over the whole earth who at that moment opened their doors in honour of *Him*. All during this prayer bowed down their heads, as if not to behold what at that instant might enter the door. When the prayer was ended, the doors were shut, and the bread and wine were removed to a side-table, there to be left till morning, that the house during the whole of the festival night might be prepared for the reception of those much-to-be-honoured and expected visitants, the Prophet Elias and the Jews' Messiah.

Now was the house sanctified and hallowed to receive God's messenger, and now cast the chief of the family a well-pleased look on those around him, while he stretched out his hands as if to beat time to the following hymn, which was sung in the Hebrew language:—

“ God is great! The temple soon shall be by Him rebuilt.

Soon, soon shall this be seen!

Soon, soon shall this be seen!

In our days it shall be built!

Erect thy house!

Erect thy house!

Oh build the Temple in our days!

He is faithful, he is great, he is a banner, he is all-seeing! ”

The enthusiasm then became great; Danish, German, and Hebrew were all sung together, and every one called

upon God by the most affectionate names,—“Merciful God! Great God! Blessed God!” Higher and higher rose the joyous hallelujahs; the elders sang with tears in their eyes, while the child beat time on the table, with his glass in one hand and his bottle in the other, and absolutely cried with excitement.

The frugal meal was then served up, for on that evening, unlike on the other feast days, they only ate the simplest food, in remembrance that their forefathers on that same evening had, in anxious haste, and arrayed for their journey, partaken hurriedly of their last meal in the land of Egypt; and they vied with each other in recalling all the wonderful works which God had done for his people at that time. Philip then painted in strong colours the captivity of the Jews, and their sufferings, and how the king caused all their male children to be killed, that the Jews might not increase in number, and rise up against their oppressors; “but,” said he, “notwithstanding this inhumanity, the Israelites obtained their liberty, as Moses was brought up in Pharaoh’s own palace, and became a leader and a lawgiver.

“The wicked Pharaoh soon began to perceive what there was in Moses, and was troubled with ill-boding dreams about him; and without God’s protection the child would have been slain,” continued Philip, “for the king called together his soothsayers and expounders of dreams, and took counsel with them. And they counselled him to prove the child, by bringing before him two vessels, the one filled with gold, the other with flaming fire. If the child sought to grasp the gold, that should be a bad omen, and he should die; but if he tried to grasp the flames, then was he harmless, and there was nothing to fear from the dreams. When the vessels were brought, Moses was stretching out his hand towards the gold, but the angel of the Lord seized his hand and directed it towards the fire. The child took up a live cinder, and when it burned his tender fingers, he put them, after the manner of children, into his mouth, from whence it came that Moses never spoke plainly.”

“And,” said the uncle, smiling, “it is from this that all Moses’s people became wise, and always sought after gold.”

“That may be,” replied Philip, laughing.

The hour was now getting late, and after having said grace, the party separated and retired to rest.

On Jacob’s going to bed that night, he felt no inclination to call up the visionary scenes that used to fill his mind when alone and in darkness. The images of the Christian children no longer haunted his thoughts; they were centred in that

gracious and adored Being who was called God. He said to himself, as he slid under his down covering, "I will now no longer wish evil to these children; when they deserve it, the God of the Jews will punish them."

On the evening of the second festival day,* Philip Bendixen repeated the history of Joseph and his brethren, of the journey to Egypt, of the anxious endeavours of his brothers to take Benjamin back with them, and of his father's unwillingness to part with him. He told how the money had been put into the sacks of corn, and the golden cup into Benjamin's; and that, when this was discovered, Judah uttered a cry so loud, that all Egypt trembled, and the king fell from his throne and broke some of his bones; but Joseph's son, Manasseh, uttered a cry quite as loud. Then turned Judah to Joseph in terrified amazement, and exclaimed, "Thou art no Egyptian—thou art one of our people. Thou art Joseph, whom we believed to be dead!" Then Joseph made himself known to him. "There are no more such mighty men now among the Jews," added Philip, sorrowfully; "and therefore it is that we are so much oppressed."

"That is too true, Uncle Isaac!" cried Jacob.

"Think'st thou so, youngster?" said his uncle with a smile. "At any rate, it was only in these days that such shouts were heard."

"But it was wonderful that Judah should be able to shout so loud as to make the king fall from his throne," remarked Jacob.

"Even in my time," said Isaac, turning with a mysterious air towards Philip, "whilst I was in Germany the cries of the French nation were so loud, that their monarch fell from his throne, and his neck was broken."

"Yes, then came the Plagues of Egypt over the great ones," said Philip.

"Ay, and they found it prudent to be friendly with us Jews, and call us patriotic."

"What is that you are saying, uncle?" asked Jacob.

"Nothing, boy—nothing; we Germans were but fighting with the French."

"Oh, uncle, tell me about these Frenchmen as you used to do. Tell me the story of their taking you prisoner, and mistaking you for a woman; you promised me this."

* The festivals of the Jews are always double. The Jews' calendar is computed from the creation of the world, and they hold that the most exact calculation may err a day or two, and that therefore no one can pronounce upon what exact day the world was formed; consequently, in order not to miss the right day, they keep holy two days.

“Not this evening, my child; on *Jaumtavim** such things should not be spoken of. But I will tell thee now why the Jews in Gnesen do not wear the *kittel* at *Jaumkipur*.”†

“What is a *kittel*, uncle?”

“It is such a linen robe as thy father wears this evening. Seest thou, the Jews in Gnesen had not for a long time had any rest in their houses. Every night something slipped in through the door, now at one house, now at another, and always next day there was one taken ill in the house where this had happened. Then the priest commanded them all to place new *mezussaus*,‡ as the old seemed to have become *posul*.§ Shortly after that, the feast of the Atonement took place, and almost in the twinkling of an eye, whilst they were saying *Maskir neschommos*,|| there came a great crowd into the church; they poured through the doors in swarms, and the congregation were ready to sink, while one could not recognize the other, for all wore the *kittel* and the thallis therewith over the head; the dead are burned in their kitler and thalleisim. Then rushed the priest to *Oraun hakaudesch*,¶ seized the holy volume, and stretching it forth towards the congregation, cried with a loud voice, ‘In the name of the Almighty God! all ye whose homes are *here* take your kitler off!’ At these words there soon became space enough; but from that time to this the Jews of Gnesen have never worn the kitler at *Jaumkipur*.”

“But surely such supernatural things never could have happened in reality?” said Jacob’s mother.

“Never could have happened!” exclaimed Isaac Bamberger angrily; “was not I myself on the point of buying a horse from the devil?”

“Oh, tell me about that, uncle!” cried the child.

Isaac pretended not to notice the incredulous look and half smile visible in Jette’s countenance, and he began forthwith.

“What I have seen with my own eyes no one can gainsay. And as truly as I hope to see my little Rebecca again—God rest her soul!—so truly have I seen that which I am now about to relate. Before the commencement of the war, when I was a youth about twenty years of age, tall and strong as I am now, and afraid of nothing whatsoever, I was employed to buy horses for a French horse-dealer, then in Frankfort. One Thursday afternoon—I remember that afternoon as well as if it were yesterday—I went on horseback to a public-

* The great festival.

† The feast of the Atonement.

‡ A kind of talisman, attached to the frames of the doors.

§ Worn-out, useless, unclean.

|| The penitential prayer for the sins of all the congregation.

¶ Tabernacle, or holy of holies.

house that lay three miles on the other side of Sachsenhausen. I was to be at home that evening, but there were many folks at the inn who offered me horses, and it was almost dark before I had finished my business. When I was ready to set off, they all begged me to wait till next morning, rather than ride in the dark through the wood which lay in my way. 'Think ye that I am afraid?' I asked, scornfully.—'You may have no fears, Mr. Isaac,' said the landlord, 'but there is no harm in being prudent.'—'Oh, I should not care if the devil himself waylaid me in the wood,' I exclaimed, vauntingly, while I ordered out my horse, and, springing on him, rode off quickly. But I may confess now that in secret I repented my last words, and repented them indeed the very moment I had uttered them. Mankind should be humble, and not tempt God. When I reached the wood, I was within an ace of turning back, but I felt ashamed to do so, and tried to rouse my own courage by saying to myself, 'Fie, Isaac! hast thou not a good horse and a powerful fist? never fear!'—Had I trusted to God instead of trusting to my horse and my fist, and prayed a *Schema Iisroel*,* I should not have seen what I did see. But I rode forwards bravely; yet, brave as I was, I cannot deny that I was glad enough when I heard the sound of a horse's hoofs at a quick pace behind me, and expected, therefore, speedily to have a travelling companion. I reined in my horse till the stranger came up with me. He wished me civilly good night,—I returned his salute, and we soon fell into conversation. At length I mentioned to him that I was a dealer in horses, and then the stranger asked me if I would have any objection to purchase his horse. 'What! in the midst of the woods?' said I, laughing. 'One must examine a horse's teeth before one buys him.'

"That can be done immediately; a sharp horse-dealer never loses a good bargain. Look at my horse's teeth, Isaac Bamberger.' I was astonished that the stranger knew my name; but, without giving another thought to that circumstance, I stooped from my saddle and opened the jaws of the horse. Adaunoi Elauheinu! There gushed flaming fire out of the horse's throat! Not another word said I, but digging my spurs into my horse's sides, I set off at full gallop to Sachsenhausen."

"Yet this might be explained naturally," said Jette, composedly.

"How so?" asked Bamberger.

* Evening prayer.

"For instance, by supposing that your vision was somewhat influenced that night by excitement," replied Jette with a sly smile.

But Isaac knitted his brows, and said, "Jette, you know that *you* can say to me what you please; but remember that I swore to the truth by my daughter, my little Rebecca, who perished in the midst of flames."

"There are many incomprehensible things in nature," said Philip, who now, with much earnestness and solemnity of manner, joined in the conversation. "And is not every leaf that the trees put forth a wonderful matter, though we see it so often that it seems quite simple to us? But even the Law of Moses teaches us that there are hidden mysteries which it is not good for us to pry into. Did not Moses transform his staff into a serpent, and destroy the living reptiles? Of the truth of this we dare not doubt; for is it not written in the book of Moses? Even now are there not people living who have the knowledge of charming serpents? Do not the Jews in Lemberg now say a separate *Berocho** every Friday evening because of a similar deed of necromantic power?"

"What was that?" asked Jette.

Jacob drew nearer to listen.

"There lived in Lemberg," said Philip, "a Rabbi, who, as the Christians would say, knew something more than his 'Our Father, which art in heaven.' As he could not afford to keep a domestic, he formed a man of clay, and by dint of laying a scrap of parchment with certain holy words under the figure's tongue, it received life, and worked for him six days of the week. Every Friday evening he took the parchment with the holy words away, and the figure then lay dead until he had pronounced the *Avdolo*,† when he replaced the writing under the tongue. But one Friday evening, the Rabbi remained out in the town longer than usual, and when the lights for the Sabbath were kindled in the church, the man of clay became quite unruly. He rushed to the church, and with one stroke of his hard arm put to death every man he approached. He would doubtless have slaughtered them all, had not the Rabbi, who had by this time arrived, snatched the parchment with the holy words from his mouth; he fell instantly senseless, and the Rabbi, acceding to the earnest petitions of the people, never again put life in him. To this day, the Jews of Lemberg say a separate prayer on Friday evenings as a thanksgiving for their escape."

"Of a surety there *are* many dark and unsearchable things,"

* A prayer, a thanksgiving.

† The benediction with which the Sabbath is finished.

said Philip, after a pause. "Are we not a mystery ourselves? But the believing Jew sees nothing whereof to be afraid. If my rest be mysteriously disturbed at night, I may be sure of this, that it is some warning sign the Almighty permits the departed to give me. If I carry my *Tephilim** with me, I can in safety journey by land or sea, and sleep in peace. The Lord God of Israel is with his children. Behold, my son, we are but a weak and oppressed people, yet how have our foes prospered, and those who have triumphed over us? The emperor Titus, who burned the temple, was killed by his own brother. Antiochus Epiphanes, the Syrian, wished to force the Jews to make offerings to his gods,—the plagues of Egypt on them! How fared it with him? Was he not doomed while living to see his flesh devoured by worms? And more recently, the king of Prussia, Frederick William the Third? Although he knew that the Jews dared not dig up their burying-grounds, he commanded, seven years ago, in 1806, that they should be all dug up before the expiration of the month of October; before that month of October had expired, Napoleon had taken all Prussia, and the king himself did not possess a burying-ground. And the mighty Napoleon himself! as long as he was a Turk among the Turks—a Jew among the Jews—a Christian among the Christians, all went well with him, and the Lord of Hosts was with him in battle. But when, about two years afterwards, he issued an edict calling together the Rabbis from all parts of the earth to alter and reform the Jewish religion,—of which not one jot shall be changed as long as the world stands,—what happened? His whole army was frozen to death in Russia, and let us see how long he will hold out, now that the God of Zion has turned away from him."

"But Napoleon is a great hero nevertheless, greater than either Joab or Abisai," remarked Jacob warmly.

"Oh! what talent does it require to keep oneself quiet and make armies fight with mighty cannons?" said Philip. "Any one could do that, with the help of the power which the good God has bestowed on him. A greater than he was Eleazar the Jew; he also was a warrior, but he offered himself up, and stabbed the elephant, in order to kill the wicked king who had desecrated the Temple, though it was certain death to himself. My son, when peril environeth the children of Israel, the God of Jacob sendeth help. It is the duty of every one to hold himself in readiness, lest God

* Small caskets, in each of which lies a narration, in manuscript, of the flight from Egypt, which, during the recital of a prayer or blessing, is every morning placed, with the help of leather straps, on the head and left arm.

should have need of him. Pray thou every morning over thy Zizis,* that thou mayest be acceptable in the sight of God."

"The Christians here speak of one who resembled Eleazar," said the uncle. "They call him *Hvitfeldt*, I think; he was blown up for his people's sake." "He was indeed also a great hero," replied Philip, bowing his head in token of respect. "Self-sacrifice and self-abasement are more heroic than victory in a thousand combats," he added, according to the Jewish mode of drawing a moral from everything related in conversation.

After a short silence, the master of the house exclaimed, *Rebbaussem, wir wollen bentschen*; † this being the form with which the Jews, when three or more eat together, introduce the grace, whereupon Isaac, Benjamin, and the little Jacob covered their heads, and, the thanksgiving finished, they all retired to rest.

The tranquil little circle, in the midst of whom Jacob lived, slept calmly and soundly, notwithstanding the narrations of the evening. But with the boy the excitement did not pass away so speedily, and the dark mysteries which they concealed, the secret powers to which they referred, made a deep impression on his young mind. For many nights after, he beheld terrific forms in his dreams. The dreadful Judge who sat on the giddy heights above, and held the threatening thunderbolt, ready to cast it down on some trembling, awe-struck mortal—horses of fire, which were pursuing his uncle—spectres clad in white, that glided by in fearful and solemn array;—but in the midst of his terror, terror so great that it made his hair stand on end, he ever fancied, to his comfort, that he heard his mother's mild voice whisper—"Perhaps all this can be naturally explained."

CHAPTER V.

WHAT is there to relate touching the years of childhood? The child's life may be viewed in the passive mood; it is acted upon, it does not act; for it, there exists a succession of small occurrences, small acquisitions; its history is but a tale. Yet, from these impressions, these accidents, and these acquisitions, the child's soul sucks in its nourishment, as air

* See note, page 10.

† My friends, we will thank God for our food.

and water nourish the coming blossoms of the tender plants of the earth. Shall these buds grow into beauty, and charm by the brilliancy of their tints, and the sweetness of their perfume, or shall they become as worthless and noxious weeds? Shall they be plucked by the glad hand of man, or left scorned and neglected to wither on their stalks? Ah! the unchangeable predestination of nature is with them, and the poisonous hemlock springs as innocent and as joyous from its stony cradle, as the sweetly-scented, and love-inspiring violet from its green and sheltered bed. But man! the flowers and fruit of his future life shall grow as he himself hath trained them—and philosophers call this human freedom. God of goodness! Do I then form in my own heart its sympathies and its antipathies, its tempests and its calms? Do I myself choose the earth, the air, and the light from whence the sap of my life shall obtain its nourishment and its future vigour?

Jacob grew up, tended by all the care of affection, and yet alone. He roamed about like a hart in an enclosed park, gazing with its brown eyes upon the free world of nature without—yes, like a wild deer of the woods; for, however kind were those that immediately surrounded him, yet in many respects, in all childish feelings, there was no sympathy between them and him: they were but like hedge-stakes that encircled his little sanctuary, and marked out its limits.

This solitary state gave rise to an occurrence which influenced the whole of his future life.

It was charming spring weather; the sun shone brightly, the chirping sparrows were hopping about, and the cat lay on the trap-door of the cellar, sunning itself, and watching with half-closed eyes every motion of the birds.

Around the large heap of broken stones and grass that, in these unsophisticated times, often lay in the midst of the street, a bevy of children had gathered, with paper cocked-hats on their heads, and twigs of trees, for swords, in their hands; they were boldly storming the terrible fort, which was bravely defended against them. Shouts of encouragement, angry cries, and peals of laughter were heard in mingled confusion from the busy groups. Poor Jacob peeped wistfully through the blinds at all this merriment, and listened to the joyous clamour with the same feelings as the thirsty traveller, on a hot summer's day, listens to the sound of some gurgling stream which he cannot approach. Several times he rushed from the window to the garden to commence a similar game; but he always returned dispirited to the

window, for he had felt himself as lonely in the garden as in the parlour.

Suddenly a bright thought struck him, and he forthwith determined to carry it out. There lay the lazy cat; Jacob determined to place a table in the garden, put the cat upon it as its garrison, and himself become the storming party. In order that the cat might not run away, he tied it to the table (a praiseworthy precaution), and then commenced a series of attacks, during which blood was actually shed, if not exactly in streams, at least in drops, from Jacob's hands and face. After some time the cat became enraged, and with glaring eyes and threatening hisses, was preparing to give serious battle to his antagonist. But just then it occurred to Jacob that the warfare was not quite fairly managed, inasmuch as the cat, with his sharp claws, was better armed than himself, and also he reflected that war was not war unless some one fell on the side of the besieging or the besieged. Perhaps, too, he felt wrathful at the animal for the scratches it had inflicted on him; however that might have been, Jacob ran and fetched a little dirk,—a real, not a toy one,—which his uncle had once bestowed on him, and with this weapon in his hand he recommenced the fight. The cat did not fail to observe, like Hector of old, that his assailant had changed his mode of warfare, but he only became more furious, as if resolved, hero-like, to conquer or die.

Philip Bendixen came up at the very moment that his son had plunged his dirk to the hilt in his enemy's breast, and, beholding with horror and amazement the scene before him, exclaimed, "But what is all this? For what dost thou take thyself, my son?" The terrified Jacob answered, in much confusion, "I wanted to see what was in the cat." His much-incensed father stood for a few minutes in profound silence, and then said, in a solemn tone of voice, "My son, in this I behold a revelation from Providence. I had intended thee originally for a learned profession, but latterly I had almost changed my mind, and thought of bringing thee up to help me in mine own business; but now I perceive that thou art destined to be a physician, as was that *Rambam* who was by natural instinct impelled forwards until he became famous for his knowledge and wisdom."

"Who was the *Rambam*?" asked Jacob, eagerly, delighted at the prospect of hearing a story, and also at the murdered cat's being forgotten.

"The *Rambam* was a great doctor among the Jews in the East. So anxiously did he seek after knowledge, that having heard of a very eminent physician in another country, he

sent to him, and offered to become his assistant; but the other doctor was unwilling that any one should learn the secrets of his practice, and refused to receive him. Then the Rambam equipped himself as an apprentice, and taking his instruments with him, he contrived to obtain an entry into the other physician's house. One day the doctor was called to a person who had a worm in his head, and he took the Rambam with him to hold the patient during the painful operation of extracting it. When the place was laid bare, the doctor took out his pincers to seize the worm; but the Rambam held his arm back with force, exclaiming, 'Great master, will you not rather lay a green leaf upon the skull? The worm will follow its natural instinct, and freely come out upon the leaf, whereas if you extract it by force, you will perhaps kill the patient.' The doctor turned in astonishment to the Rambam, and said, 'Of a truth, thou must be either the devil or the Rambam!' 'I am no devil, but the Rambam,' said the wise one, bowing down before him with humility. 'Nay, nay,' cried the old physician—'it is my part to kneel to thee—thou art the greater of the two.' My son, become wise and learned like the Rambam, and like him be meek and humble in spirit."

After many communings and much discussion between Jacob's father, his mother, and his uncle, it was determined that immediately after his *barmizoo*,* he should be sent to Copenhagen to study. In order that he might not relax in the exercises and duties of his religion, he was to be placed under the care of Philip's brother Marcus, who resided in the capital.

"And now," said his father, "it must be our business so to teach thee, that when thou goest to Copenhagen, the people there may see that we in country places are by no means brutes. My Jacob," he added, taking up a large volume, "approach with reverence this treasure of wisdom, which the great and learned of antiquity have bequeathed to us. There is no branch of human knowledge which they have not investigated, and here you will find the key to subjects which have caused many disquisitions, and whose meanings are wrapped darkly up in riddles."

Thereupon Jacob commenced the study of the ancient Rabbis' grave, ingenious, and sophistical exposition of the laws, relieved by interesting histories, anecdotes, and traditions, which lessened the drudgery and lightened the labour of his employment: for in these modern days of competition

* The solemn reception into the community; a kind of confirmation.

and improvement, if work be coupled with amusement, so amusement is saddled with learning.

Jacob was walking one day with his father outside of the town. The lambs were gambolling in the fields around their dams, and Jacob, with innocent glee, plunged in among them, rejoiced to sport with any creature that was young and full of life.

"Jacob, come hither, I want to ask thee about something," said his father with a pleased smile, as if he had bethought him of something very amusing. Jacob resigned himself to his fate, came quietly back, and took his father's hand.

"Canst thou answer me a question—all mankind eat the flesh of lambs, but few the flesh of swine. The Jews do not eat it; the Mahometans do not eat it—nor the Hindoos; and even among the Christians only the poorer classes eat pork often. Again, a ewe has only one, or at most two lambs at a time, whereas a sow has six, seven, or even nine young ones. Many more pigs therefore are born than lambs, and they are more easily fed, and yet there are more sheep in the world than swine. Canst thou read this riddle?"

Jacob puzzled his brains to find a suitable answer to this query, but in vain.

Thereupon his father enlightened him as follows:—"Seest thou, my son, it is a striking proof of the truth of the Jewish religion. The God we worship accords not his blessing to that, which, according to the laws he bestowed upon the Jews, is *unclean*; so, notwithstanding all its fruitfulness, it cannot thrive." And then he launched out into a history of the laws and promises of God, of the prophecies and their fulfilments, until their walk was finished and they had reached their home.

Thus was Jacob instructed by degrees in the mysterious learning of his people; and his thoughts became more and more wrapped up in the days of old, until Solomon's Temple became his dreamy world; its gilded columns, its holy priests, clad in garments of white, its sacred offerings, and half-chanted prayers to Zion's God, became more familiar to his imagination than scenes of every-day life.

But in the midst of these shadows of the past, there came at times a strain of melody that spoke of other feelings,—of hope, of love, of joy—it was his mother's songs, when, as often happened, she walked with him alone in the twilight, or sat with him alone in the clear moonlight. Then would she sing to him in tones of extreme sweetness the songs she had learned in her youth, those she used to hear in the society of her young companions, and at the theatres she used to fre-

quent. To Jacob these seemed lays from another land, and another people; with a strange delight he heard of golden locks and bright blue eyes—of knights with gilded spurs kneeling at the feet of lovely dames—of joyous dances in lordly halls—and of young hearts severed by the chances of life. He would listen until he shed tears; and these tears, betraying the sensibility of his heart, gave rise to much anxiety in his mother's mind relative to the future happiness of her only child, when he should go forth alone into the world.

CHAPTER VI.

THE pleasure which Jacob took in hearing his mother's songs induced him to wish to read poetry; and his mother supplied him with such collections of verses, plays, and other works of the kind as she was possessed of. These, with some few books of voyages and travels, formed the great charm of his life at that period, and excited an imagination naturally inclined to love the romantic and beautiful.

It was while our hero's days were thus passing in peaceful and not unpleasant studies, that the new moon, which brought that great day of rest which marks the lapse of years, brought also, a rare occurrence, a comet across the horizon of the Jewish family. This was one of those travelling Poles, one of those strange guests, who were wont suddenly to appear in a town without any one knowing whence they came, and, after a short stay, disappear as suddenly, without any one knowing whither they went. But what joy there was when the master of the house brought home a Pole, whom he had picked up at the church!

There were many reasons to rejoice in the arrival of such a guest. In the first place, they had then *minjan** for the synagogue. The number of Jews in the little town was very limited. And if one of these took offence at another, in order to revenge himself upon that one, he would sometimes punish the whole small community by absenting himself from the synagogue. When a Pole arrived, there was generally a gathering of the men, and the quarrelsome individual, or

* Ten adult Jews are required to form a congregation (*minjan*) in the synagogue. If fewer be assembled, they may indeed pray, but not in fellowship. *Thora* (the book of the law) may not be read, nor any of the church ceremonies be performed; it is as in a parliament, any number may deliberate, but laws cannot be passed unless a certain sufficient number of members be present.

individuals, felt ashamed of themselves, and came to the church.

The only occasion on which no addition to their number was ever needed, was at *Jaumkipur*, the great fast of the Atonement; for on that day the Jews forgive each other every offence, and even sworn enemies offer their hands to each other, saying, "Peace be unto you;" all injuries must, on that holy day, be forgiven, as they would that God should forgive them—but the next day disunion too often begins again.

In the next place, hospitality is a pleasant and pious duty. It is an act well pleasing to God to receive the traveller, to bestow on him the best the house affords, and to bid him command what he will.

Now, however, that we have got new lights, that we are willing to draw as well with the Christians as we can, without absolutely flying in the face of God Almighty, people no longer vie with each other which shall secure the stranger at church; they no longer carry him in triumph to their home, and offer him their best pair of slippers—Oh no! they content themselves with inviting him to some Jewish restoration—restoration! Thou upas-tree, in whose noxious neighbourhood hospitality withers and dies!

But in those days, and in that town of which we are treating, where the Jews were so much kept down as to feel that they were only Jews, where they had no one to vie with, there flourished among them the hospitality of by-gone days, and a Pole found himself, as it were, contended for, set up to auction, and he generally went home with the individual who offered him the largest amount of money for his travelling expenses.

It is well known that Poles were never just the most desirable guests for the mistress of a house, and truth to speak, not always the most modest. As for instance, on one occasion that Philip Bendixen had a Pole for his guest who was very fond of boiled fish, when Philip had eaten a portion of it, and did not seem to desire more, the Pole took up the dish and handed it to his hostess, saying, "My dear Jette, put this up for my supper." But such trifling drawbacks were not thought of, for the greater the inconvenience the guest occasioned, the greater was the merit of their hospitality in the sight of God, and therefore even the most unreasonable were welcome.

It was on a Friday evening, when the Pole had been enlivening them by different narrations, that Jacob begged his uncle to relate the long-promised story of his having been taken

prisoner as a girl. A gourmand does not await with more eager impatience his favourite dish, than did Jacob his uncle's tale.

"Our prince, at length," commenced Isaac Bamberger, "was obliged to send his complement of men to the imperial army, and my blind old father was among the conscripts. I was then a young, sturdy, well-grown lad, though almost as smooth in the face as a girl, and I obtained permission to be my father's substitute. While we were lying on the Belgian frontier, at the town of Königsdorf, I fell in love with the daughter of a rich miller, who lived a little way in the country. I had met with her in the town, but had never obtained leave of absence to visit her. One evening, however, I managed to get permission, and determined on being allowed to talk to her. I dressed myself in woman's apparel, and went to offer myself as a servant girl at the miller's. I was joyfully accepted, for at the mill they were just then in want of a female servant, two having recently eloped with the soldiers. The goodwife thought that I would make a capital milkmaid, and formed a good opinion of me because I declared I never would have a soldier for my sweetheart—a promise easy for me to keep. When it was time to go to bed, and the miller's men were going to their quarters, I, without reflection, was about to follow them. But the miller's wife seized me by the arm, crying, 'Art thou used to such manners? Where canst thou come from? We don't allow these things in this house. Go thou up stairs, and sleep with my daughter.' Nothing loth, I was half-way up stairs, when suddenly a great noise was heard outside the house, and a bright light glared into the rooms. We ran to the windows; a troop of French soldiers were approaching the mill, and Königsdorf was in flames! 'We must defend ourselves,' cried the miller, immediately calling up his men, while the women sought shelter in the loft. I remained with the men, and loaded my gun like the rest. The miller was loud in praise of the brave young woman, while every shot we fired he looked more and more surprised at me. Our resistance, however, was but short; and the Frenchmen forced their way into the house. A stout corporal knocked my gun from my hand, and seizing me, exclaimed, 'Here is a girl for me!'—'The Germans are coming!' now shouted the French, and rushing out as hastily as they had entered, they took themselves off, carrying with them no other booty than me, whom the corporal held fast in his iron grasp. I made no resistance, too happy that the apprehended danger to my beloved was now at an end. The corporal made me

mount his own horse along with him, gave me a hearty kiss on the way, and fled past the burning Königsdorf to the French camp. Arrived there, the whole squadron claimed me, and the clamour was only ended by the corporal's loudly declaring that he would take me for his wife—that he had carried me off—I was his, and just the woman for him. 'To-morrow,' said he, 'the regimental chaplain shall marry us.' Thereupon were heard shouts of laughter. 'Pierre Lassuse is going to marry,' cried they; 'hurra, hurra!'—'My friends,' said Pierre, 'I shall be a happy man. My wife measures full five feet four, I measure six feet; that will give five feet eight to our children.'—'Hush, Pierre, thy betrothed will blush at such talking,' said one. 'Let her blush, I like a rosy girl. Jacques,' said he, turning to one of the men, 'if I fall, thou shalt succeed me in my matrimonial rights—thou art next to me in command.'—'Wilt thou not also remember me in thy will, Pierre?' asked a slight, gay-looking youth. 'Thou, Arnould,' said Pierre, measuring him with his eye from top to toe, 'when it comes to thy turn, thou canst keep company with little Jane—ye will have a tall progeny.' I heard how they were disposing of me for a length of time; but forced myself to take the joke, for fear of discovering myself. The night passed away in the tents in similar discourse, and next morning the corporal, followed by several of his comrades, took me to the chaplain. There is not much ceremony used in a camp. When the priest was about to commence the marriage-service, I interrupted him, protesting against it. 'How!' exclaimed Pierre, who fancied it was only caprice, 'can the damsel object to marry me, Pierre Lassuse—a corporal in the regiment of Aujou—six feet high?' I began a number of protestations, but no one listened to me. Pierre continued, angrily, 'What are your scruples, young lady? Why will you not be my wife? Are you a heretic?' I cried as loud as I could, 'I am no young lady, I am no woman!' and I snatched the cap from my head. Pierre stood as if stupified for a moment; he then came close to me, and looked at me, after which he slunk away with a kind of groan, and holding his hands before his face. All the by-standers laughed, and none laughed more heartily than the priest."

Isaac Bamberger here made a dead pause, and Jacob's mother, not over pleased that the story had been told in his hearing, said, "It strikes me that, some years ago, thou didst tell this story somewhat differently."

"Ah, well," replied Isaac, with a frown, one forgets a little in the course of years. Besides, a story is not the Law

of Moses—a trifle told more or less matters to no one. But I have not yet told the best part of my tale; how I was arrested as a spy, but escaped when in the morning the gaoler found me using *tephilim*,* and recognized me thereby to be a Jew like himself. The boy should hear this, that he may see how God never deserts the true Israelite, who holds fast to his commandments, and carries his *tephilim* about with him."

But the Pole now began, with an air of authority, to speak. "Such a story is not for a Friday night. The Sabbath ought to have its due respect; let us remember over a plentiful table God's grace to us. What we bestow on our Sabbath, God gives us back twofold, as it stands in the narrative of Joseph Mauker Schabbas, in the song Semiraus. That Joseph was poor, but he put aside one-half of his daily earnings for the celebration of the Sabbath; and when he made his purchases every Friday morning, he never considered anything too good to be procured for the holy day of the Lord's rest. Nearly opposite to him lived the rich Eleazar, who never troubled his head about the Sabbath, but laboured that day, as on any other, at his calling. He used to ridicule his poor neighbour, who never became richer, as he consumed on his Sabbath the savings of the week. One day he met Joseph in the street, and took the trouble of advising him to lay up something for his old age, and as marriage portions for his daughters. 'Nay,' replied Joseph, 'glorify yourself not, for all which your prolonged labour amasses can be bestowed on me by the Almighty, if it so please him.' These words made a deep impression on the rich Eleazar, and he became quite wretched at the bare idea that it was in the power of God to take his wealth from him, and give it to his poor neighbour. It happened also about the same time that a celebrated fortune-teller came to the town, and Eleazar, in the hope of chasing away his apprehension, hastened to him to inquire into the secrets of the future.

" 'Be satisfied,' said the wise man to him, after he had examined his hand; 'thy treasures no sea shall engulf—no robbers shall carry off—no fire shall consume. Thy undertakings shall prosper; and yet all thy wealth put together shall but serve to obtain for *Joseph the Sabbath-keeper* a happy Sabbath.'

" 'But explain this part of your prediction to me,' said Eleazar anxiously.

" 'I have spoken,' replied the wizard, 'and more I dare not tell.'

* See page 19.

“Eleazar then became extremely uneasy, lest the sooth-sayer’s prophecy should prove true; and to test its correctness he entered into the wildest speculations—but all succeeded. He sent his ships to the most remote corners of the earth—but no tempestuous sea, no adverse wind marred the prosperity of their fortunate voyages. On one occasion a violent storm arose at the very time that some of Eleazar’s ships were expected home. A message was brought to him that one of his vessels was in sight, and apparently about to go on shore; but, as if by magic, the tempest lulled, the weather calmed, and the ship, which had been on the verge of destruction, made the harbour in safety. Eleazar scarcely rejoiced, for his thoughts reverted with dismay to the wizard’s prophecy. At another time a fire broke out in the town, and it spread until it approached his house; but he forbade that anything should be moved, and when the flames seemed about to catch his roof, he lifted up his eyes with a strange thankfulness to heaven. At that moment, however, the wind shifted, a heavy pour of rain came down, and the fire was got under. Eleazar’s anxiety almost amounted to madness. He left his warehouses and his cellars open, to try if thieves would purloin from them;—thieves did enter, but they had been watched by order of the magistrates, and were seized before they had been able to plunder anything. Shortly after this, it became known that Eleazar had sold all his property, and had departed from the town no one knew whither. In the mean time Joseph the Sabbath-keeper pursued his accustomed mode of life; and when on Friday evenings he sat at his well-furnished table, and made his *kidisch*,* no one in the whole land was happier than he, and the king himself could hardly have induced him to leave his humble home.

“One Friday morning, that, according to custom, he had gone to the market, he saw a crowd of people gathered round a booth, or covered stall. On going nearer, he found that the occasion of the crowd was a fisherman, who was demanding a hundred *guldstykker*—gold pieces—for a fish.

“‘A hundred gold pieces! Heard any one ever such a scandalous price!’ cried the people. ‘See for what you will sell it, good man, when it has lain eight days out of the water.’

“Joseph declared, however, that he had never seen a finer fish. ‘A hundred gold pieces,’ said he to himself, ‘is a large sum; but the Lord has been gracious to me this past week, and I have earned more than usual, to what purpose, than that I might honour his Sabbath by something better than

* Offering, or consecration of wine and bread.

common. Stand back, good folks!’ cried he, ‘the man is right; it is a fish worthy of a king’s table. I shall buy it in honour of my Lord’s Sabbath.’ He paid the hundred gold pieces, and brought the fish home to his wife. ‘It is too large for us alone,’ said he; ‘I will send and ask some friends to keep their Sabbath with us.’

“The goodwife forthwith set to work to prepare the fish for being cooked; and what was her surprise to find inside of it a strange-looking lump, which on nearer inspection proved to be the remnant of a glove, in which lay a ring. Joseph took the ring to examine it.

“‘Wife!’ cried he, ‘I have made a good bargain, this ring is worth more than a thousand gold pieces.’ On examining it further, he exclaimed, — ‘A thousand gold pieces, said I! This ring, wife, is worth a hundred thousand!’ Still he kept looking at the ring in all directions; and when he saw it sparkling in all its splendour, he exclaimed again, — ‘Wife! this ring would be cheaply bought by a whole kingdom!’

“When his guests arrived, he showed them his new-found treasure, and they overwhelmed him with congratulations, and praised God who had thus miraculously rewarded his piety. About the same time, it became known that the son of a neighbouring potentate was about to be married, and was seeking for rare jewels and costly precious stones to present to his bride. Joseph travelled to the place; and on displaying his splendid ring, the prince took a fancy to it, and bought it of him with a large sum of ready money, and a handsome annuity to make up the price. Henceforth Joseph had the power of indeed feasting on the Sabbath-day, and of exercising his hospitality towards both friends and strangers; and when seated among his guests, he took delight in often telling the story of the ring.

“One day he had invited, among others, a careworn, miserable-looking man, who had recently arrived, and was quite unknown in the town. He had but one hand. Joseph, as usual, told the tale of the ring: when he had finished, the wretched-looking stranger burst into tears, and exclaimed, ‘Great God! and thus has thy prophecy been fulfilled!’ Every one present started, and he was eagerly asked the meaning of his sudden exclamation. The stranger then arose, and standing forwards said, — ‘Know ye then no more the rich Eleazar? Behold—I am he! God’s mysterious decree has been fulfilled on me; the prediction has been verified and come to pass! All my wealth has but served to insure Joseph the Sabbath-keeper a happy Sabbath. Ye may all have heard of the prophecy, and how

it seemed more and more likely to prove true. At length I could no longer endure the misery of my mind; I became acquainted with a foreign jeweller who possessed a ring of immense value; I exchanged my own ample possessions for his ring, and I travelled far, far away from Joseph the Sabbath-keeper. Joyfully did I carry off that invaluable jewel, for I said to myself that *that* could neither be in danger from the sea, from fire, from robbers, or from any of the mischances that usually befall mankind. One day I went to bathe in the sea, and as I was refreshing myself by swimming about, I suddenly observed that a large, greedy-looking fish had approached almost close to me. I stretched out my hand to defend myself from it: the fish bit me hard; and almost overcome with pain and terror I swam hastily back to the shore. Fancy my horror and distress of mind when I found that a finger was bitten off, and the very finger on which I wore my precious ring! Helpless and impoverished have I wandered about since then, and now I come to die in my native place, and now also I behold the amazing accomplishment of the prediction which I so vainly attempted to baffle.'

"All broke out into exclamations of astonishment at what had happened, and marvelled at the wondrous ways of God. But Joseph arose from his high seat, approached the unfortunate Eleazar, and said, 'Remain for the future with me, and share what is mine,—the whole, indeed, should be yours!' Eleazar accepted his invitation; and in remembrance of this event we sing every Friday evening in *Kranuko** the Song of Semiraus."

The long silence which followed when this tale was ended showed the interest the hearers had taken in it. At length Jette asked, "Did the events of this history take place in Canaan?"

"I cannot answer that question correctly," said the Pole: "but why do you ask it?"

"Oh, I was only thinking," replied Jette, "that if a Jew were *here* to go to the market and buy a fish, saying it was in honour of the Sabbath, we should never hear the end of it."

"Is there much ill-will felt towards the Jews here?" asked the Pole, with a gloomy look.

"No," said Philip Bendixen; "not more than elsewhere."

* The feast of Lamps, or of Lights, which is held annually for *eight days*, in remembrance of the flask of oil, which, on the return from the Babylonish captivity, was found in the ruins of the Temple, and which held out in the lamp for eight days.

We keep ourselves to ourselves, and avoid giving offence. If we hear anything, we pretend not to have heard it."

"Yet if they were to talk *too* loud," added Isaac Bamberger, "there are some among us who would not be afraid to show that a Jew can kill his man as well as another."

"The Lord be praised, such an event has not yet happened," cried the Pole. "Der Jed musz mit den Goijim anfangen! *—rather a thousand times be patient and silent! If one solitary Jew should offend the Christians, even though *they* may have been the aggressors, the whole Jewish community are made to suffer. That was seen at Prague."

"What was that? What happened at Prague?" was eagerly asked by all around.

"It is now more than a hundred years since it happened," said the Pole. "At that time there lived at Prague a Jew named Lazarus Qvailles, with his wife Miriam. They had an only son, who was named Simon, and was in his fourteenth year.

"One Friday evening, a wayfarer, like myself, came to Lazarus, and begged from him help for his journey. Lazarus was too hospitable a man to let the stranger go until he had partaken of the good cheer of the Sabbath with him; he assigned him a room in his house, ordered a bath for him, and then took him to the church. On their return, they found that Miriam had lighted the Sabbath lights, and arranged the table, and gladly did they set themselves down to the savoury repast. When full justice had been done to it, the conversation, among other matters, fell upon the persecution which the Jews had to endure from the Christians, and upon the endeavours of the latter to seduce young men from the faith of their forefathers. At that period, the Christians had been for some years at peace with the Turks, and were not quarrelling among themselves. Therefore, as always happens when they have no one else to quarrel with, they fell upon the Jews.

"Lazarus, who was a strong, powerful man, exclaimed, full of wrath, 'Woe woe!—verily we are hardly dealt with! Our own children are enticed away from us, and in the temples of the Christians are taught to execrate their fathers and their forefathers. Praise be unto God that my son is not of such, and that I can bestow the Sabbath blessing upon him.'

"'I hear,' said Leib Löbel, for so his guest was called, 'that within the very last week two Jewish boys have renounced the faith of their fathers.'

* The Jews begin with the Christians!

“ ‘Speak not of that!’ cried Lazarus, with much excitement. ‘To think of it will but destroy the peace of my Sabbath. It is an accursed sorcery, against which we can do nothing.’

“ ‘Why not speak of it?’ asked Leib Löbel; ‘that power which seems to you so mysterious, in fact the work of sorcery, I can explain to you. Yes, you will wonder, perhaps, when I tell you that in my wandering life I have had the means of diving into much that seems inexplicable. Harken! It is the doing of the Jesuits! and to accomplish their designs, and entice Jewish youths from their faith, they scruple not to make use of the seductions of vice. They employ females of light character, who go to the Jews’ shops and invite the Jew boys to carry home their purchases for them. Allurements and seductions follow each other, until their unfortunate victims are fairly entrapped. Once in their toils, escape is vain; they first induce them to give up their *arbakampfaus*, the symbol of their religion and their covenant with God. When our Elders find out this backsliding, they, in their indignation, punish severely the young culprits, who, fearful of still more severe chastisements, fly for refuge to their paramours, who hand them over to the Jesuits.’

“ ‘If I had such a son, I would scourge him to death,’ cried Lazarus, almost foaming with rage at the bare idea.

“ ‘Our Lord preserve you from such a misfortune!’ said Leib Löbel; ‘but be on your guard, for the holy fathers are not over-scrupulous when a new convert is in question. Your son is a handsome, well-made boy, and youths like him are in most danger; not only because the wantons themselves pick out such, but also because the Jesuits love to have fine-looking boys for the service of their church.’

“ ‘Merciful Father! I cannot bear even to think of such misery!’ cried Lazarus, covering his eyes with his hands. ‘My son, my beloved Simon,’ he added, turning towards the boy, ‘come and rejoice thy father’s eyes by showing me that I am a happy parent, and that thou wearest thy *arbakampfaus*.’

“ Simon, who was sitting at the other side of the room, rose, opened his vest, and seemed as if about to approach his father; but the moment he got near the door, he opened it suddenly and darted out.

“ Lazarus sat for a few seconds, as if petrified; then springing up, he hastened with furious gestures after his son.

“ There was an anxious silence at the table, where every one awaited in consternation the return of Lazarus. In about a quarter of an hour his heavy step was heard in the street.

Pale and breathless, he entered, and placed himself in his own seat.

“ ‘Will any one eat more?’ he asked. No one answered. ‘Clear the table,’ he said to the attendants, ‘we will *bensche*.’

“ ‘What hast thou done with thy child?’ cried Miriam anxiously.

“ ‘My child? I have no child! yon bastard that a few minutes ago sat opposite to me shall be cursed in time and in eternity—his children and his children’s children shall be cursed—and his name shall be blotted from the earth as it is blotted from my heart!’

“ ‘My child!’ sobbed Miriam, weeping,—‘thou hast murdered my Simon!’

“ ‘Be comforted!’ said Löbel to Miriam—‘your husband has not found Simon. Think you that a father could thus invoke curses on his child after he had murdered him?’

“ Simon’s flight caused a great sensation in the community; hitherto it had been only the children of the poorer class who had been decoyed away: when they returned to their duty, and had received correction and done penance in the Synagogue, the matter was soon forgotten. But Lazarus was the richest man in the Jewish quarter, and every one talked of the unexpected calamity. It was also known that Lazarus had promised a rich reward to whosoever should bring his son back to him.

“ After a short time, a young Jew, named Manassah, came to Lazarus, and told him he could restore his son to him; that he had ascertained he had been received into the house of a baptized Jew named Franz Kawka, and that he was taken by the servant-girl every day to the Jesuits to be instructed in their religion. ‘The servants in the family of a renegade Jew,’ said he, ‘are not generally over-scrupulous—the girl has sold me some sheets, of which she robbed her master, and has promised, for a bribe, to deliver Simon over to me.’ Lazarus was rejoiced to have tidings of his son, and to hear that he had not yet been baptized. He gave ten gold pieces to Manassah, and awaited with impatience the return of his son to his paternal home, and to the faith of his fathers.

“ The next day Manassah went to the place appointed; when Simon saw him coming, he cried out to the girl—‘That person knows me, and will perhaps get me into trouble.’ But she held him fast until Manassah had come close to them, who thereupon flung the stipulated reward to her, seized Simon, whose screams he smothered by placing his hand over his mouth, and dragged him hastily to the Jewish quarter.

There a crowd speedily assembled, who, with shouts and execrations, accompanied Simon and his captor to Lazarus's house.

"In the mean time Lazarus was pacing his rooms in much agitation, while Miriam and Löbel sat silently and anxiously awaiting the arrival of the culprit. Lazarus had given out his intention of sending his son to his father-in-law at Fürth, to avoid the shame of his being obliged to do public penance in the synagogue of Prague. 'Yes,' said he, 'he shall go to Fürth—Rabbi Feibel will keep a tight hand over him, and I shall never see him more. But first I will give him a severe chastisement as a souvenir.'

" 'Wilt thou strike thy son in thy wrath?' asked Miriam. 'Have I not given Manassah ten gold pieces? The lad hath cost me sorrow and shame enough, besides the loss of the money.'

"At length the entreaties of Miriam and of Löbel prevailed, and he promised not to see Simon himself, but let Löbel receive him, and conduct him to a solitary chamber.

"When Simon arrived at his father's house, the crowd of Jews who had followed him uttered a loud shout. Lazarus thought it was a cry of triumph, and intended as a congratulation to him on his son's return; but the shouts becoming more vociferous, he went out among them, and asked what they wanted.

" 'Punishment!' cried they;—'you must punish your son.'

"The pride of the rich man revolted against their insolence, and he replied, 'It is nought to you whether I choose to punish my son or not.'

"But the uproar became greater, and in a loud voice one called out, 'You have spoiled your son—it is your own fault that he has fallen away, and gone over to the Christians, and now you refuse to correct him. The children of poor people have been forced to do penance in the synagogue, to be beaten there in public, and have had to be thankful for the shame; but you send your son to Fürth!—there he is to make atonement, forsooth. But it is here he hath disgraced our holy religion, and here must the atonement be made!'

"The crowd applauded this speech, and some said, 'If you do not chastise your son, *we* will.'

"It may be imagined how these speeches wounded the rich man's pride; and yet he felt that they were not quite undeserved. His heart swelled with rage, but his fury turned against him who had brought such bitter insults upon him.

" 'Hold!' he exclaimed, as the men seemed about to enter

his house ; ' I shall show you that I am as good a Jew as any of you.'

" So saying, he seized a stick and strode up the stairs to the room where Simon was. Löbel heard him coming, and hastily locked the door ; but Lazarus set his foot against it, forced it open, and rushed towards Simon. In vain did Löbel spring between them, and endeavour to hold him back. The enraged man flung him with such force against the wall, that he was almost stunned.

" ' Bastard ! ' then cried Lazarus, in a voice of thunder, to Simon,— ' Why wouldst thou be a Christian ? '

" ' Dear father,' sobbed the boy, almost dead with fear, ' I will tell you all if you will not strike me ! '

" ' Bastard ! accursed renegade bastard ! Speak ;—wherefore wouldst thou be a Christian ? '

" ' Because Dr. Münzer, the rector of the college, said that Jesus Christ, the crucified, is God's Son, and our Messiah.'

" ' These unlucky words, poured forth in anguish by Simon, made Lazarus quite beside himself. He struck his son with a heavy stick, crying out, ' There—that is for Jesus ! '

" Simon shrieked, — ' I am a Jew, and always will be one ! Schema Isroel, Adaunoi Elauheinu, Adanoi echod !—Hear, Israel ! The Lord thy God is the only God from everlasting ! '

" But Lazarus heard nothing in the omnipotence of his passion. ' That is for Christ ! That is for the crucified ! And this is for God's Son ! This is for the Messiah ! ' He paused, at length ; for Simon shrieked no more, and was covered with blood. The father raised him up, and laid his hand upon his heart—it had ceased to beat.

" At that moment the chamber became filled by a crowd of strangers uttering exclamations of horror and pity. They were Christians, who, having heard the noise and uproar in the Jews' quarter, had flocked to see what mischief was going on, and who had come to the rescue. When they saw Simon dead, they cried, ' He was a Christian youth. The Jews have massacred him ! ' Much enraged, they fell upon Lazarus, and beat him almost to death, likewise Löbel and the unhappy Miriam. They then spread themselves over the whole house, plundering it and destroying everything. From thence they proceeded to the houses of the other Jews, and plundered and burned on all sides, until a company of soldiers arrived and drove them away. A month afterwards, Lazarus, Löbel, and Manassah were executed under dreadful torments. Miriam died beforehand. Simon was also dead ; so that Lazarus's curse was fatally fulfilled."

The Pole was silent, an expression of pain was visible on every countenance, and for a time no one spoke. At length Philip said gravely, "It is late, let us pray!" And when the evening devotions were concluded, they all retired quietly to rest.

CHAPTER VII.

WITH the exception of the authorities of the town, and the inspectors of the customs, who, when they honoured the shop with a visit, were invited into the parlour, few in common entered the Bendixens' house. Only on the great Jewish festival days visits were received from the few Hebrew families who, besides Bendixen and his brother-in-law, lived in the town. The frequent petty disagreements before alluded to prevented an habitually friendly intercourse; and even when hostilities happened to be suspended, and they appeared on tolerable terms, there was no great cordiality to be found among them, no kind feeling sufficiently strong to repress the constant recurrence of little jealousies and unpleasant irritability.

The slightest increase of custom in a neighbour's establishment, a little more smartness of dress in a neighbour's wife, became sources of secret annoyance, and were magnified into offences. Thus things went on day after day, the one vieing with the other. The richer matrons claiming to be treated with that extra respect which those a shade poorer were unwilling to accord, though they, in their turn, were not slow in making those poorer again feel their inferiority in wealth. There was, indeed, so much systematic jarring in the little community, that it seemed next to impossible for them all to meet on any occasion without some altercation taking place.

Historians relate that whilst the Romans were besieging Jerusalem, party spirit raged to such an extent among the besieged Jews, that the civil war they carried on was as deadly and determined as that which they waged against the common enemy. Extraordinary race, who in your exile are still unchanged! Was Jerusalem your mother, and did ye imbibe disunion with your mother's milk? Ye live, scattered among strange people, who hate, envy, or despise you; and instead of uniting to resist their oppression, ye but nurse your passions to expend them against each other. And what is the bone of contention among you? — money! money! Riches are your idols, and ye bow yourselves before him

who hath them. Gold! what will ye not do for it? And ye are right; for is not gold your sword, your buckler, and your shield? Do ye not buy with it the air ye breathe, the lives of your children, the repose of your graves? Has not the cry to you ever been, "Bring gold!" Should the world be surprised, then, that ye seek it? And do the Christians not also love gold? Do they cast it from them like dross, and leave you only to gather it with joy? Are ye alone stricken, or does the worm sit and gnaw at the hearts of all the human race? The misfortune is, that many of you have an unlucky habit; your eyes sparkle, and your fingers seem to have a convulsive motion, when you behold the glittering of gold. Dismiss these tell-tale habits, and learn some pretty phrases about virtue and philanthropy, and the worthlessness of money; but take care of your accent when you sport these cant phrases.

There happened to be an unusual peace in the little town at the *Feast of the New Year*, so that Philip Bendixen was enabled to invite all his fellow-Jews. The men had gone home from the church to fetch their wives,* and one after the other presented themselves in the saloon, where Jette and her husband received them with the greatest courtesy and politeness. The guests were all placed to their apparent satisfaction, and on that day of holy and peaceful rejoicing they all seemed inclined to good-humour. After many compliments had passed among them, Leib Essen, the last comer, exclaimed, rubbing his hands, "To-day we had a capital school,—everything was so well conducted, that I felt quite rejoiced and comforted."

"And I also," said Philip Bendixen; "since I was in Copenhagen, I have never heard the *schaufert*† so well blown as by Rabbi Jokuf. He is a powerful *baltekeio*."‡

"Only think," said Mausche Nyborg to his wife, "Leib Essen was *mechabaut* with a *misvo* to me to-day; I had *Gelilo*."§

* The male and female portions of the congregation sit separately in Jewish churches; and on some occasions of divine service, the churches are not prepared for the reception of women.

† On the great festival days, Satan appears before the throne of the Most High, as an accuser; on such occasions, the *schaufert*—a horn or trumpet—is blown; every tone which proceeds from it becomes an angel, who defends the congregation against the accusations of Satan.

‡ Master of the instrument—of the horn or trumpet.

§ The divine service of the Jews is based on the principle that the people themselves shall perform it, and thus the knowledge of the laws and ceremonies is not a monopolized possession. Since the discontinuance of the offerings after the fall of Jerusalem, the priest has had nothing to do with the service of the church, and he can, in general, be dispensed with. One of the congregation reads the prayers when there is not a paid *precentor* (*hraman*). On Mon-

"No! really!" exclaimed his wife, looking kindly at Leib Essen.

"It was to seal our reconciliation," said the latter, cheerfully, while he held out his hand to Moses Nyborg.

"I shall not fail to pray for you at *Jaumkipur*," said Nyborg's wife; "the blessed *Jaumkipur*. In about nine days we shall have it. Dost thou fast *Jaumkipur*?" she asked of Jacob, who at that moment she called to her side.

"Yes," said Jacob proudly; "I have fasted already half the day, and I shall fast half the day *Tischebeaf*."*

"Really, thou art a fine boy!" said Madame Nyborg, handing Jacob an orange.

Jacob's father and one of his guests thereupon held a conversation in a low voice respecting the boy's good disposition, but there was a long silence among the other guests.

"Everything was done in a most seemly manner to-day," said Saul Bernburg, at length; "but still it was nothing

day and Thursday three portions, and on Saturday eight portions of *Thora* (the Law of Moses) are read by the congregation themselves—only each portion must be read by a different person. *Thora* is kept in the holy cabinet or chest, on which God's holy spirit enthrones itself. The ceremonials when *Thora* is to be taken out and read aloud are equal in pomp and etiquette to the ceremonials at a Christian court. One approaches, respectfully bowing, draws the curtain back, opens the *chest*, and taking out *Thora*, delivers it to the precentor; when *Thora* has by the precentor been laid on the prayer-desk, and read aloud, it becomes the duty of another person to lift it up, and stretching it forth to the congregation, to cry, "*Thauras Mausche Emmes!*" (the Law of Moses is truth!) which is repeated aloud by the whole assembly. Then a third comes forward to roll up *Thora* (*Gelilo*) and wrap it in the *mappo'en*, a piece of cloth like the swaddling-clothes of an infant, and above that in an outer covering of velvet or silk, ornamented with silver; but this is more or less richly ornamented according to the wealth of the congregation, as is the case with the altars in Christian churches. The member of the assembly then, who had read last from *Thora*, carries it back; he who had taken it out receives it from his hands, replaces it in the holy chest, and bowing, locks it up. Every one who touches *Thora* kisses it before he gives it away, and kisses also the part of the finger which has been sanctified by its holy contact. All these different duties are acts pleasing to God (*misvaus*), and are bought by an auction held at the time: but one can present another (to be *mechabaut* with him) the *misvo*, bought for one's-self, and this is generally done when another celebrates a domestic festival, or when it is wished to show friendship. The money gained by these auctions devolves to the church.

In Copenhagen, which takes the lead in Denmark, and where, since the building of the new synagogue, all has been regulated in as aristocratic and absolute a manner as possible, this democratic auction is no longer held; *misvaus* being bought privately the day before from the precentor. When the new arrangements began to be carried into effect, there was a good deal of opposition; but the refractory were cast out. These, however, easily consoled themselves; for an assemblage of ten Jews makes a congregation and a church, whether they meet in a garret-room, or under the open canopy of heaven.

* The tenth day in the month *Af* (*Ab*, according to the English calendar of the Jews); the anniversary of the destruction of Jerusalem. That day is a fast day, and during the previous nine days no flesh is eaten, in remembrance of the miseries of Jerusalem.

compared to Copenhagen. What would I not give to hear a proper *Durhne*.* That indeed penetrates the heart!"

"Why did you not stop in Copenhagen?" cried the rough Wulf Mendel; "you are always talking of it: I would have remained there had I been you."

Saul Bernburg had been obliged to leave Copenhagen on account of his having become a bankrupt there under rather awkward circumstances. He bit his lip, but made no reply, that it might not be supposed he understood the sneering allusion. Every one else, however, understood it, and there was a general silence.

Not to be obliged to say anything, Philip Bendixen walked to the window, looked out as if he were seeking some one, and then remarked, "God knows why we have not the pleasure of Simon Nasche's company to-day."

"Probably he surmised that he would meet me here," said Wulf Mendel with a malignant smile.

"Are you on bad terms?" asked Philip.

"Bad terms!—the fellow so stinks of pride that one cannot come near him. But you shall hear. The other day he called at my shop, and as there was nothing doing, I entered into a little chat with him. He talked about the bad times—how slack trade was—how unlucky he had been; may bad luck stay with him! He complained that the inspector of customs had been in the habit of taking many goods from him, but had never paid his bills, and he did not know how he was to meet his own engagements. 'Well,' said I, 'do not let your wife wear so expensive a silk garment at church as mine does.' Was I not right? The fellow comes bemoaning himself, and complaining that he has scarcely bread in his house, and when one sees his wife, one might fancy she was married to the richest man in the town. What do you think he answered me? He got into a rage with me, and cried, 'Neither shall prosperity always be yours. Take care that our Lord does not punish your unfortunate children for your arrogance. For the Lord of Hosts, Israel's God, is a just God, and shall visit the sins of the fathers upon the children ———' But I would hear no more, and hurried into my house to avoid his evil words, and he went his way. But the anathema shall fall upon himself!"

* On the great festivals, all the *Caunin* of the congregation (the descendants of the high priests) stand forth on the elevated place before the tabernacle, and, enveloped from head to foot in white *thaleizim*, give out, in peculiar and solemn tones, and with mysterious gestures, a benediction upon the congregation. No one dare look at him whilst they are thus representing the god-head. This ceremony is called to *Durhne*.

"You were too hard on him, Wulf Mendel," said Philip Bendixen, reproachfully. "Every one likes to see his wife well dressed. Does not Abbu Hilkia say, 'A man shall give good apparel to his wife, that she may endeavour to be pleasing in his eyes, and that he may not find pleasure in other women!'"

"Harkye, Philip Bendixen," cried Wulf Mendel, his face crimson with anger; "I shall permit no admonitions from *you*! You are not a priest. Perhaps you presume to fancy, because you are a few shillings richer than I am, that you can lord it over me—the Lord abases the proud."

His wife placed her hand over his mouth, that he might not give utterance to injurious words, but the enraged Wulf Mendel rose to go.

"Let not this precious *Jomtauw* (festival day) be desecrated by wrath!" said Philip Bendixen, grasping his hand; "I did not intend to annoy you."

Wulf Mendel permitted himself to be appeased, and resumed his seat.

"Yonder goes old Martha," said Isaac Bamberger, pointing towards the street. He had taken refuge at the window, and now seized the first opportunity of changing the conversation from the former disagreeable subject. Hardly had he made this remark, before a cracked shrill voice screamed from the street—"There ye sit gormandizing, whilst a poor old woman like me cannot afford a kuggel* in her scholet for the Sabbath; but the Lord will not forget this!" Isaac Bamberger opened the window and mildly replied, "Come in here and enjoy yourself with us; come and take a piece of butter-cake that was put aside for you since last night."

"What! Have ye butter-cakes on Friday evening, whilst the rest of the children of Israel feed themselves with a little lean meat and a crust of dry bread?" cried the old woman, striking her withered hands together. "No, I will not enter your dwelling-house; I should but come as a beggar to the rich man, and you are no Boaz, *Jemar Schemecho*."†

Vexed at the unpleasant result of his little scheme for restoring general good-humour, Isaac shut the window; but still hoping to dissipate the gloom, he said, smiling, "I am no Boaz, as she truly says, and as certainly *she* is no Naomi."

* As the Jews dare not cook on the Sabbath, they have a sort of soup cooked on the Friday, which is kept in hot ashes till Saturday: this is called *scholet*. A pudding composed of meal, sugar, and suet, is called *kuggel*.

† Thy name shall be effaced,—a malediction.

Every one laughed, and one of the matrons said, "Who ever notices what old Martha says? If you were to deprive yourself of your very clothes to give her, she would curse you because you had not given her your skin. I am in the habit of giving her six shillings every new moon, and yet, the other day, because I happened to have only four shillings in small change to give her, she threw them back at me, saying, that though I could not afford to give her six shillings, she could afford to give that much to me, whereupon she laid that sum upon the table, and went her way muttering curses. What is to be done with such a creature? If a stranger gives her the smallest coin, she does not know how sufficiently to bless him; but nothing is enough from a Jew, and she thinks fit to direct what she is to receive from her own people."

"In your place, Memmele," said Isaac Bamberger, "I would have served Martha as I served dark Ephraim once upon a time. You may remember he came here and said he had been burnt out. He applied to me, and I offered him a dollar. 'I beg your pardon, Mr. Bamberger,' said he, 'but your brother-in-law gave me *two* dollars.' I replaced the dollar in my purse, and replied, 'I beg your pardon, Mr. Ephraim, but in that case my brother-in-law has given for me as well as for himself.'"

"Our Lord defend me from giving such an offence to Martha!" cried Memmele, laughing. "But it is lucky for you, Jette Bendixen, that Martha did not see the pretty new gown you have on to-day; she would have showered curses on you the whole night for it," she added, glancing sideways at Jette's dress.

"The gown is not new," said Jette; "it is an old one I have altered and trimmed up."

"Oh, that's another thing," said Memmele, somewhat embarrassed.

"Since we are talking of Martha," said another dame, "Have ye heard how she behaved lately at Saul Esser's house? It was a Friday, the day after his failure. She went for her Sabbath alms; her daughter followed her, and, reminding her that Saul had failed, besought her not to go for her gift. But she only answered angrily, 'What is that to me?'"

"That was just like her," said Memmele.

"I don't know what the poor in any congregation could expect more than ours have," observed a little married woman named Gidal. "Are not bread, and meat, and money dealt out to them every Friday? Do they not partake of the

Passover bread ; and at *Purim* are there not gifts for them ? Is there ever a festival on which they have not their share of good things ? Do the Christians so much for their poor ? ”

Then arose the old Rabbi Jacob, a grey-haired little man, with a quiet and serene countenance. He lived upon his own small means, and devoted himself much to study, on which account he had obtained the title of Rabbi. He said, “ The God of benevolence looks into the heart, not upon the gift. When thy brother asks for bread, thou wilt not give him a stone ; but a hard and grudging heart turns its gifts into stone. Ye give the aged Martha alms, and expect that she shall thank you. Remember ye not that she was once rich herself ? Then made she all comers welcome when she sat in the place of honour. She bears in mind the time when it was her own privilege to give alms. She looks not at the gift, but her heart is crushed that her ears hear no more the voice of thanks. Let us praise the name of the Most High, who deals out trials to all.”

The company sat mute, as if they felt themselves rebuked.

“ Tell me, Wulf Mendel,” said the persevering Isaac Bamberger, “ how goes on your process with that merchant, Jensen ? ”

“ A thousand plagues upon his head ! ” cried Wulf Mendel. “ If a Jew were to treat a Christian as he treats me, we should hear enough of it. It is now a year and a half since I should have had my money, according to his written agreement, and yet he puts off payment to this day under the pretence that my goods were not worth the price. Did I oblige him to buy my goods ? And in every plea before the court of justice he calls me *the Jew Mendel*. But wait a little, and we shall see. The sentence will soon be pronounced, and if I sell the bed from under him, I will have my money. Wait a little ! ”

“ There is no doubt that the right is on your side, Wulf Mendel,” said Isaac ; “ but that Jensen creates a great deal of ill-will against our people in the town. He loiters about the public-houses almost the whole day, and tells every one how the Jew Mendel is seeking to make him and his children sleep upon straw.”

“ In God’s name,” cried several voices together anxiously, “ have a care not to rouse the anger of the townspeople against us. Listen to us, Wulf Mendel ! ”

“ Shall I forego the money that is due to me ? ” exclaimed Wulf, in great wrath. “ Shall I find my goods in the street ? Did not I myself propose to leave the matter to arbitration, and say I would be satisfied with the value that three Christian merchants might put upon my goods ? Did not the

rascal refuse to agree to this? Aye, and if it should cost my life, he shall pay me now to the last iota. Yes, *the Jew Mendel will force him and his children to sleep on straw!*"

It was impossible, after this speech, to restore good-humour. Most of the party began to reflect with terror on the evil this process of Mendel's might bring on all the Jews in the town; while Wulf himself thought of nothing but his own grievances. At that moment, "May you all be exterminated!" shrieked the cracked voice of old Martha under the window. This unexpected denunciation completed the dismay of the little assembly, and after some forced compliments to each other, dry and common-place leave-takings, the party broke up, all carrying with them feelings of more or less anxiety and vexation.

CHAPTER VIII.

HOSTILITIES AGAINST THE JEWS.

AMONG the letters Philip Bendixen received one morning by the post, there was one which made him wring his hands in an agony of terror and despair. It was from his brother in Copenhagen, and ran thus:—

"DEAR BROTHER,

"Before thou receivest this letter, probably some tidings of the frightful days here may have reached thee; and I write thee that thou mayest see that our lives are, as yet, in safety. Praise be to God! But how long will they remain so? This question we ask each other, and none can give a satisfactory answer; but in the deepest anxiety we behold the close of each succeeding day. Kemeeh (the Christians) seem to have gone mad. They broke the windows of the houses of all the Jews; and woe to that Jew who ventured out to face them! Rabbi Jehudo, who was kicked and beaten as he was going to his home, is dead; and several other respectable Jews have been very ill used. My father-in-law fell into the hands of two sailors, who threatened to kill him if he would not dance for them. What could the old man do? He was obliged to dance, whereupon they spat upon him, shouting, 'That is thy reward, Jew usurer, for dancing so ill.' Though they at length permitted him to go home unhurt, he is at death's door from the fright. A sort of plague or pestilence has broken out, brought here from Hamburgh—it seems to spread from

country to country. Would that we had only the pest to encounter! We have been thinking of flying from this Gomorrah, and taking shelter with thee; but the police-master—the old heathen—has ordered us to wait some days. When I went to him to ask for a passport, he spoke to me in the same way as thou mayest remember he used to do in old times, when he came to our mother's house. 'Is Marcus afraid? Does he not think we can protect him? Let him wait only a couple of days, till the king dismisses the soldiery and leaves everything to me and my brave staff.' But I shall take the earliest opportunity of starting with my wife and children, and I hope thou wilt receive us until things are restored to order here. Salute thy dear wife and thy little son, and accept thyself of affectionate salutations from thy loving brother,

“MARCUS.”

Philip Bendixen hurried in unspeakable distress to his brother-in-law, to communicate the painful intelligence to him. There he found several Jews, who had also received letters in which the calamity was still more strongly described. The military refused to serve, these letters said; the city guard made common cause with the riotous mob, and the king, to save his crown, was about to sacrifice the Jews, who were to be put to death, in one day, all over the kingdom.

Extreme alarm at this threatened misfortune fell upon all present, and sincere compassion for those true believers who were already involved in trouble was also felt. Men wept like children, and struck their breasts in despair, seeing no means of escape. “Thrice happy are those who are resting in their graves!” they cried; “their eyes have closed in peace. We are as if about to be overwhelmed with another deluge. Troubles draw nigh, and there is no place of safety to flee to! Woe—woe unto us! The Lord God hath turned the light of his countenance from his people, and it shall come to pass as it was written, ‘Your prosperity shall be changed into sorrow, your gladness into tears!’”

“How will lamentations help us?” at length said Isaac Bamberger. “Our brethren are in the hands of God, and we can do nothing for them. But we can help ourselves, if we hold fast together, and do not lose our opportunity.”

“How—how?” asked all present, eagerly.

“We are few indeed,” said Isaac Bamberger, walking proudly forward; “but we are enough to defend a well-walled place. I saw once on a time a handful of Frenchmen

defend themselves in a churchyard against a whole regiment, and they did not give in until cannon was brought against them. The Christians have no cannon. Let us all gather together with our families, and defend ourselves to the last drop of our blood. I offer my house for our citadel."

"You speak with discretion truly, Isaac Bamberger," cried Wulf Mendel. "Are we all to abandon our houses and our property to help to defend yours? And who says that we shall all be seized? Perhaps they will pick out some, and spare the remainder—the most peaceable. But if we were all shut up together, and were taken, we should all suffer."

"And how could we defend ourselves?" said another; "we are neither soldiers nor Frenchmen. Of what use would people be that have learned nothing about war? If I were set to defend a house, and they came assaulting it in crowds, I should fall out of the window among them from sheer fright. I don't pretend to be more of a hero than I am. Caleb was a warrior, but Aaron was a man of peace."

"From the time that Jerusalem fell," said a third sadly, "it has been Israel's fate to abide defenceless. I will go home and await what the God of my fathers ordains for me."

Every one else was of the same way of thinking, and each betook himself to his own abode. Isaac Bamberger accompanied Philip to his house to comfort and cheer up his wife. The news from Copenhagen had reached other inhabitants of the town also, and people were gathered in different places to talk it over.

The *amtsforvalter*,* an inspector of the customs, was with the town judge.

"I have given orders to suppress any attempt at disturbance here in its very birth," said the judge. "My vigilance may be depended on. But God knows what I shall do if any serious disturbance does really break out! I have but two police-officers, of whom one, on account of age and infirmities, is almost useless, and the other was made a policeman when, in 1807, he was obliged to give up his trade on account of having broken a leg. These form my whole strength. But I have strong hopes of maintaining peace; I stand well with the burghers, and a few discreet words said in the nick of time may prevent mischief."

"If there were to be a little bloody work with the Jews," said the receiver-general, "I should not regret it, provided we could be freed from them for the future. I am by no means

* Receiver of the public revenues of the district.

intolerant, but I honestly confess that I cannot bear the people of Moses. This dislike to the Jews is, in fact, born with us ; it is, as people say, 'bred in the bone.'"

"It is rather the effect of education and habit," said the inspector of the customs, a mild, grey-headed old man ; "*they* are brought up to dislike us, *we* to dislike them, and thus we denounce each other from childhood upwards."

"But they are a shabby, avaricious set," replied the amtsforvalter ; "and even the best among them, such as Isaac Bamberger and Philip Bendixen, of this town, have a something — I don't well know what — unpleasant about them. One feels as if one were in another atmosphere near them. It is a sort of a garlic atmosphere," he added with a laugh.

"Bamberger and Bendixen are two clever, good sort of men," said the inspector of customs ; "I should be heartily sorry if any evil happened to either of them. And have you ever seen the pretty, well-behaved little boy Bendixen has ? When I look at that fine child, I feel sorry that he is a Jew."

"After all," exclaimed the amtsforvalter, "you have precisely the same feeling as I have. When you find anything superior among the Jews, you wonder, and almost regret that it belongs to them."

"Nay, you misunderstand me quite ; or perhaps I expressed myself imperfectly," replied the inspector of customs, scratching his head.

"I will go round among the Jews and cheer them up," said the magistrate. "Seeing me go to them will also have a good effect on the citizens, I hope." Thereupon he went forth, accompanied by his brother-officials.

At the public-house there was another meeting to discuss the same subject. The place was almost full, and amidst the noise of billiard-balls and the clinking of dram-glasses the sound of angry voices was distinctly heard. The fat distiller Larsen sat with his back to the open window, and led the discourse.

"Yes," he cried, waving his right hand with its large meerschau pipe, "the Copenhageners are prompt sort of people. They do not speak,—they strike at once."

"The king will be in a wretched dilemma," observed the barber, with a knowing and important air. "They have sent him word that if he will let them do with the Jews what they please, he may be assured of his own safety,—if not——"

"Must he trouble himself by giving them permission to cudgel each other ?" cried the young Dr. Flor Fortcelleren, interrupting him.

"You are always so comical, doctor," said the barber, with

suppressed vexation; "the Copenhageners, however, are not to be trifled with."

"No; the Copenhageners are energetic folks," cried the distiller. "Hurrah for the Copenhageners!"

"Hurrah for the Copenhageners!" shouted all in chorus.

"I shall laugh to see the faces the Jews will make when they fall on their knees and pray, 'Oh! Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, stand by us!' and when Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob leave them in the lurch," said the young merchant Peterson, laughing.

"That spectacle would not be so difficult to get a sight of," said the master butcher Carstens, with a significant look.

"What sin could there be in killing a Jew?" asked the deformed sexton Green; "it was the Jews who put Christ to death."

"And who now suck the marrow from the bones of us Christians," shrieked another.

"And who think themselves too good to eat as Christian men do," said the butcher. "I can kill meat for everybody except the Jews. A surgeon must operate, forsooth, when a bullock is to have the honour of being eaten by them. Did ever mortal hear such fancies?"

"There they sit brooding over the money that they cheat us Christians out of," roared the tavern-keeper. "I supply the first men in the town, but never has a Jew bought from me so much as a single dram; to hell with the whole race,—of what use are they?"

"It is not more than eight days ago that that overgrown Wulf Mendel took two rix bank dollars off the bill for the work I had undertaken to do on his premises," said the master carpenter; "these people would keep me on dry bread."

"Wulf Mendel!" exclaimed another. "It was he who brought poor Jensen to the poor-house."

"Yes, he is a horrible skin-flint!" cried a second.

"They are all alike," screamed a third.

"They should be driven to the frontiers, and kicked beyond them!" "They should be put to death like mad dogs!"

But they went no further than laying down what *should* be done—and when it approached noon, one after the other went quietly home.

But at the poor-house the quondam merchant Jensen was making himself very busy. It was now two years since he had become an inmate of that place, into which he had been driven by the loss of this lawsuit with Wulf Mendel. He had become frightfully thin, and it was evident that a galloping consumption was carrying him to his grave. But

his blue eyes sparkled with unnatural light, and on his pale sunken cheek a small red spot came and went.

It seemed as if a degree of madness had seized on his mind, at the idea that revenge, so long despaired of, was near. He looked, with his wild gestures, like a threatening apparition, such as are seen in dreams, rather than a living man. From his workroom he went to the other paupers, and seizing each by the arm, whispered, "The king has commanded that all the Jews shall be put to death to-morrow. Hearken—to-morrow we may plunder the rich Jews. Hast thou seen the king's ordinance? To-morrow I shall pay off Wulf Mendel. We shall call the peasantry to assist us in killing the Jews and seizing their property."

His voice and excited manner seemed to have a magnetic attraction. When the hours of labour were over, all the inmates of the poor-house followed him into the streets, and from thence to the market, where the peasantry congregated. Here again he commenced, "Have ye heard the news? The king has commanded that all the Jews should be slain. Come to-morrow with axes and staves; we will kill the Jews and take their money." "Nay, can it be true?" asked some of the peasants—"we have certainly heard rumours of it. Well! the king's orders must be obeyed." "Yes, come to-morrow, and when it gets dark, we shall fall upon the Jews. They are all killed already in Copenhagen; to-morrow we shall do for them here." Jensen, followed by the other paupers, wandered about after leaving the market-place, and whenever they came to the house of a Jew, he cried, "Woe to you to-morrow!" and all the rabble joined in shouting "Woe to you to-morrow!"

That night Jensen sat alone with his wife in their rude little chamber.

"To-morrow," cried he, "I shall pay my debt to Wulf Mendel. I knew that God would not let me die until I had done that—even if he had to work a miracle."

"In the name of Jesus," said his wife weeping, "he it was who brought our two little children to the grave—the poor things died from misery and want."

"To-morrow!" exclaimed Jensen again, "and then I shall not grudge to die—thou wilt follow me soon, wilt not thou, wife?"

The woman wept on.

He continued: "It was but three years after we were married that I accompanied thee to this poor-house. And now, for two years running, have I seen thee, day after day, wear that coarse dress, whilst *his* wife has been going in silks

and satins. But to-morrow shall be a day of reckoning, Wulf Mendel!"

"But he offered to make a compromise, to make an amicable agreement," said the wife, influenced by that feeling of rectitude which women so often possess in a higher degree than men.

"Did he not know well enough that I could not pay? Could I help all the misfortunes that fell on me? And what were a couple of hundred dollars to so rich a man? To me they were everything—they have cost *me* home, station, happiness, and my two children! It was dear gold, Wulf Mendel! But to-morrow we shall be quits. Let us sing a psalm, wife," said he after a pause. "It is long since we have sung together." He took up the psalm-book, opened it, and fixing on the first psalm on which his eye rested, they raised their voices in the following words:—

"Lord, let me know my term of days,
How soon my life will end;
The numerous train of ills disclose
Which this frail state attend.
My life, thou know'st, is but a span;
A cipher sums my years;
And every man in best estate
But vanity appears."

The voices died away by degrees, and all became silent in that great unsightly building.

Early the next morning Isaac Bamberger went over to Philip Bendixen.

"Philip!" said he sadly, "we have been for many years like brothers; if you feel as I do, we shall continue to act like brothers to the last."

Philip pressed his hand in silence. Isaac went on. "The judge has advised us to keep our shops open as usual all day, and to behave as if there were nothing going on. I will do this; but as soon as it begins to grow dark I will lock up and come over with my wife and my greatest valuables to your house. You have more to defend than I have; you have a son, brother!"

"My son—my poor, poor son!" cried Philip, the tears rolling down his cheeks.

"We will defend him," said Isaac, in a tone of strong determination. "So long as I can swing an axe, no harm shall come to him."

“My poor child!” sighed Philip.

“Be a man, Philip,” cried Isaac, seizing his arm—“lamentations will do no good. Protect your son, and do not weep for him.”

“Oh, Isaac! you know not what it is to see your child in danger—may not their cruel blows fall with double force on the head of the unfortunate child?”

Isaac drew the back of his hand across his eyes, and departed to his own house.

Never were venders of commodities more unwilling to sell, or buyers more anxious to make purchases, than on that day. The Jews tried to drive the peasantry from their shops by raising the price of everything; but the country people bought on unsparingly, and saw their money glide into the tills with a look that seemed to say, “We shall take it from you again this evening.”

The rustics spread themselves over the town, apparently seeking amusement in all quarters; and nothing foreboded the catastrophe that the evening was destined to witness; an instance of that singular self-control which is scarcely ever found among the populace of other countries in the same degree as among the temperate and tranquil peasantry of Denmark. The people fancied that they had the Jews entirely in their power, and played with them as the cat plays with the mouse. And truly the Jews would fain have been mice, to have crept into safe mouseholes.

When it began to grow dark, the Jews all shut their shops, and the peasants assembled in the market-place. The paupers from the poor-house, several school-boys, many journeymen tradesmen, and a few of the burghers joined them; they then proceeded in a sort of procession, without any uproar, to Wulf Mendel's house.

At first the crowd were startled by the deep silence that reigned there; but when soon after they perceived some symptoms of resistance, the doors were speedily forced, and the shop was entered. In a moment the contents of drawers and shelves were emptied into the sacks the intruders had brought with them, and the indefatigable Jensen led the attack on the inner rooms. When they had forced the door of the farthest chamber, they beheld Wulf Mendel standing before his wife, his daughters, and his money-chest. The females were pale as death, and could hardly support them-

selves; Wulf Mendel trembled, but his uneasiness was mingled with a degree of convulsive rage, when he saw his old enemy approaching his money-chest with threatening gestures. It was long since they had met; and now the two foes stood face to face—it was but for a moment—suddenly they sprang upon each other, Wulf Mendel's powerful arm dealt a heavy blow to his almost shadowy opponent; but at the same instant the upraised cudgel of the latter descended with force on his head—they fell together, and clasping each other in no brotherly embrace, they lay together on the floor.

This scene gave an unexpected check to the assailants; for any energetic outbreak of the human passion has a stunning effect on the mind of the spectator. Some of them took charge of Jensen, while others carried Wulf Mendel and the fainting females out of the house, and gave them to the care of the nearest neighbour, Simon Rasche, whose door they broke open. As they had placed their victims in his house, they chose to go their way without doing him any harm.

The next nearest Jew was Philip Bendixen, and the mob now rushed to his house. The door was forced, and the family fled from room to room, until they were forced to take refuge in the cellar, whither their most valuable goods had been conveyed beforehand. The pursuers could hear the noise of the cellar door as it was hastily closed, but did not know which way to reach that subterranean recess.

"I know the way!" said a country lad; "I have lived as a servant in this house. Follow me," he cried, placing himself at their head.

But they had not proceeded far amidst the uncertain light, when they heard a low, frightful yell, and their leader, with a loud scream, started back.

"What is there?" cried several voices.

"It is the God of the Jews, who is sitting there!" cried the country lad, half-dead with terror and pain. "Do ye not see yon dark thing? There—there it is again!"

Panic struck, they all pressed back, endeavouring, as fast as possible, to gain the street. But in the hall stood the chief magistrate, equipped in his red mantle, with the staff of office in his hand, and attended by his two very efficient policemen. "What are ye doing here?" he demanded, in a tone of authority.

No one answered.

"And what has happened to thee?" he asked, when he saw the young man, who acted as guide, pale and bleeding.

"Thou hast got thy deserts—I arrest thee in the king's name!" He laid his hand on the lad, who, from fright, and perhaps loss of blood, sank on the ground.

"Order, in the king's name!" These words sounded in the ears of the rustics like thunder. "In the king's name, I command ye all to disperse quietly, every man to his home! Any one disobeying me shall be punished as a rebel and a traitor to his majesty. Do ye understand me?"

The rabble instantly dispersed, every one slinking quietly away, and without any attempt to remove the well-filled sacks.

In the mean time the family had been listening with the deepest dismay to the uproar above; and when they found that the mob had departed, they thanked God in low, but earnest prayer.

"Jacob! where art thou?" said his anxious mother, groping about for him.

"Where art thou, Jacob?" she asked in a higher voice, when she did not find him. "Where is my boy? Did I not see him enter the cellar before myself—where can he be? Where art thou, my son—my Jacob?" she almost shrieked in her consternation.

"Doubtless he has hidden himself in some corner," said his uncle, "or perhaps he has fainted from fright." Every corner of the cellar was searched, but there he was not.

"Schema Isroel! they have found him and carried him off," cried the mother, in an agony of distress. "They are murdering my child, and that is the reason they are so quiet."

"Go out, Isaac, and keep thy word," cried Philip; at the same moment lifting up the trap-door of the cellar, and springing up himself with an axe in his hand.

"Father!" he heard a soft voice whisper, when he had advanced a few steps.

"Jacob! God in heaven! Is that you?" cried his father, dropping the axe.

There sat the boy on a stone, holding in his hand his dirk, bloody up to the hilt. The glimmering light which alone penetrated the dark passage discovered to his father and uncle the child's pale countenance and bloody weapon. One glance sufficed to explain to them what had happened. The father leant with a feeling of wonder and anxiety over his son, who almost immediately fainted in his arms; and the uncle said, "Now there is blood between him and the Christians!"

The worthy chief magistrate just then approached. He had come to search for the family, and lead them back from their place of concealment to the habitable part of their house. He took the still unconscious Jacob from the arms of his father, and laid him upon a sofa in the parlour; then, turning to Isaac Bamberger, he said aside, "A peasant has been stabbed by a knife below there; it is not known to me who did it, but he brought on his own mishap: this is all I shall say, Mr. Bamberger." Isaac bowed; it was better to remain silent than commit himself by any reply. The magistrate then said aloud, "Shut up your shops as usual to-morrow; I will answer for your safety. Do not let any fears trouble you, Madame Bamberger, or you, little Madame Bendixen. I hope the child will soon be better. Good night!" He shook hands with them all, and left the house.

But if the fears of the little group who remained were somewhat quieted, there was a feeling of awe among them; all seem buried in deep reflection, and each seemed to dread to break silence, as if by so doing some weighty secret must be revealed. At length Jacob opened his eyes, and, to his mother's joy, was able to make a very good supper. On seeing him quite well again, his affectionate relatives retired with lightened hearts to rest.

CHAPTER IX.

AFTER a storm at sea, the waves do not immediately become calm; so, it was a long time before the tempers of the little community smoothed down effectually, and they returned to their wonted monotony and peace. At least, among the Jews, the sight of every Christian's face awakened the remembrance of the hatred which they had evinced towards them, and the danger which had hung over them. The better class of Christians, who had either by word or deed helped on the outbreak against the Jews, secretly took shame to themselves whenever they saw a Jew. The lowest class, peasants and others, who, under the direction of their leaders, had stolen so much money from the Jews, came soon after the restoration of order with friendly faces to them, and reiterated protestations of their having had nothing to do with the riotous attack.

Though we find in the world less dissimulation than we

read of in romances, yet there is much more than we are apt to think in the daily intercourse of life. That countenance, on which simplicity and honesty seem to have set their stamp, can particularly well conceal the shrewd, self-interested design; how careless, how opaque it can look when it is prudent not to sympathize, not to understand! How well it can smile upon an enemy who is too strong to oppose, or from whom assistance is required! And, generally speaking, what farces do we not enact towards each other, almost without knowing it, and without the slightest feeling of compunction? When did two men ever speak to each other with perfect sincerity, even though they had met with the intention of opening their hearts to each other? Where is the family in which there is not some little secret to conceal from each other,—aye, often some important one? When ye gather around your table, apparently happy, and occupied only with each other, and with the little world within your four walls, and your thoughts seem to crowd to your lips—when the wife chats to her husband, and the husband talks to his wife, the daughter to her mother, the lover to his betrothed—even at these times does not caution mount guard over the heart, and check the full tide of confidential frankness? Yes; and it is better that it should be so. It would not do to see the white veil withdrawn from the muscles and the fibres—to see the uncovered heart palpitating in the breast. No; let it be shrouded!

Hanc veniam damus petimusque vicissim.

Upwards of a year had now passed on in peace since the events last related had taken place, when Jacob, one Saturday morning in the summer of 182—, accompanied his father to the house where the synagogue was held. Both were handsomely dressed; Jacob, for the first time in his life, had put on a coat, hat, and frilled shirt. It was Jacob's *Barmizvo*,—the first Sabbath after he had attained his thirteenth year, and when, in an assembly of the elders, he was to bless Thora.

In the synagogue, *oraun hakaudesch* (the chest or press in which Thora is kept) was decked with a new silk curtain, presented by Philip; two large yellow wax-lights burned upon the desk at which Thora is read, the chandeliers were lit, and all the little congregation, equipped in their best, were assembled.

When Philip and Jacob had entered the synagogue, and had bowed reverently before *oraun hakaudesch*, the father took an almost new thallis, woven of the finest wool, and edged with a purple border, and a broad band of gold, and threw it over his son's shoulders. Thereupon they both

quietly took their places, and repeated in low tones the prescribed prayers, which were read aloud by the precentor. Then came the time that Thora was to be read to the congregation. Chanting in a loud voice, that member of the congregation who had bought that Mizsvo* approached *oraun hakaudesch* (the tabernacle), drew back the curtain, and took out Thora, amidst the earnest prayers of the assembly.

The precentor received Thora, and with much reverence placed it on the holy desk. He opened it at the passage where that day's lesson was to commence, stretched out the silver staff or rod, and cried, "Jàmaud Rabbi Jainkef, Ben Rabbi Pfeives, Leivo!" (Come forth, Mr. Jacob, son of Mr. Philip, a Levite!) The father whispered a blessing, but did not rise to conduct his son forward; for alone, and self-dependent, must the youth go to take upon him his solemn engagement. More anxious than he was at a later period when he went to take his college examination, pale, and with trembling knees, he walked through the ranks of Jews, and ascended the steps. He touched Thora, as he had been previously instructed to do, with the zizis of his thallis, kissed it, and cried, in the sort of singing tone always used, the form of blessing: "Blessed be thou, God, ruler of the world, who hast taken us for Thy chosen people, and bestowed upon us Thy Law!" Then he proceeded to read, in a clear and distinct manner, the verse of Thora which chance had destined him, while cold, severe judges stood by, and watched for the slightest mistake he might commit.

The Jews believe, when there is anything good signified by the portion that is read on that peculiar day, that it is a prophecy as to their future life; — if it be evil, it is taken as a mere chance. Jacob read, "And the Lord God said unto the serpent,—Because thou hast done this, thou art cursed above all cattle, and above every beast of the field; upon thy belly shalt thou go, and dust shalt thou eat all the days of thy life. And I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed! it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel."

After having again reverently touched Thora with his zizis, kissed it, and said the blessing, he turned to go away; but in his confusion he made a mistake, and was proceeding down the same side by which he had come up (which he ought not to have done), when the precentor seized his arm, and put him in the right way. All eyes were immediately cast down, that the assembly might not seem to have observed his error;

* See page 39.

and when Jacob had passed round to his former place, he was greeted by his father's congratulations and those of all the congregation. Old Rabbi Jokub patted him on the cheek, and said, "Thou art a proper brave youth; God will defend Israel's good children before all people."

After the bulk of the congregation had gone away, the particular friends of the family were invited to Philip's house to a collation. Jacob was so overcome, that he scarcely knew how he got home. But in after-times, strange to say, he could recall to mind every face that had looked from the windows after the little Jewish party; he could describe how each individual in the synagogue was dressed: nay, he could almost have told the length of the wicks of the tall wax-candles, which he had seemed scarcely to observe in the church. And though, in after-years, his heart often beat high in his breast with pride,—though there were occasions when impassioned, ardent, blissful feelings sent the blood rushing through his veins, there never was a time, there never was an hour, arrayed in such magic tints as the remembrance of that day.

After the guests had departed, Philip and Isaac sat together on the sofa, while Jacob and his mother stood at the window looking out. His father seemed suddenly to awake from a reverie, and called to Jacob. "Come hither, my dear son,—I would speak with thee." When Jacob approached, his father laid his hands on his head, and said, "Now, my son, thou art a man—a Jew; thou art no longer a twig upon my stem, but a tree thyself."

"And a tall, promising tree," said his uncle, measuring Jacob's height with his hand.

His father continued:—"Hitherto I have been responsible to God for thee; hereafter thou must bear thine own sins; thou art become a man."

"And canst betroth thyself, if thou wilt," said his uncle jocosely.

"When I was barmizvo," said his father, "my mother told me to go and earn my own living; but I will share my substance with thee, my Jacob, as long as I have anything."

"Oh!" cried his uncle, "if thy father were even to say to thee, 'Go and maintain thyself,' I warrant thee, we should contrive to live notwithstanding."

Jacob's eyes wandered back and forwards between his uncle's laughing face and his father's kind but serious countenance. He looked as if he did not know whether to cry or laugh; but when his mother came up to him, and, throwing her arms round him, kissed him affectionately, as if to

say that she, at least, would never forsake him, his feelings got the better of him, and he burst into tears. His uncle opened his eyes in amazement. "What the devil is the matter with the boy? Can he be ill? Who has vexed him? Have I vexed thee, Jacob?"

"No, uncle," said Jacob, trying to stop his tears; "but you were joking so strangely."

"Why, boy, I did not think it necessary either to fall into heroics or to speak dolefully to thee. Of a truth, it is time thou wert away."

Jacob's tears flowed afresh. After a moment's silence, his father spoke again.

"Nay, do not cry, Jacob—do not be childish. To-day thou hast become a man, and it is my duty to speak seriously to thee. In a few days thou wilt go from my house, where I have ever sought to promote thy welfare, and to teach thee thy duty, and all that beseems a truly believing Jew. When the accusing angel shall stand before God's throne, and I am humbly awaiting my final doom, thou wilt come forward, and fearlessly bear witness to this on my behalf. Is it not so, Jacob?"

"Yes!" sobbed Jacob.

"Before thou leavest me, I will give thee the best counsel I can. Let thine ears be open to thy father's words." Jacob looked up inquiringly, while his father continued. "My soul is full of anxiety for thy future fate. See that, after thou leavest my side, thou dost not mistake the right path. Forget not the wise instructions thou hast received from thy father, thy mother, and thine uncle. They have been given thee from the best of motives, and with a view to thine own good. The Christians will teach thee much that is new and interesting, but forget not therefore the lessons of the past. Say thy Jewish prayers every morning, and make use of thy *tephelim*. The day is well begun, when it is begun with God.

"Take care that thy zizis be not neglected,—the eye of the Almighty watches over his covenant with his people.

"Pray every evening thy *krishmo*, then will God's spirit guard thee by night, when thy father is far away.

"Go to church on the festival-days,—thou wilt not thereby be a loser at thy school; for God strengthens the mind on the day of holy rest.

"Be gentle with thy schoolfellows and companions; it is better to be wronged than to wrong others. Be respectful to the elders among the Jews; that will obtain for thee a good name, and a good name is the best heritage.

"In conclusion, — may the blessing of the Almighty God attend thee." So saying, Philip Bendixen fervently embraced his son.

Late the same evening, Philip stood alone in his counting-house, arranging some papers. "Since I have said A, I must say B," he muttered to himself; "if he is to be a student, he cannot be a shopkeeper. Ha! In one respect, however, shall my son not require to be a Jew." He sealed a document, and indorsed on it, "My son's property."

Some one knocked at the shutters, and Philip cautiously advanced to the window; when he had opened it, he saw his brother-in-law, who presently cast in a bag through the window, which gave a hard clang as it fell on the window-sill.

"As I sat over yonder," said Isaac, "I remembered that I had caused the boy to cry to-day; and also it struck me that I had not made him a gift for his barmizvo. Take this money and keep it for him—take it before I count it over again."

"Isaac!" exclaimed Philip, much moved.

"Put away the gold!" cried Isaac, gruffly; "if you leave it here, by the window, I won't answer for it."

A few days afterwards, when Jacob stood with his father on the deck of the ship that was to carry him to Zealand, and, almost stunned by the grief of parting from his family, was gazing upon the receding shore, he was startled from his trance of sorrow by the sight of that spot where his first battle had been fought. In a moment, memory conjured up the whole scene before his imagination, and in fancy's eye he saw the boy against whom he had expended his childish fury, standing precisely where he had conquered him. Luckily, the vivid remembrance of that day in a measure chased away the thoughts of the home he was leaving, until sea-sickness compelled him to seek repose in his berth.

CHAPTER X.

It happened, fortunately, that near the house of Jacob's uncle Marcus, there was one of the best schools in Copenhagen; not only for the acquisition of Latin, but for all the other usual branches of education.

The principal of this school added to energy and determination a warm interest in his profession. It was his object not to be a mere task-master or instructor for the hour, but to improve the disposition of his pupils as well as instil knowledge into their minds, and he endeavoured as much as possible to read the character of the boys who were under his care. Jacob, though so far from his home, was only a day-scholar, for he lived under his uncle's roof.

One day, shortly after Jacob's entrance into the school, the principal remarked to one of the teachers, "When I look at that boy with the oriental physiognomy, sitting as a new-comer among yon set of dunces, my school strikes me as resembling a set of domestic animals, among which a tame panther has chanced to be brought. I trust the tribe of whelps will not be snarling at the panther, to awaken his savage nature." These words were spoken half in jest, half seriously; but, to his surprise, the schoolmaster soon after found that they had been almost prophetic.

Jacob himself was at first enchanted with his new life. He might have been compared to a person with a quick ear, who played well without knowing his notes; for though he was deficient when asked the routine questions which other boys answered by rote, his Hebrew sharpness and the oral instruction he had previously received made him quick of comprehension, and ready at grasping the meanings of many lessons which his class-fellows only repeated as parrots.

And what happiness for him to sit on the same bench with other boys! to be one of them—to learn together—sometimes to get before them, and never to feel any difference except that which was occasioned by superior ability or superior diligence! How industrious he was! How much each evening did he not long for the return of morning that was to bring back the excitement of emulation!

What happiness for him to sit on the same bench with other boys! But that only lasted during the school-hours, while the boys were, like soldiers, kept in order by the force of discipline. Too soon came the time that, when

school-hours were over, Jacob heard that he was a Jew. No more was needed to condemn him to solitude, and he was left as much alone as if a walled enclosure had separated him from his schoolfellows.

So long as the life of a schoolboy was new to him, and the contest with his schoolfellows for success in the class was a novelty, he did not much feel his isolated situation during play-hours, for his whole soul was engrossed by his lessons, and the pleasure of excelling in them; but as he became more familiar with the duties of his classes, and his first enthusiasm began to wear off, he grew more sensitive to the rudeness of the other boys. When the whole class would surround him, and, with shouts of laughter, cry "Holloa, Jew!" or utter scoffing expressions, he felt as if stupified, as if the whole world were hooting at him, and he had no choice but to bow before its disdainful voice; but if by chance a boy insulted him singly with jeering words or impertinent gestures, he would spring upon him like an enraged tiger, and grapple with him furiously: but these encounters generally ended by a troop of boys coming to the rescue, and Jacob's getting a good drubbing. One evening, the servant whose duty it was to clean out the schoolrooms, found a boy lying in a state of insensibility on the floor, with all the appearance of having been severely handled. Blood was flowing from a wound in the head, and the boy was carried home without having given any sign of consciousness.

The next morning, when the day-pupils came, they were all ordered to appear in the large hall, where the boarders were already assembled. The rector ascended to his elevated chair, related what had happened the preceding evening, and added, "There is naturally very little hope that the culprit will give himself up; and perhaps even the injured boy, when he recovers his senses, from the dislike to betray a schoolfellow, may conceal his name; but let the guilty party be assured that his masters, and all his right-minded companions, look on his misdeed with the utmost displeasure and abhorrence; and I expect from every one among you who has the good name of the school at heart, that you shall not, from mistaken ideas of honour towards your schoolfellows, conceal what you may know, or shall not do your utmost endeavour to prevent the blame from being put upon an innocent lad."

The rector looked with inquiring and penetrating eyes among the crowd; but all were silent. Then arose Jacob Bendixen, and said, calmly, "It was I who did it."

"What!" exclaimed the principal, almost starting with

surprise; "thou, Bendixen! the most attentive and quietest boy in the school! I cannot believe this of thee."

"It was *I*, as I have said, sir," said Jacob, firmly.

"But by what strange accident didst thou happen to do this? For it is impossible that thou couldst have done it intentionally."

"Yes, I did it intentionally," replied Jacob, in the same firm tone. "He is always the worst in calling me a rascally Jew usurer, and scoffing at me; but takes good care to hide himself behind the others. Yesterday afternoon he and I remained the last in the schoolroom, and when I was going away, he flung himself against me, crying, 'Get out of the way, Jew!' and pushed me down at the door, and hurt my knee. And then I beat him until I thought he was dead. I doubt not," he added, stepping a pace forward, "that *you* will take his part—and will also call me a *cursed Jew*—but take care not to do so when we are alone together."

Jacob's lips trembled, and his face was as pale as ashes. A dead silence prevailed in the hall; the rector seemed as if in deep reflection. The other masters went up towards his seat, and after whispering among themselves a minute or two, they and the rector left the room together. When they had locked the door on the outside, some of the pupils exclaimed, in a low tone, and with threatening gestures to Jacob, "Now, Jew, see what thou wilt get!" But the greater part remained silent, and a few minutes passed in anxious expectation. Jacob stood like a statue, and seemed to hear nothing. At length the door opened; the masters, headed by the rector, walked gravely up the room, and the latter took his accustomed place, whilst the most complete stillness reigned around.

"Jacob Bendixen!" he said, "the provocation thou didst receive was so great, I feel that thou wert treated with such unmerited insult and oppression, that I cannot consider it my duty to punish thee." The rector paused, and looked keenly at Jacob, who seemed quite overcome by this unexpected pardon. He turned then towards his other scholars, and said in a loud voice, "The boy whom Bendixen has beaten has but received the reward he deserved. And all ye present lay to heart what I now tell you. If the civilized and humane feelings which it is our object to instil into you here are not sufficiently strong to raise you above vulgar prejudices, expect the most severe chastisement every time similar acts of rudeness come to my knowledge. And as to thee, Bendixen," he added, turning again to Jacob, "I hope thou wilt have so much confidence in me, that for the future thou

wilt not take vengeance into thine own hands, but if grossly outraged, that thou wilt remember what thou owest to the school, and appeal to me for redress against those who wrong thee. Go all now quietly to the playground, and wait till the next lesson should begin. I hope that this present hour, though it has not been passed in study, will yet not have been lost to you all."

When all the scholars, and Jacob amongst them, had gone out, and only the masters remained behind, one of these said to the rector, "Would it not have been better to have kept Bendixen here, than to let him go out among them?"

"Certainly not," said the rector. "Should we, at the very moment we exhort them all to good-fellowship, separate Bendixen from them as if he had nothing in common with them? If he were kept away from them at this time, there never would be any companionship for him with them in future. A cut must be closed when it is fresh, if the parts are ever to be united. It will be disagreeable for him at first, but it will be a lesson to him that he must also bow his pride."

"I never could have expected so much energy from a child of that nation," remarked one of the teachers. "In other schools where I have been, there were Jewish children also; but they bore all manner of scorn and opprobrium, as if they had no right to anything else. I have sometimes been provoked at their patience, and almost inclined to be angry at them for it."

"I shall not easily forget the scene," said the rector. "I confess I was startled when Bendixen said, 'I beat him until I thought he was dead.' At that moment I felt that I could not punish the boy, for it appeared clear to me that the affair was no schoolboy boxing-match; it was a fight for national honour. At that moment too I felt that with such a spirit mildness would have more influence than harshness."

"And what a look of defiance he cast at yourself, sir; I assure you I felt almost afraid when he stepped forward. He strikes hard, the little devil, as we have seen."

"Yes—what desperation must have been in that boy's mind," continued the rector, "when he looked around him, and believed that he stood alone among enemies—all ready to tyrannize over him. That boy must be treated kindly."

"You were truly a prophet, sir, when about two months ago you compared him to a tiger. Do you remember that?"

"Yes, in sooth, a better prophecy than I myself even dreamed of its being."

During the remainder of the school-hours everything went

on as if nothing particular had happened; but in the evening, when the classes were over, the rector called Jacob into his private room. After he had sat down, and desired Jacob to take a seat also, he said, by way of a beginning—"Tell me, what dost thou do with thyself in the evening when thou leavest school?"

Jacob, who expected that the hour of punishment was now come, answered cheerfully, "I learn my lessons."

"And when thou hast learned them, what dost thou do?"

"Then I learn something else, to pass away the time."

"Dost thou never go out to play with any of thy school-fellows?"

"No, sir," said Jacob in a low voice, and casting his eyes down.

The master saw that he was now getting on the subject he wished to inquire into, and he asked, "But thine uncle has children; dost thou not read and play with them?"

"He has two sons, one of whom is about my age, the other a little older. But they are both placed out, one is with a silk-mercier, and the other with a grocer; they seldom come home except on a Friday evening."

"Has he no daughters?"

"Oh yes—three; but one is quite a little thing; I am teaching her to read. The two eldest ridicule me because I wish to be a student. They say I ought to be an officer; that officers are much finer fellows than students; but I prefer to be a student."

The rector smiled at this little insight into the hearts of the two Jewish damsels.

"But when thou hast learned all thy lessons, and read besides, what dost thou then do with thyself?"

Jacob hesitated to answer.

"Dost thou never amuse thyself in any way?" asked the rector.

"Oh yes," said the boy, casting down his eyes.

"Well—canst thou not tell me how? Do not be so bashful."

"When I am weary of reading," said he at length, with much hesitation, "I amuse myself with fancying that a bird comes and carries me away to my parents and my uncle, and I feel, as it were, at home the rest of the evening."

"And is that all thine amusement?" asked the rector, surprised.

"Oh, that is so pleasant," replied Jacob, while his cheeks glowed with animation—"I can fancy myself gathering flowers in the garden, or shells on the beach, and I can hear my mother's sweet songs, and see my father and my uncle—

but—but—they cannot see me, and I sometimes grieve over this until—until I cry,” added the boy, bursting into tears.

The rector looked at him for some time in silence, he then rose, took a volume of Oehlenschläger’s recently published poems, and gave it to Jacob. “Read this,” said he; “and though it will not be a bird to carry thee to thy parents, it will amuse thee, by showing thee something of the world. And since thou hast so much spare time, what thinkest thou of coming to me sometimes, and reading with me a little more than thou learnest in the school? Thou wilt be all the cleverer student for this.”

Jacob gratefully thanked the good rector, who then dismissed him to his home.

CHAPTER XI.

JACOB’S schooldays continued; but it would be difficult to say if he had more reason to be satisfied with his position among his schoolfellows than formerly. They, indeed, no longer heaped ridicule and abuse on him; from violent persecution he was free; but the silence and freezing coldness which had succeeded to their former ill-usage were almost more painful to him, for well he knew what it all meant. They spoke out too in the midst of their silence, but in such a manner that he could lay hold of nothing to resent or complain of. Their looks, grimaces, and gestures—well did he understand them, though he did not dare to seem to do so, for fear of being still more laughed at. Making puns upon his name and religion was a constant amusement, and then one would say to another, “Take care, you are talking of ‘*usurers*,’ and Bendixen hears you.” “I did not say *usurers*.” “Yes you did—and what’s more, you said *Jew*: I will go and tell the rector!” “Now what a story—did I say *Jew*?” appealing to the others. “Oh yes, we all heard you; Bendixen, be off to the rector!”

Young as Jacob was, he had acquired sufficient self-command to sit still and appear not to listen to their impertinence. He might, indeed, have retaliated upon one, but how could he attack them all?

After about two months’ absence, the boy who had been so much hurt returned to school, and took his place as if nothing had happened. There was no demonstration on his part of revengeful feeling against Jacob; it seemed as if he and Jacob had never known each other.

It is a peculiar feature in the Danish character, that they want energy; energy in their affairs, energy in loving, and energy even in hating. Among the populace, it is no rarity to see a man cured of his enmity by a hearty box on the ear from his enemy's hand. It is quite a homœopathic remedy. Amidst a more fiery people, a conflict such as that between Jacob and his schoolfellow would have laid the foundation for an enmity that from school-days would have spread itself over a whole lifetime; but the Christian boy seemed actually to have overcome a great deal of his former dislike to Jacob. The latter, judging by his own disposition, was struck by the unexpected quietness and forbearance with which the boy behaved, and he began to repent of what he had done to him. One day, the boy was standing near him, looking at a book which was lying on the table. Jacob gazed at his pallid, sickly face, and, much moved inwardly, he came up to him with tears in his eyes, and seized his hand. But the boy drew his hand hastily away, exclaiming, "What! are you going to strike me again, Jew?" Jacob's full heart felt suddenly chilled, and he said to himself, "Now we are quits!"

Thus time wore on,—week followed week, and month followed month,—Jacob continued at the school, and frequently visited the rector, according to his invitation, imperceptibly acquiring from him much information. He spent almost all his holidays with him, and on one occasion the good rector took Jacob with him to visit a family of his acquaintance. It was evident to the boy that his master had spoken of him to this family, for they studiously avoided all allusion to Jews or Judaism,—a delicacy which he fully appreciated. The lively conversation between the young ladies and their beaux, the gaiety of their company, the very arrangement of the table, and the many dishes interdicted among his people, which from their novelty seemed to him more delicious; the music in the evening, and the little impromptu dance,—all appeared like enchantment to Jacob, and caused him mingled sensations of pleasure and sadness.

The persons before him seemed to belong to a favoured class, possessed of some secret of happiness unknown to him. He felt a longing to be one of them, and almost wished he had been born of their caste.

One morning he went, according to previous agreement, very early to the rector's; the latter was not yet dressed, and Jacob waited in his study. At length he entered, wrapped in a light dressing-gown, approached the open window, cast a joyous glance towards the heavens, while he inhaled for a few moments the fresh morning air, and then, with cheerful

smiles, placed himself at his coffee-table. All that he did was remarked and noted by Jacob. His look of grateful devotion towards the sky, as if blessing in that silent thanksgiving the God who reigned over all, was contrasted by him with his own morning act of devotion,—using tephilim, and, with perhaps wandering thoughts, repeating long, scarcely intelligible, Hebrew prayers. When the rector that day lectured on the chapter of Herodotus which tells how the Spartans at Thermopylæ anointed themselves, and crowned themselves with garlands of flowers before going forth to battle, Jacob for the first time remarked to himself that his favourite heroes, his almost worshipped Spartans, had not used tephilim.

The next morning, for the first time in his life, he omitted to pray with his tephilim, and, slinking like a conscience-stricken criminal past the silken bag where they hung, he hurried out of the house. But when the whole morning, nay, the afternoon also, had passed without the heavens falling down, or any other awful event taking place, he became more composed, and determined to try it once more, and to pray like the rector. He did try it again and again, until he became accustomed to the omission.

That religion which is either composed of ceremonies and superstitions, or else is purely spiritual, is not like a building out of which a single stone can be taken and another placed in its stead. The moment a doubt is admitted, the whole structure totters,—it falls at one crash, and the materials can never be used to raise a new one. Doubt does not act upon religion like a spot of rust, that slowly corrodes; it is like that poison, the slightest taste of which is sufficient to penetrate into the whole system.

Jacob had been eagerly reading Oehlenschläger, and had transported himself with the poet back to the old heathen ages when the horse-heroes of antiquity flourished. The only thing which he could not reconcile to himself in the acts of these old warriors was, that at the repasts in the balhalla they ate so much pork. But now he began to reflect upon the matter, and at length asked himself what offence the Deity could take at the quality of man's food—whether the flesh of this animal or that entered within his lips. "Is it conceivable," he said to himself, "that the sort of meat I put into my stomach can in any way be obnoxious to the moral law of God? Can it be possible that God sits up in the heavens and keeps watch to see that I let an hour elapse before I eat meat if I have been eating butter?" He remembered that, at the rector's, bread and butter was eaten along with meat at breakfast, and no evil seemed to come of it.

He had read of Turks who had gone to Scanderbeg's grave, and had hung some of his bones about their persons as amulets to protect them amidst dangers, and he had smiled at their foolish superstition. What virtue could there be in the bones of a dead man? It now occurred to him that he himself wore an amulet,—his *arbakampfaus*; *it*, after all, was but a bit of woollen stuff,—what power could *it* have? And he laid aside his *arbakampfaus*, which he had worn since his seventh year: the symbol of his faith, and of God's pact with the Jews.

Jacob had now been some time involved in such mental struggles and inquiries, though they were hidden from the whole world. There were moments when dark thoughts floated over his soul, and he fancied that the rector, through whose instrumentality these new ideas had entered into his mind, might be one of that dangerous sect who had entangled the little Simon in their toils; but he soon became convinced that it was a higher influence which was working in him. Yet still for a long time he dreamt almost every night that he was sitting at the Sabbath meal at home, and that his father said to him, as Lazarus had said to Simon, "Let me see thy *arbakampfaus*, my son;" and that he, ashamed and unhappy, sneaked out of the room, and fled from his father.

But it was principally during the dark hours of night that his old recollections, clothed in mystic terrors, seemed to rise up before him and threaten him, as the dread of elves and other unearthly beings haunts the wanderer amidst the dark recesses of the gloomy forest; yet, when the bright daylight shone into his little chamber, all terrific visions vanished, and he revelled in the freedom of his glad, enlightened spirit.

It was the Jews' Pentecost holidays. Jacob was obliged for several days to remain from school to celebrate the high festival; and one morning he accompanied his uncle to the synagogue. His feelings were strange at finding himself again in that place after his long absence from it. He felt for a moment thunderstruck. He had stripped his God of all his attributes, and what remained of that Deity was next to nothing. But far higher than this divinity there seemed to him to hover a mighty, spiritual being, who, like the All-father of the northern mythology, presided over even Asodin itself, and, in an access of new-born enthusiasm, he raised his thoughts to that Omnipotent Spirit, exclaiming in heartfelt prayer, "Thou great—thou adored Creator! Thou who didst lead the Jews in safety forth from their enemy's country, I will hearken to *thee*—I will pray to *thee*! but forgive me that

I cannot put my trust in that which I no longer can believe." And he joined in the congregation's swelling chant,—Schema Iisroeil! Adaunoi Elauheinu Adaunoi echod!—Hearken, oh Israel! The Lord thy God is the only and everlasting God! He could join with fervour in this religious burst of praise; but when the moment came that Thora was to be taken from the tabernacle, and the congregation approached reverently to kiss the parchment, or to touch it with their fingers and kiss these fingers, he said to himself inwardly, "See, these men kiss the senseless parchment, the inanimate leaves, and think them the living spirit."

When the family had returned from church, and about noon had assembled to enjoy in peace and comfort the hour of feasting, Jacob could not help looking much embarrassed; he felt that he could no longer share in the general satisfaction, as he had been wont to do on similar occasions. He remembered well the time when he, too, with pious feelings and pleasurable emotions, had placed himself at the well-spread festival board; and though his understanding assured him that he was in the right way, there was still trouble and vague remorse in his mind. But chance came to his assistance in this mental conflict.

At the repast, his aunt was carving a delicate chicken, and her husband took a little bit out of the dish to taste it. "What dost thou think?" said his wife; "on gutting this chicken, I found a pin in its craw; thou mayest fancy how I screamed."

Her husband became as white as a sheet, and hastily removing the morsel from his mouth, cried, in a voice of great distress, "And thou dost tell me that only now? Art thou mad, woman? Wouldst thou make the whole house *tereipho*?"*

"Nay, calm thyself; I sent word to *roef'en*,† and let him see the craw with the pin in it, and he answered that we might use the chicken, but the craw was to be buried beforehand, and that has been done." With a lightened heart her husband helped himself to some of the chicken.

"It is surprising," said Jacob, "that the chicken should have become *koscher*‡ when the craw was buried. One would think that the craw had already rendered the whole fowl *tereipho*, and that burying the craw could do no good. This is pretty much as if one would administer an antidote after another had drunk from a poisoned bowl."

"Judge not, Jacob," said Marcus Bendixen; "there are

* Unclean.

† The chief priest.

‡ Clean.

many mysterious things which men must believe, without the power of explaining them. What, I pray thee, is the tekugo?"

"Yes, what is the tekugo?" asked Jacob.

"Four times a year the tekugo falls from heaven," replied Marcus. "Whence it comes I cannot tell thee, such matters are not to be discoursed of to children, but it falls in butter, or meat, or the like; and the human being who tastes it, or anything on which it has fallen, must die. Therefore every careful, pious housewife lays a *nail* by the victuals she has in the house at these periods; for then the tekugo does not fall in her house."

"*A nail!*" exclaimed Jacob; "how should such a senseless object have power in reality to withstand God's will?"

"Does not the conductor draw away the lightning's flash?" asked his uncle.

"Yes; but the lightning is a natural power, which is turned from its course by another power in nature. God has not evinced any peculiar exercise of his will in either of them. How should God require a nail as a sign or token by which to discern the true believer? Does he not know the heart itself?"

"Our Lord demands a sign from mankind to show that they receive and remember him. Did not God command that the Israelites should stripe their doors with the blood of the paschal lamb, that his angel might know their houses from those of the Egyptians?"

"God is all powerful," said the eldest of his cousins, with the unction of rabbinical learning; "but he wills not to display the whole of his might. He could have formed man from nothing, yet he saw fit to form him from clay. Why did not Adam live to be a thousand years old? It was ordained that Adam was to be a thousand years old, and David a still-born child. But, for the benefit of the Jews, the Lord took seventy years from Adam's life, and gave them to David. Could not the Lord as well have predestined seventy years to David over and above?"

"But such matters relate to mythology," cried Jacob, "and are not to be absolutely believed any more than the story of Saturn, who ate his own children."

His uncle replied warmly, "Nothing of that which is written for the Jews relates to . . . What was that thou saidst, Jacob? What word was that the Christians have taught thee? . . . Nothing of what was thus written is to be doubted; all must be believed. If we are to hearken to you, I suppose

we must not believe in Jaumkipur,—we must not fast, and pray, and confess our sins,—what ? ”

“Oh ! ” exclaimed Jacob, giving himself up with his whole soul to the images which the name of that festival recalled, “yes, Jaumkipur is a beautiful and poetical festival. For its sake alone, it were worth while to be a Jew ! When the whole congregation stand in their white grave-clothes ; when Hrasan and the two elders stand up before Thora, and plead for the assembly ‘before the justice-seat of the higher regions and the lower regions—before the face of God and man ;’ when thallis is consecrated, and the congregation veil themselves ; when Hrasan reads aloud the promise ; and at the word ‘*kaureim*,’* every knee is bent ; when the white figures call over the names of the dead, and wish them eternal rest ; when the Levites, after having anointed themselves, step forth, and pronounce the holy blessing ; when the trumpet sounds, and foes reach out their hands to each other,—then, then I believe and pray as zealously as any one,—then I am proud of being a Jew ! ”

“And who is not proud of Jaumkipur ? ” said his uncle. “What Jew is not proud of his whole religion ? ”

“Yes, truly,” replied Jacob, “there is much of what is beautiful in it ; but”—he added in a lower tone—“there is also much of ridiculous and puerile superstition in it.”

“Jacob ! ” exclaimed his uncle, “dost thou dare to say this in my house ? Name to me the slightest thing that is ridiculous. Let me hear—speak ! ”

“Well,” said Jacob, slightly smiling, “that is not difficult. In the first place, I may mention the solicitude with which you on Friday afternoon cut your nails, gather together the parings, cut a little mite of shaving from the table or the window-sill, and burn it along with the nail-parings.”

“Ignorant clod of earth ! ” cried his uncle ; “will it not come to pass, that at doomsday, when the Lord calls, that I shall go and gather together the burned nail-parings ? Are not the chips my witness that I have burned the nails ? Scoff not another time at what thou dost not understand. Have a care thyself, lest, when the great day of doom arrives, thou art not condemned to remain upon earth to make up what thou hast neglected ! ” So saying, he turned angrily away from Jacob, and, calling on the others to perform the religious exercises of the evening, put an end to further dispute.

Jacob was silenced, but a weight rested on his spirit ; the air of the room seemed heavy ; all about him seemed to breathe of superstition. He longed for the freer atmosphere

* They knelt.

of his school,—yea, even for his schoolfellows,—for the Christians. His oppressed and bewildered mind sought for some who might understand its thoughts, and yearned for companionship, as the lonely prisoner yearns to speak to some human being, were that being even an enemy.

That evening and that night seemed interminable to Jacob, and, like a bird escaped from confinement, he flew with pleasure to school next morning. When he entered the classroom, he could have embraced all his schoolfellows, so glad was he to be once more among them. It did not occur to him that the sociable feelings which were working in him were fraught with benevolence towards the whole world. With a cordial manner and smiling countenance he saluted his schoolfellows, saying cheerfully, "Well, what have you all been about during my absence?"

But the boys had not softened towards him during the few days he had been away from them, and one of them replied, "Oh, thank you, Bendixen; but we have not been so well employed as you, for you were up at the Jewish priest's, and were dressed finely in the church, and have been getting cakes and nice things."

A general shout of laughter, which arose more from thoughtlessness than ill-nature, followed this speech. The warm current of Jacob's feelings froze up immediately, as he remembered that he was a Jew, and these were Christians. A deep gloom came over him; he felt sad to think that he had forsaken the faith in which he had been reared at home; was thrust back from the other, and was now driving, like a wreck on the ocean, he knew not whither.

"The Jew is turning deranged," said the other boys to each other.

CHAPTER XII.

WHEN Jacob went from school to his temporary home, his uncle's house, he felt as if he were going to a prison, and the thoughts of his return to school inspired equal disgust. The streets he had to pass through seemed dreary and deserted; and even the skies, on which he gazed wistfully as he passed from one prison to the other, seemed to hang in threatening clouds above him. He was almost overcome by depression of mind, when, on going to his chamber one day, he found a letter awaiting him from his father. The letter related to Jacob's own little affairs, and ended by saying that, as soon as possible after the examination at school, his parents hoped

to see him at home. *Home!* The idea of once more beholding his home thrilled Jacob's inmost heart with joy. There, indeed, was a peaceful haven, where he might hope to find repose. His soul clung to the pleasing thought with the same avidity as the gambler clings to the ever-changing dice. He counted the days, he counted the hours, that must pass before the long month should end; he rejoiced that some of these would be spent in sleeping, and tried to while away the rest by study. At the close of every day he congratulated himself that he was a day nearer the expiration of his exile and imprisonment. When the long wished-for moment at length arrived, Jacob departed with a servant in a carriage to Korsøer. On reaching the first country inn, he set off to roam about by himself, and finding a field with no one in it, he rushed into it, cast himself on the ground, rolled on the grass, and gave vent to cries of delight in the enchanting feeling of perfect freedom, and a momentary escape from all mankind.

His father was awaiting him at Nyborg, to convey him to his home. Scarcely had the carriage stopped at their door, before his mother ran out, threw her arms round her son, and almost carried him into the house; while his uncle hastened over, greeting him with the most affectionate words, though, according to old habit, pinching his ear at the same time. Jacob was much affected by the kindness of his reception, and all the love of which he was the object; but his heart was too full to admit of his expressing his feelings.

Two days passed with unmixed pleasure, and the happiness of meeting his nearest relations had for a time displaced the agitating thoughts that had before possessed his mind. But this calm was not to last.

He had repaired to a spot in the garden which had been a favourite resort of his infancy: it was the summer-house where his family during the *Feast of Tabernacles* used to hold its zucko.* Here he used formerly to indulge in those dreams or reveries which had formed the sole recreation of his childish hours. Here he had formerly in imagination wandered with his people, the Israelites of old, through the desert. Here he had pictured to himself the pitching of the tabernacle under the burning sun of the East, and here had often wished with childish enthusiasm that he too might become a leader and a prophet among them. Now he tried to renew these day-dreams; but they came not at his call, for his ambition was changed,—it was now to pass a brilliant

* Tabernacle.

examen artium, and with this future tableau Mount Sinai and the wilderness had nothing to do. Jacob left his old haunts with the same sort of regret which one feels on awakening from a pleasant dream one can never hope to recall.

He recollected well the quiet that on the Sabbath mornings had reigned in that garden; the awe with which the idea of breaking the Sabbath had then inspired him; for it was forbidden on that holy day even to pluck fruit from the trees. But now, as he wandered in the garden, he could no longer look upon it more as a sin to pluck cherries on a Saturday than on any other day. The pious illusion was destroyed; he smiled at his former bigotry, and yet, though the smile was on his lips, there was a bitter, unsatisfied feeling at his heart.

He had submitted the ceremonies to which he had been formerly accustomed to the ordeal of his judgment, and found that they did not all harmonize with the result of his reflections. To wash his hands before meals, he indeed pronounced a cleanly custom; to say a blessing before breaking bread, he deemed pretty and poetical; to take off the hat reverently while in the act of adoration towards God, he considered also proper. Did not the grandees of Spain uncover their heads even in presence of their earthly king? But there were many of the Jewish observances which he could not reconcile to his ideas of common sense.

One morning his father took him aside, and with a look of much uneasiness, said to him, "Jacob, I suspect that thou dost not use thy tephilim."

"No, father, I do not," replied Jacob, with secret dread of the scene that might probably follow.

"Hast thou left them behind in Copenhagen? If so, I can lend thee some for the present," said his father.

"You must not be angry, father," said Jacob, in a very low tone of voice, and with a good deal of hesitation; "but I pray to God in the mornings without tephilim."

"What!" cried his father, in a tone partaking both of anger and of grief; "no longer use tephilim! Jacob! my son—canst *thou* plunge me into such sorrow?"

"Father," said he, "I cannot persuade myself that there is any worship of God or devotion to him shown in laying a black leather strap nine times round my arm, and another leather strap round my head. God sees into the heart itself; when that is free from guilt, no tephilim is needed."

"Leather straps, Jacob! Seest thou then only leather in tephilim? Is the church for thee but a pile of stones? Is

it the leather we revere, or God's holy word that is united to it? Says it not in our most sacred prayer that we should take this word into our hearts, our heads, and our hands?"

"Yes, father; but that is surely meant in a figurative sense. I lay God's word to heart, but not the parchment on which it is written."

"And thy *arbakampfaus*, Jacob?" asked his father, as if he would drain to the dregs his cup of sorrow; "hast thou also put away thy *arbakampfaus*?"

"Yes," he whispered, trembling at the excitement evident in his father's countenance.

His father drew himself up to his full length, and, stretching out his hand, exclaimed, "The Jew Philip, son of Rabbi Bendix, has no longer a son. The son who was his has allowed himself to be *schmatte*.* No one will say *kadisch* over Jew Philip's grave; no one will pray that his ashes may rest in peace. His race shall be forgotten among the Jewish nation, and he will have to answer before the throne of God for having begot a son into this world."

So saying, he left the room.

Jacob stood for a few moments in deep dismay. He felt almost annihilated by the strange solemnity of his father's manner, and the extreme bitterness with which a man so light-hearted in common pronounced an anathema upon himself. But remembering the cause of his father's excessive excitement,—a cause which he himself considered so trivial,—he soon began to recover his spirits; and, indeed, he could scarcely refrain from thinking that the circumstances which called it forth rendered such an exordium almost ludicrous. He recalled with amazement the time when he himself participated in those little points of belief which now seemed so absurd to him, and smiled at the remembrance that scarcely three years back he had felt the greatest veneration for tephilim and *arbakampfaus*, as symbolical of the God of Israel.

But he was not long left to ruminate alone, for his father speedily returned, accompanied by his uncle, the former looking sorrowful yet resigned, the latter with every feature convulsed with rage.

"So, thou dost no longer use tephilim," he began at once. "Thou dost no longer wear thy *arbakampfaus*! Thou art a precious boy! we should be proud of thee. Perchance thou hast also eaten *kradser*.† . . . Does it taste nice? . . . Answer me, boy; hast thou eaten *terciph*?"

Jacob's knees knocked together, but he answered, "Yes."

* Baptized.

† Pork.

A tremendous box on the ear from his uncle's fist followed immediately upon this confession. Jacob staggered, and reeled to one side; the blow completely stunned him, and it was some little time before he recovered himself.

It was the first time in his life that he had received anything like chastisement. His eyes rolled wildly round the room, as if in search of some instrument wherewith to wreak his vengeance, but the next moment he seemed to have changed his resolution, and, rushing out of the room, he hastened from the house, the street, the town itself, and with lips closely compressed, and thoughts in a kind of whirling tumult, he wandered forth into the country, he cared not whither.

For a few minutes after he had left them, his father and uncle were too angry to think about his departure, but his uncle at length went towards the window and looked down on the street; when he did not perceive Jacob, he turned to Philip and said, "It was well he took himself off, or perhaps I should have struck him till I injured him."

"Where can he have gone?" asked Philip.

"He has gone down to the shore very likely, and will not dare to come home until we send a message to him. But he may go to the world's end for me. He is sure to get himself baptized some day or other."

"Thou didst strike him hard," said Philip, after a short pause.

"Hard, forsooth! Should I have folded him to my bosom, and patted his cheek, and said 'God will bless thee, my boy! Thou forsakest thy father's faith; thou eatest terciphos; during the Passover thou eatest leavened bread—though in Thauron it is written that the Jew who doeth these things shall be damned to all eternity; yet, nevertheless, thou art my own dear little Jacob!' Should I have said all this, eh?"

Philip clasped his hands over his eyes.

"What shall I do with the lad? How shall I answer to God for him, if he goes on as he has begun?" he exclaimed soon after.

"He is barmizoo; he bears his own sins; you are not accountable for him, if neither good advice nor punishment can have any effect upon him."

"But where can he be?"

"Oh, safe enough, no doubt, on the beach or in the garden. I will send Benjamin to look after him." He called Benjamin; but he related that he had, a short time before, seen Jacob leave the town by the eastern gate. At that moment the mother entered.

"Where is Jacob?" she asked. "Is it true that he has run away because you were beating him?"

Philip and Isaac looked at each other.

"The accursed villain," exclaimed the uncle, "he deserves as sound a cudgelling as one could lay upon him."

"Calm your passion," said Philip; "you would thrust the boy forth into evil company. It will be spread abroad that he has run away, and for what too. What will my family say to it? It would be much better to bring him back, and send him quietly to Copenhagen; there, in God's name, let him take care of himself. I wash my hands of his sin, for I have brought him up strictly as a Jew."

"But your fault was that about his accursed studies," cried Isaac, going to the door. "Benjamin, step over and order my carriage to be got ready; let it be at the door presently."

Jacob meanwhile had wandered on some miles, when his father and uncle overtook him; they stopped their carriage alongside of him, and his father desired him to get into it and return with them.

He answered, "You said that I was no longer your son; let me go then, and look out for myself."

His uncle cried, "Don't be childish, Jacob. Come back with us, and all shall be forgotten."

"You have little to forget on your part," replied Jacob. "You have struck me, Isaac Bamberger."

"I was too hasty, Jacob; but never mind, come back."

"No; I will subject myself to no more such favours. Let me never see you more; you have struck me!"

"Boy! thy old uncle has asked thy forgiveness; is not that enough to satisfy thy obstinate pride?" cried his uncle.

Jacob had a sort of glimmering in his own mind that he might now, without loss of dignity, give in; but a mixture of pride and bravado induced him still to hold out, and he walked on. But his father called after him, "Wouldst thou then never see thy mother or myself more? At any rate let us bid each other farewell, my son."

At these words Jacob burst into tears; he turned and got into the carriage with his father and uncle. They returned home, and nothing more was said of what had led to the quarrel; but no infringement of harmony in a family is worse than that the origin of which must not be mentioned.

Jacob soon felt that he was like a stranger in the house. Meat and drink and every comfort were at his disposal; he was like a cherished guest, but no more than that, for he stood beyond the pale of that intimacy which encircled his father, his mother, and his uncle. One effect alone of this

state of things, among many others, was painful to him—that whenever he entered when they were talking together, they suddenly stopped their conversation.

Jacob saw that his father was unhappy, yet he knew that, even if he would, he could not remove this unhappiness, for he had already eaten of the forbidden fruit, and were he now to return to the use of tephilim he would not be supposed to do so with sincerity. He was only at ease with his mother; for in a mother's heart nothing can overcome her love for her children. He therefore determined, one evening that they were sitting alone in the twilight, to speak to her about the unhappy state of things between him and his father.

"Thy father," said his mother, sighing deeply, "will never cease to be an affectionate parent to thee. But he can never think of thee with gladness of spirit, for he believes that when he and I meet before the face of the Almighty, we shall seek for thee in vain. Weep not, Jacob," she added, as he burst into tears; "I shall go first, and I will pray for thee to the God of all goodness."

Jacob's tears flowed faster. His father came in just then, and Jacob observed that his mother's hand, which had entwined itself among the curls of his hair, was suddenly drawn away when his father entered the room. He dried his tears, and an inexpressibly bitter feeling stole into his heart.

When the period for his departure arrived, all felt as if a weight were removed from their hearts. The moment of farewell was indeed sorrowful, but their daily intercourse was still more painful.

When Jacob stood on the deck of the vessel that was to carry him back to Zealand, he felt that he was now more homeless than the seagulls which floated on the heaving billows round.

CHAPTER XIII.

ON the evening of the 28th October, 182—, the house of the rich merchant Israelsen, in Copenhagen, was brilliantly lighted up. His son had become a student at the university, and there were gay doings to celebrate this event. In the massive candelabra wax-lights were burning, and the glare fell upon the splendid silver dishes and rich cut crystal that adorned the table. The party, in addition to the various members of the merchant's family, consisted of some Christians, among whom were two young men who had also

entered as students that day, an elder Jewish student, and Jacob Bendixen.

When they had all been placed at the table, and, with Jewish hospitality, had been kindly welcomed, and requested to consider themselves at home, the merchant filled his glass and said, "We will drink my son's health on the happy occasion of his becoming a student." All joined in the hurrah which the younger Mr. Israelsen himself pealed in lusty tones.

Soon after arose Wilhelm Fangel, one of the guests, and said, "I ask leave to propose the health of a young comrade, who well deserves that honour, since he has received a public encomium. Jacob Bendixen's health!"

It was the first time that Jacob had been so complimented. That same day his name had been mentioned with distinction by the *Rector Magnificus*; but it was a distinction to which the rules of the college entitled him in consequence of his certificate as to character and ability, a distinction which was his well-earned right, and which the rector could not withhold, though he had gone through the formula in the coldest of tones. The present applause, so cordially bestowed on him, was the more gratifying therefore to his feelings; and as he rose to return thanks, he cast an expressive look on Fangel, as if to say that he never would forget him.

"A public encomium," asked the merchant; "what does that mean?"

"It means," said one of the guests, "that Bendixen has entered as a student with peculiar distinction, his testimonials being even higher than for what is called '*a first character*.'"

"Aaron!" cried the elder Israelsen, turning angrily towards his son, "why didst thou not enter with the same distinction? Have I not spent as much money upon thee as Bendixen's father spent upon him? Why should I not have an equal return for my money?"

"Bendixen did nothing else but read," replied his son, hanging his head with a mortified air.

"And what else hadst thou to do but to read, thou idle dunce?" cried his father.

"I have not been idle," said the son, evidently much vexed at his father's sudden outbreak of disapprobation.

Wilhelm Fangel interposed, saying, "You do your son great injustice, Mr. Israelsen; he has been extremely diligent; but God does not bestow the same talents on all."

"That is true, Mr. Fangel," said the father, more calmly;

"you are a sensible young man ; but tell me, did more than Mr. Bendixen receive this marked distinction to-day ?"

"No ; he was the only one."

The merchant Israelsen's eyes sparkled as he exclaimed, "He was the only one so distinguished ; and he is a Jew !" He rose, and addressing himself to Bendixen, said, "I drink your health again ; would you were my son ! My young friends," he added, turning to the Christian students, "it is the greatest proof of respect and honour when an old Jew rises in compliment to a younger one. Ye have seen that I have shown my reverence for Bendixen. My own son is a blockhead."

Notwithstanding the blunt and awkward manner of the merchant, there was something so energetic in his demeanour, that Jacob felt the tears almost springing to his eyes.

Wilhelm Fangel rose and cried, "Mr. Israelsen, you are the Rector Magnificus here ; you deal forth applause and rebukes. Let us drink the health of Rector Israelsen !"

Every one at table laughed, and his health was drunk with the usual honours.

"Have you been at the theatre lately ?" asked the merchant's eldest daughter, Rosa, of her neighbour, one of the students.

"No ; indeed I have not had time to go anywhere lately ; I have been so busy preparing for the examination."

"Have you not seen 'Bianca ?' "*"

"No, I have not."

"How charming it must be !"

"Have you not seen it either, Miss Israelsen ?"

"No ; for, to tell you the truth, we have so small a box, that when more than two are crammed in, there is no seeing ; yet we four sisters are expected to sit in that one seat."

"Four in one seat !" exclaimed the student, examining with his eye the somewhat full figure of the young lady ; "that must be a squeeze !"

"Oh, dreadful ; and it is a shame, father," she added, hazarding a reproachful glance at her parent, "that you do not take a better place for us."

"The place you have got costs money enough," replied the merchant ; "let me see, how much are four times nine, youngster ?" he said, appealing to his youngest son, to exercise him in his multiplication table.

"Four times nine, father ?—two marks and four."

* A tragedy by the celebrated Danish author Ingemann.

Every one laughed; but the father, with a gratified smile, whispered to his next neighbour, "What a head that boy will have for business! Eh? By the blessing of God, I shall get some good out of him; he shall not study and waste the Lord's precious time and my money. No, no; he shall go into a counting-house; no college for him. But no one is eating or drinking. Bendixen! take something; even students cannot live on air. You must come often to visit me."

Bendixen thanked him cordially for the invitation.

"And how is your father? I remember him very well; for I used often to meet him at your grandfather's."

"He is quite well, thank you."

"And your mother? Is she not a daughter of old Rabbi Nathan's, and of Gidel, sister to Philip Herz's wife?"

"My mother is dead," said Jacob, leaning over his plate, to conceal his agitation.

The merchant's countenance changed instantly from glee to an expression of solemnity and regret. He covered his head, and murmured the usual form for such an occasion—*Boruch dajon emmes* (blessed be the righteous judge!)—and all the family looked sympathizingly at Jacob.

"When did she die—poor young man?" asked Israelsen.

"About three months ago," said Jacob, biting his quivering lips, to prevent himself from bursting into tears.

"And of what did she die, my poor young friend?"

Jacob could hold out no longer; but, luckily for him, at that moment one of the guests moved his chair a little way from the table, and the merchant remembered that it was time to finish the repast. They all rose and saluted each other with "*velbekomme*,"* shook hands round, and retired to another room. Jacob was in bad spirits, the merchant's son, the student, was provoked, and the merchant himself had become grave. A Jew is always grieved to hear of another Jew's death. He looks upon his own people as the chosen of God; yet he knows that there is a fearful enemy, whom, according to the system our Lord has ordained for this world, he cannot escape—that enemy is death. The angel of death might at that moment be looking for another victim among the chosen nation—it might be hovering over his own head—how soon might not his own children be motherless—how soon might he not himself have to struggle with the mighty enemy, and pass through the gloomy grave to the mysterious life beyond it!—for there is a life beyond the grave—yes—there is that unknown life in death which the Jews contemplate with so

* A salutation or compliment after dinner customary among the Danes, the meaning of which is, "Much good may it do you."

much awe. And do not the Christians also believe in it? What else awakens that inexplicable dread, that superstitious terror, when wandering at the midnight hour among the motionless dead in the silent church-yard? What else but this life could raise the flitting spectre from his dark repose?

The company took their leave soon after, and when he had passed through three or four streets, Jacob found himself alone with the Jewish student, who had been almost a silent partaker of the feast. His name was Martin Levy.

"The worthy Mr. Israelsen is somewhat uncouth; but he has a good cook, for his dishes are capitally dressed," remarked Levy.

"Oh! I think him a very good sort of man," said Jacob.

"Did you observe his wife? she did not utter a word the whole day; when she had done eating, she sat and twirled her thumbs with an almost vacant stare."

"Perhaps she is not pleased at being on familiar terms with Christians."

"And what graces of daughters! the one fatter than the other."

"Mr. Levy, I cannot bring myself to ridicule and speak ill of the family at whose table I have been hospitably entertained."

"Oh, I did not intend to speak ill of them, but I knew full well that we Jews like a jest at each other's expense. Besides, I have been sitting silent all the evening, and now I must indemnify myself by a little talking."

"And why were you so silent?"

"Tell me first—are you related to the Israelsen family? or are you so bigoted a Jew that you always stand up for them?"

"Neither of the two—this was the first time I ever was in Mr. Israelsen's house. I do not even know how I came to be asked, for I have known the son but slightly. And as regards the Jews in general, I only wish that I could think better of them than I do."

"Ah, I wanted to know your feelings, that I might not chance to offend them. You see I sat the whole time on thorns, for I did not know at what moment something might be said to scandalize the Christian students. You heard how the father scolded the son—but what I most feared was, that after the repast he would have clapped his hat on his head, and exclaimed, 'Friends, wir wollen bentschen.'* It is quite astonishing he did not do that. What do such Jews want

* We will pray.

with Christians at their house? There are many cases in which Judaism and Christianity cannot be brought in contact. I never feel myself at ease in such ill-assorted society. The freedom and pleasure of society is lost. The spirit cannot expand itself—it must cramp itself to the prejudices of one or other party. No—I like to be entirely among Jews, or entirely among Christians; happily, I can adapt myself to either. We Jewish students are a sort of amphibious animals, and can live both among Jews and among Christians.”

Youth is apt to imagine that *its* experience has made discoveries which no one else knows. Jacob was surprised to hear another speak on the subject of Jews and Christians in the same strain that had been so long familiar to his own thoughts and feelings. He was silent for a few moments, and then replied—

“Amphibious, do you say that we Jewish students are? It strikes me that we are rather the reverse—that we have forsaken the element in which we were at home, and betaken ourselves to another, which is unsuitable to our nature.”

“Oh, that is a mere fancy,” cried Levy; “it will only last till you become accustomed to both modes of life. When one has a light heart, and knows how to close one’s ears, it is very pleasant to sport in two distinct elements—now to be a bird—now a fish—just as the inclination guides.”

“You have surely a very gay disposition,” said Jacob.

“Yes, yes, that I have; come sometimes to see me, I dare say we shall amuse ourselves very well together.”

“Come also to see me; I live here.”

“A bargain then; to-morrow I shall come and smoke my morning pipe with you before I go to the hospital. Thanks and good night now.”

“Good night, Levy, and thanks too.”

A few days after, at rather an early hour, one of Jacob’s cousins burst without ceremony into his room, and taking scarcely time to wish him good morning, said abruptly, “Thou must come over to my father; the chief priest has sent a message for thee.”

“Why should I go to the chief priest?” asked Jacob; “I have nothing to do with him.”

“What insolence! Thou hast nothing to do with the chief priest! But he has something to do with thee, for he chooses to see thee.”

Jacob felt secretly flattered by this invitation, for it showed

how much it must have been remarked among the Jews that a Jewish provincial youth had passed such a brilliant examination; but he contented himself with saying to his cousin, "Very well, I shall come."

"And this evening thou art to go to the merchant Bernbaum's; they have sent us word that they do not know where thou livest."

"I *am* to go?" repeated Jacob.

"How conceited thou art turned since thou hast become a fine gentleman of a student! Who does not think himself honoured by an invitation to the rich Bernbaum's! But go or not as thou wilt—what care I?"

The polished youth thereupon took himself off as uncere- moniously as he had entered. On his return home, he thrust his head into the room where his father was sitting, and spluttering forth, "Mr. Arrogance will be here directly," he turned, and made the best of his way to his shop in the Ostergade.

When Jacob reached his uncle's house, he found his aunt very busy ironing and plaiting a gigantic shirt frill; this she insisted on Jacob's wearing, and she stuck into it his uncle's large diamond breastpin. So anxious was she about his appearance, that she followed him to the street-door, smoothing his coat, and brushing off every atom of dust from his clothes.

Marcus strode on with an unusually proud mien; he was delighted with his nephew's having the honour of being sent for by the chief priest. "How the other Jews will stare on Friday evening when they hear that I have been invited to the chief priest's!" said he to himself. Jacob walked on, lost in thought—the priest's request to see him gave him a degree of anxiety and uneasiness which he in vain endeavoured to shake off. He could not but fear that he had been summoned to receive reproof, perhaps to be condemned to penance for the omission of those ceremonies which he had lately been in the habit of disregarding.

When they had reached the ancient-looking house, and ascended the almost decayed staircase which led to the quiet apartments of the venerable priest, they were met by the privileged attendant, a respectable and learned man, whose rank and office were similar to those of the king's page. By him they were ushered into the room where the Roef sat and read his *Hrumisch*.*

It was some time before the Roef looked up, and during the respectful silence which the visitors maintained, Jacob took an opportunity of examining the reverend man.

* The five books of Moses, *printed* Thora is written on parchment.

Over his pale face, with its silvery white beard, over his whole exterior, over everything that surrounded him, faded and old-fashioned as they were, there reigned a deep repose that awakened in Jacob's mind an involuntary feeling of sadness, and an earnest longing—a longing, such as one tempest-tossed at sea might experience on beholding a distant solitary light on shore. Here, he could see, doubt had never intruded—here prevailed an unchanging sabbath; alone, in communion with his God, separated by the ceremonials of his religion from the whole Christian world, lived that aged man in a spiritual Canaan. “If one could be a Jew such as *he* is!” said Jacob to himself, with a deep sigh.

At that moment the attendant approached the priest, and whispered to him that the guests he had invited were come. The old man bowed reverentially over the volume before him, and then turned and kindly welcomed his visitors. After they had received his blessing, and he had laid his hands on their heads, he requested them to be seated, and then silently began to survey Jacob. It was evident that he had nothing particular to say to them. In fact, he only wished to see the young Jew, whom the Christians had so greatly distinguished; and now that he beheld him, he felt impressed with the idea that this youthful member of his people was imbued with some strange spirit, which he could not comprehend.

He continued to gaze upon Jacob, who, on his part, continued to look inquiringly at him, while his uncle sat upon thorns, and the attendant stood respectfully at the door. At length the priest rose, took up a large rosy apple, and handed it to Jacob, saying, “Forget not to use thy tephilim.” He returned to his Hrumisch, and the audience was over.

The whole silent interview had seemed beyond everything strange to Jacob. When the priest had fixed his clear, expressive eyes on him, he had felt as if they were searching into his heart; but as the old man continued to look at him without exchanging a syllable with him, the conviction came over him that both felt there was an invisible gulf between them; and when the attendant's last adieu had been said, and the venerable priest's door had closed behind him—it seemed to him as if he had been attracted back to Judaism, and then that a powerful struggle had ensued, and he had been severed from it for ever.

He was thus wrapped up in his own thoughts, when his uncle interrupted them by exclaiming sharply,

“That was a pretty way of speaking to the Roef.”

“I did not say a single word, uncle.”

“That is what I complain of!” cried his uncle; “people

don't sit and stare the chief priest in the face without speaking to him."

"But what should I have said to him, uncle, tell me that?"

Enraged at his reply, Marcus stopped, and putting his arms a-kimbo, exclaimed, "Must I teach thee what to say to thy priest? Has thy father permitted thee to study so long, and spent so much money upon thee for nothing? Answer me this, I say."

"It was not for nothing that my father permitted me to study."

"Jacob, Jacob!" cried his uncle, "thou wouldst try to make a fool of me—thou carest neither for priest or uncle—nor perhaps for father either. Thou art become a Christian, thou wilt be lost;—but why should I vex myself about thee; thou art not my son, thanks be to God!"

"Listen to me, uncle," said Jacob; "I do not wish to be on unfriendly terms with you. I have lived in your house, you have been kind to me, therefore I will not take offence at what you say. But now be reasonable, and tell me what ought I to have spoken about to the Roef? Was it not my duty to wait until he chose to speak to me?"

"It is all one now," replied his uncle, "thou hast turned a Christian; I have observed this for some time, but I was not willing to say anything about it. What is it to me? Thou art barmizvo, and I have no power over thee. But I warn thee for thine own sake. Return while there is yet time; believe me, there is no hope for him who deserts Israel's God. Praised be his holy name! This evening, for the first time, thou wilt visit the rich Bernbaum's clever and yet pious family. Set a watch upon thyself! Unfriendly! why should we be unfriendly? Thou art my brother's son—thou art welcome to my house as formerly. Wilt thou go in now?"

"No, thank you, uncle, I am afraid that my aunt also will be annoyed at me, when she hears the particulars of our visit. Here, take the breastpin, and many thanks for the loan of it."

"The poor breastpin!" said his uncle, looking at it; "when it was stuck into thy shirt frill, no one thought that this visit would pass over as it has done."

"Well, uncle, I see nothing to lament—I was sent for to be looked at, not to be spoken to."

"Adsusponim!"* said his uncle, who could scarcely repress a smile as he went into his house.

In the evening, Jacob, having dressed for the occasion, betook himself to the abode of the clever family.

When he was ushered into the saloon, which was tolerably well filled with guests, the lady of the house received him with these words, "You are welcome, Mr. Bendixen; I am glad to see you at my house, which is open to every scientific man, young or old. You will find several here, to whom I shall have the pleasure of introducing you; but be pleased to take a seat at present, for there is reading going on." Jacob bowed, took a chair, and sat down near a table, around which sat his hostess, her four daughters, and two sons; two young Jewish students, who dined once a week at the house, and one of the merchant's clerks, who was performing the part of *reader*. The merchant himself sat near the stove, and was fast asleep. Towards the window stood some more Jewish students, and among them was Levy.

"Where did we break off?" asked the lady.

"At *Ha*," replied the office clerk; "I placed my nail over the *Ha*."

"Who said *Ha*?"

"Noureddin."

"Ah, yes, I remember now; read on, then."

The clerk read Aladdin* in the same monotonous tone that he would have read aloud his principal's ledger, and with a strong Jewish accent. But Jacob was so influenced by the literary reputation of the house, and so anxious to make himself an agreeable guest, that he tried hard to be pleased, and he soon felt the same interest in the drama that one feels in a beautiful melody, though it may not be well performed. The students near the window were whispering and laughing together. The reading proceeded without any variation of emphasis, until the reader arrived at a line running thus—"Who will sell old lamps for new?" which, coming home to his understanding, he gave out pretty much in the style and tone of a street crier hawking articles about for sale. The noise awoke the merchant, who started up, rubbed his eyes, and addressing his wife, asked what odd sort of a book she had selected for that evening. The lady replied in a lofty manner—

"Do not disturb us in our intellectual enjoyment—Proceed!"

The reader resumed his unharmonious kind of chant, and the worthy merchant made sundry attempts to go to sleep again; but not succeeding, he rose, and addressing his wife a

* Aladdin, or the Wonderful Lamp. A drama, by Oehlenschläger.

second time, said, "Rebecca, do you know that Refoel Liebmann was run over and killed to-day? It will be a sad house, with so many little children left in poverty."

"Good God!" cried his wife, "when did this happen?"

"I heard it at the Exchange to-day; but I did not like to tell you immediately."

The good lady kept silence for a moment, and she looked as if she were now thinking more of the poor fatherless family than of the play to which she had been listening. Presently, she whispered something to one of her daughters, who left the room, evidently to order that some assistance should be sent Refoel Liebmann's family.

"Shall we not have tea soon?" asked her husband.

The lady replied, "We shall not be long now. Aaron, make a little more haste."

One of the students said, half aloud, "Ge hup." The reader recommenced his task, but went from a snail's pace to a full gallop, so that he soon got through the remainder of the performance, and came suddenly to a dead stop.

Tea and other refreshments were then handed to the party.

"A very charming and classical work!" remarked the lady.

"Begging your pardon, madam," said a student of law, "you are mistaken there; it is too much the fashion to call Aladdin classical—nay, divine; but I will prove to you the contrary. In the first place, one expects from a poet truth to nature. I mean that a sailor should be made to speak like a sailor, and not like a professor, and a shepherd like a shepherd, not like a merchant or ship-owner—am I right?"

"Quite right!" said the lady.

"Very well—then I assert that an oriental should talk like an oriental, and make use of oriental similes, and not allude to customs which they could never have known. Mustapha, Morgiana, Nouredin, Aladdin, &c., too often are made to speak as if they had been brought up in Copenhagen, not in the east. And again, Oehlenschläger, with his stores of mythological knowledge, is too apt to destroy our illusions—and also he must be convicted of giving sometimes a mouthful of the northern and the Grecian mythology at once. What say you, Mr. Bendixen? Am I not right?"

Jacob answered with some hesitation, "Why, really, I as little observed the faults you have mentioned until pointed out by you, as I knew there were spots on the sun until astronomers told me of them."

"Astronomers! Ah—you study astronomy too?" exclaimed the lady eagerly.

Some of the students laughed—their hostess looked angry, but resuming the argument, said, “Well, it may be that the faults you have found out do exist in Aladdin; but Aaron reads so ill, that it is difficult to distinguish beauties from defects. Aaron! you must read with more taste, more attention to the rules of elocution. Nevertheless, I must maintain that Oehlenschläger is a very talented author, perhaps a little far-fetched and unnatural at times; but if he does not carry all before him in Persian tradition, he is at least excellent in Danish romance.”

“Oh, certainly!” said Isaksen; “and he has succeeded admirably in the story of ‘Love and Psyche.’”

“Love and Physic!” said the clever lady; “it strikes me I heard that spoken of some time ago.”

“Excuse me—madam—it is called Psyche, not Physic.”

“Well, I am surprised how often you take upon yourself to correct me this evening,” said the lady tartly. “Aaron, it is called Physic, is it not?”

“I always read it so,” said Aaron.

“I assure you it is Psyche, Mrs. Bernbaum.”

“You are not over polite, Mr. Isaksen, and in my own house too. You think because you are a student, that you possess a world of knowledge, forsooth.”

“And you, Mrs. Bernbaum, choose to think because you are wealthy that you are privileged to lay down the law to everybody—good night; but if it were my last word, I would say that it is called *Psyche*.”

This unlucky skirmish broke up the party; nothing farther was said except a few innocent remarks on the weather, and the guests soon after took their departure.

When Levy and Bendixen, who left the house together, had gone a little way, Bendixen said, “There was something quite peculiar in the party this evening—it was conducted much as one might fancy King Christopher holds his court among his negroes at Hayti. We read respecting them that one goes with a pair of general’s epaulettes on his almost naked shoulders—another with great jack-boots and a coat, but no pantaloons, while a third sports a pair of spurs on his bare heels. So with these people to-night; Isaksen had a sort of prosaic wisdom with all his naked meagreness; the lady had a degree of sentimentality amidst her ignorance; but the sons and daughters had little of anything—scarcely even the spurs on their heels.”

“I give you credit for the comparison,” said Levy, laughing; but he added gravely, “the resemblance is not confined

solely to that Jewish family—it may partly apply to ourselves.”

“I wish I had not been present this evening,” said Jacob ; “it really shocks me to see Jews behave with so little propriety. What must the Christians think of us, when they witness such scenes as that between the lady and the students?”

“Well, it was not very agreeable to me either,” said Levy—but, bursting into a fit of laughter, he cried, while Jacob looked at him with surprise, “It is really comical, almost ridiculous, that we should instantly fall to lamentations about our nation. A couple of Christian students now, on leaving a party, would be discussing the wine or the women, as becomes rational and moral young men. And yet,” after a moment’s pause, he added, “perhaps it is a sign that there is something better in store for the Jews. Men’s minds are the children of their age and their associates. Perhaps our sorrow for the state of the Jews is in a manner prophetic of a new spirit to be called up among them. Wait a little—the Jews will come round. We must not wish the building too hastily altered ; while it is being white-washed on the outside, there is still much work to be done in the interior. In twenty or thirty years hence, when the energies that are even now being aroused within us have worked well, and cleared off the clouds that now envelop us, we shall perhaps compel the Christians to respect us.”

“God grant it!” replied Jacob. “All that I wish is, that we should acquire an universally respected position among them.”

“Your ambition is not of overwhelming magnitude,” said Levy.

“And yet its fulfilment will be hard enough to obtain?” replied Jacob.

“Ah—we are getting too deep into the subject!” cried Levy. “In the evening I like a little diversion ; come, let us go to some coffee-house.”

CHAPTER XIV.

ONE day, Levy came to Jacob's, panting like a man that had just thrown off a heavy burden.

"Oh! good day," cried he. "And do let me have a pipe! I have got leave of absence for eight days from the hospital, to study some points in anatomy; but I must first take a day's rest, or pleasure rather, and I have come to see if you will go out with me. But what the devil is the matter with you? I have often seen you look sour, but never so monstrously *melancholy-sour* as to-day. Your stomach must be out of order—you must be bilious—or perhaps you have an affection of the liver. We had an interesting lecture upon that subject yesterday, and it will give me the greatest pleasure to practise my newly-acquired knowledge upon you. Are you thirsty? Let me see your tongue?"

"Take a pipe, Levy, and don't go on in such a jesting strain; I really cannot laugh to-day."

"What has happened?—no serious evil, I hope?" said Levy anxiously.

"I will tell you, Levy—for *you* will understand me; yes—I will unbosom myself to you. It presses too much on my mind."

"My God! What is the matter? A disappointment in love, perhaps?"

"Yes, it is a disappointment in love," said Jacob, bitterly; "but the misfortune is, that there is as much hatred as love in the matter. Oh yes—well may it be called a disappointment in love! My whole heart and soul, my every inclination lean towards the Christians, yet I feel as if I would wish to bring an armed host against them, to bombard Copenhagen, in order to win their respect."

"That method is not exactly what I should adopt," said Levy, smiling.

"Do not laugh at me, even if I should make myself ridiculous in your eyes, Levy; I am too much irritated to weigh my words."

"But, in God's name, what has been done to you, and who has wounded your feelings so deeply?"

"It is not a new wound that smarts me, it is an old one ripped open. Yes, that wound is an old one—I believe I got it at my birth. It is the Jew-persecution I had for a while escaped from—and which has now fastened upon me again. What was commenced among the boys at school, is now

taken up by the students. They often amuse themselves almost like schoolboys in the interim between the classes. To-day they set to casting paper bullets at each other, and though I did not join in the sport, I got plenty of them thrown at my head. At first I thought it was in jest—but I soon heard one, and then another, say, ‘Give that to the Jew!’ I pretended not to hear them, and took all in good part. But at last there came a large branch of a tree, and struck me on the neck. I then rose—seized the branch, and flung it with all my might among them. It struck one of them on the head, and hurt him so much that he was obliged to go away. And now I feel the greatest possible disinclination to return to the college. Even admittance to the university they have closed to me—the *Jew*. How have I deserved this persecution? Are they not grown-up men? have they not understanding enough to perceive that knowledge is our common mother—that we are brothers?”

“Yes; but even brothers sometimes pitch twigs of trees at each other’s heads.”

“A truce to jesting, Levy!” said Jacob; “if you cannot enter into my feelings, or understand my indignation, say so, and I will at once be silent.”

“I understand, my good friend, that on account of a few rude lads you would let yourself be exiled from college, rather than go and face them boldly, as you ought to do.”

“Ah, Levy, you do not reflect; this matter is of deep importance to me. Perhaps you actually fancy that I am annoyed by receiving the blow from the branch of the tree. As if I cared for that. No: that was a trifle in itself; but it reminded me of all the contumely, the misery that weighs upon me—aye, and upon you, Levy—in that word *Jew*! Why did I not remain at my father’s desk? Why, why did our spirits wander from that home where there were kindred affections, to seek communion with these Christian spirits which are ever repulsing us? We are Jews, and shall remain Jews; as the negro slaves are and will remain black, even though they may be all emancipated. Like them, too, our emancipation is but to a freedom and equality which destroy us. Do they ever forget the Jew in the man? Does not the Jew ever stand in their thoughts as a being apart? They do not say, the Lutheran Petersen, or the Catholic Jensen; but they can scarcely refrain from saying, ‘the Jew Bendixen,’ even in society. If they intend even to be very polite, do not they say, ‘the people of Moses,’ or ‘your people?’ If I am sitting at table, dining with any of them, does my neighbour ever forget to say, while offering me any dish, ‘Perhaps you

don't eat it? Dare I help you to some of this?' . . . Jew! Jew! One would think that name were branded on our foreheads, so certain are the Christians never to forget it."

"What you say is all quite true," replied Levy; "but, happily for me, I am not so thin-skinned or so quick-sighted as you are. If any one offers me ham, I eat it, and show my capacity of digesting it."

Jacob remained in thoughtful silence, and there was a brief pause in the conversation.

"Hark ye, Bendixen!" at length cried Levy, whilst an expression of deep feeling stole over his countenance. "There is a vast difference between us two. I am poor; and with me the anxiety about my future prospects—my daily bread in fact—has overmastered the enthusiasm which once existed in my soul almost as largely as in yours. With you the claims of hard necessity do not silence other sorrows. I also am of a gay, an easy temper; you are more choleric, more reflective. You must take a resolution—an earnest resolution. You cannot, like me, adapt yourself to both religions; you must be wholly one or other. Remain a Jew; associate only with Jews, study Jewish theology, and become a Jewish rabbi."

"It is impossible!" exclaimed Jacob, with impetuosity. "Do not my own convictions reject many of the Jewish ceremonies? Shall I consecrate my whole future life to hypocrisy and falsehood? Without that, I cannot bind myself still more closely to Judaism. The most necessary ingredient for happiness in this world is equality in mental intercourse; and as well could I bind myself to live in a small village among shoemakers and tailors, among whom doubtless there are many worthy, good-hearted people, but their society would not suit me. I am of Jewish blood, and therefore I love them; but my spirit cannot exist among them. It is a Christian spirit, and with uncontrollable instinct it seeks its fellow-spirits."

"Become a Christian, then, and let yourself be baptized!"

"Levy! you cannot seriously mean this? Let myself be baptized! Deny, disown my past life, my childhood, my whole existence? Let myself be baptized! Desert our camp like a coward! For I feel, and I have ever felt, that there is a battle to be fought involving interests much higher than any which appertain to my insignificant person—the interests of my nation, my poor, oppressed people, my dead mother's race. No; I will fight against the Christians. I dedicate myself to this." He paused awhile, and then went on in a deep and husky voice: "Yet well do I know that Judaism and civilization are opposed to each other,—and those who

would become pioneers must perish. But Christianity, as it now stands, totters also, and a new Christendom is anxiously sought by many. The worm gnaws at the root of the whole race; they trust not each other—dissensions are rife among them. When I hear them singing their most joyous songs, I cannot but fancy to myself that a jeering demon is joining in their chorus. And then, as I sit among them, I could almost wish—what fancy often pictures—that another Samson could arise among us, and, overthrowing the pillars of the building, bury us all in one common grave.”

“Bendixen, Bendixen!” cried Levy, “you speak as if your mind were disordered.”

“Oh, at this moment I feel how deeply I hate them! and yet—for I will confess my folly—I have deemed it a favour, a condescension, when one of them walked by my side across the street! Would that there were hatred enough in this world to wipe out this humiliation!”

“And yet I have heard Christian students say of you, that you are proud, distant, reserved!” said Levy.

“Because I, in my humility, was afraid of intruding upon them. Because I waited for some decided advance on their side with the same anxious longing that the slave looks for a kind glance from his master.”

“But can you not admit that there may have been some fault also on your side, when people who have wished to make up to you have not been able to do it?”

“I am the oppressed; it is their business to seek me.”

“But can you fancy that every Christian burdens his memory with the recollection that the Jews are an oppressed people—always reflecting on that which rankles in your sensitive mind?”

Jacob remained silent.

“Do not be unreasonable,” continued Levy. “I have set two alternatives before you; now for a third plan. Why not manage with the Christians as I do? You might at least associate with those among them who are willing to meet you half-way. There is Wilhelm Fangel, for one. He always speaks of you with great goodwill; he seems to have taken quite a fancy to you. Why will you have nothing to say to him? Oh, but you want to fight the Christians; to conquer them, of course. Well, I grant you, we Jewish students *should* try to conquer them; but we should do so by forcing them to admit that there is good among people of our faith. Come, let us go now. Take your hat; we will go to the Surgeons’ Hall; we shall find Fangel there and several others. I will be your physician and apothecary and sick nurse to boot.

I will not only write a prescription for you, but see myself that you take the medicine. Come !”

Jacob did not move.

“Bendixen !” cried Levy, “it is now my turn to be serious. I offer this day to open to you the door to mankind ; perhaps we may never recur to the subject we have just discussed, perhaps I may never feel the same inclination to stand by you that I do at present. Take opportunity by the forelock, ere it vanishes for ever !”

Jacob took his hat and followed him.

CHAPTER XV.

AMONG the students at the University of Copenhagen, those of medicine are the most jovial, and the least troubled with prejudices. One man seems as good to them as another. Perhaps they look upon all pretty much as anatomical subjects. When they see that typhus fever among the Jews is treated precisely as typhus among Christians ; when they see that a Jewish bone is not more difficult to set than a Christian's ; that muscles and nerves are placed exactly alike in a Jewish as in a Christian body, they do not discover much reason for making a difference between Christian and Jew. The nature of their occupations also draws them more together than those of the other students ; and, likewise, because they have together to consult about life and death, to witness suffering and its cure, to balance between pills and potions, they become more intimate, more frank and familiar, with each other.

Among these young men Jacob found himself soon at ease, and meeting them constantly at the hospital and the dispensary, he became, as it were, incorporated among them, and was at length enabled to welcome the joyful feeling of being *really* among comrades and companions.

On the expiration of his first year at college, he passed another examination, and, as was natural, the study to which he afterwards attached himself was that of medicine. His days now passed more pleasantly, and the fits of gloom and irritability to which he had been subject gave way to kindlier and more cheerful feelings. He now, at length, began to believe that he was not under the baneful influence of some heavy curse, or, at least, that the dark clouds which had seemed to overshadow his childhood and youth had happily passed away, giving place to a more serene and a more brilliant sky.

Jacob was now twenty years of age, and, after having heard of him so long, perhaps some of our fair readers may feel inclined to know something respecting his appearance. He looked like a well-educated Jew; that is to say, intelligence had improved the expression of the too frequently repulsive Jewish physiognomy; for cultivation and knowledge carry on a refining process in the soul, and the soul, when purified and enlightened, fails not to stamp its impress on the countenance.

Jacob is now twenty years of age, and our tale has sprung over two years of his life—why not? The life of no man is, in reality, an unbroken stream of events worthy each of being recorded. Even the heroes of romances must be allowed breathing-time.

However, as a solitary letter from a friend who is travelling at a distance may enable us to form an idea of his movements, so we shall take a single episode from this period of time, which may give us an insight into what took place during these two years' interregnum.

AN EXCURSION INTO THE WOODS.

"The rain which fell last night has made the air quite delightful,—how fresh everything looks!" exclaimed one among the medical students who, while waiting for the clinical lecturer, were one morning standing by an open window which looked out upon a garden.

"I should really like to take a ramble in the woods to-day," said another, casting his eyes up to the clear blue skies; "has any one a mind to go with me?"

"Yes; let us all be off to the woods to-day," said the first speaker.

"I cannot; I have to give a lesson." "I have some business." "I am invited to a party," cried voices from different sides.

"By the Lord! I think there is rebellion in the state!" cried Levy; "the hospital is turning most profoundly reasonable. So *you* have business; and *you* a lesson to give; and *you*—heaven knows what you have to do. With all due submission to university wisdom, the excursion to the woods shall take place."

"When such a proposition is brought forward, it will not do to let it fall to the ground," said Fangel. "For the honour of the university, a carriage-full of us, at least, ought to go

forth. Let all who are willing to go, come forward. Who will be volunteers ? ”

They all came forward.

“That’s right,” continued Fangel ; “and now let us send a deputation to the other medical classes, and to the students in general.”

“Oh ! ” said Levy, “we ought to do as Saul did. He slaughtered his ox, and sent portions of the bloody carcase round the country, with orders for the people to march forth against the enemy, and with this message, ‘So shall it be done unto every one who followeth not Saul and Samuel ! ’ ”

“Bravo ! ” cried Fangel. “Grøndal, slaughter Levy, and carry portions of his bloody carcase round Israel.”

“Ah ! ” said Levy, “people are right when they say that *we* belong to a bygone world. But, behold, I bow my head and present my neck to Grøndal and Fangel.”

“A good reply to a stupid jest,” cried Fangel. “*Allons !* Let us lose no more time in arranging our wood-lark.”

“But where is Bendixen ? ” asked one of the young men. “We must have him with us. He is as good as a thermometer or a safety-valve. When we are merry, he is serious ; when we are serious, he gets into overflowing spirits.”

“Here is the thermometer, safety-valve, *et cetera*,” cried Fangel, pointing to a door, at which Bendixen was that moment entering.

“Bendixen, are you for a ramble in the woods to-day ? ”

“Yes, with all my heart. Who is going ? ”

“All of us.”

“That will be charming. When do you go ? ”

“About four o’clock. We had better meet here, then.”

The professor arrived at that moment, and the business of the day began.

“Oh ! how glorious it is to be free,—to escape the noisome town, where one’s very respiration is impeded by walls and graves ! where one sees nothing but high, gloomy houses and smoke-dried citizens ! I inhale the free, fresh air as greedily as the tired wayfarer drinks of the crystal stream, and thinks he can never sufficiently slake his thirst. Oh ! could one but for a moment be dissolved into air, and lose oneself in a whirlwind—or, better still—in a water-spout ; be borne upon wings over the sparkling ocean ; skim upon its dancing waves, and then mount up, up even towards the blazing sun ! It is a heavy load that mankind bears ; even in death the body does not become free ; one is stowed away in a closely-nailed coffin, and put into the earth. It would be better if corpses were burned, and their ashes scattered to the winds.”

This long harangue came from Bendixen, as the carriage rolled on over a road that skirted the shore; and the Sound, studded with white sails, lay stretched before the view. Grøndal, his neighbour, replied to his rhapsody, "I too think it would be better to burn dead bodies; people would not be so anxious about burying the dead as they are now, and we should get occasionally a capital subject for the anatomical theatre."

"Oh, *you* never think of anything but subjects for dissection," said Bendixen. "I verily believe if you were to meet a woman with a thoroughly interesting incurable disease, you would marry her for the sake of her corpse."

"That might very likely happen!" replied Grøndal.

König, who sat behind, now joined in the conversation.

"It is, of course, a settled thing, and can be logically demonstrated," said he, "that Grøndal can never enter the kingdom of heaven."

"Why so?" asked Jacob.

"Why! Because, even if the Almighty were inclined to be merciful to him, and grant him a place in paradise, heaven itself would not be heaven to Grøndal if he found no *bodies* there. Grøndal's heaven would be the lower regions, where he would have an opportunity of watching the shrinking and working of the muscles of the hosts of sinners who are condemned to be roasted in the various fires of that infernal abode."

"Your opinion is highly complimentary," said Grøndal. "But pray tell me, if patients are to carry their bodies with them to hell, why should they not take them with them to heaven also?"

"Hear him!" cried König; "he discards the word *men*, and puts in its place *patients*."

"Does any human being pass into the other world until he has been a *patient*?" replied Grøndal. "Does not every one suffer at last from the most acute, and most incurable of all illnesses—death? For the rest, it is all the same to me how the breath goes away, which I must part with when I die."

"Then you do not believe in the immortality of the soul?" cried König.

"Bah!" exclaimed Grøndal, taking a long puff of his cigar, while his countenance assumed a more noble and more thoughtful expression; "your immortality is too massive for me. What I labour for here below, in thought and in action—in combat with the world and with myself—is my immortal part. When the ink has dried up in the pen, it can write no more; but what it has written, and what will

stand there for ever, that is not the mere work of pen and ink—it is *the spirit* that has thus written.”

Several of the young men took part in this conversation ; there was a good deal of arguing, yet it was evident that all agreed in the doctrine of the immortality of the soul, and eternal life. At last Bendixen, gazing thoughtfully on the horizon, where sea and sky seemed to meet, exclaimed with animation, “ It is astonishing how every one arranges the future immortal life after his own fancy, and how people fight with each other in this world about the rules and regulations which they choose to prescribe for the guidance of the Lord of all. As if the life to come were to be constituted and governed by the votes of a majority here below ! Immortality ! What is it but the whole poetry of human nature, the fountain from which flows every feeling that is glorious in life ! There is no immortality except for him who believes in one, and he who does so, needs nothing ; his life is sufficiently bright, for his belief makes its own reward. I believe in everlasting life, and in the everlasting poetry of the heart.”

“ You are no Jew, Bendixen,” said Grøendal.

“ That may be ; but assuredly I am no Christian.”

“ Bendixen—have you seen little Clara, lately ? you know who I mean,” cried a voice from the back of the vehicle.

“ No, I have not,” replied Bendixen, in a tone which savoured of vexation.

“ She was always casting her languishing eyes upon you ; you know well enough where she lives—you want to keep her all to yourself, I wager now.”

“ Oh ! I have no fancy for languishing eyes. They promise more than they perform and more than they could bestow.”

“ What sort of nonsense is that ? Are you going to set yourself up for a pattern of virtue ?”

“ I set myself up as no pattern of virtue. For the truth of this I appeal to yourself. But do not such warm glances, which fall on the soul like glowing rays from the sun, excite a wish for some thrilling, undefined, nameless bliss—and does the realization of the wish bring happiness ? Have you yourself ever found all you sought ?”

“ One goes on seeking, nevertheless. Life is a journey, wherein one is always striving after something,” replied the other, laughing. “ I seek not the heartfelt pain which a coquettish glance from a pair of fine eyes might create. I would rather keep my liberty, and avoid the charm, the pangs, the longing of love.”

“ Heartfelt pain ! Pangs of love ! Bendixen is quite hys-

terical!" shouted three or four laughing voices at the same moment.

Jacob was silenced, and the conversation changed to another subject. Shortly after, the carriage reached Klampenberg. The house was immediately in an uproar with the noisy guests, who perplexed the waiters, shouted and laughed, asked for all manner of things, and forgot directly after for what they had asked. After many discussions and propositions, everything was at length settled to the satisfaction of the whole party, and they issued forth to take a walk until the collation they had ordered should be ready. König and Jacob had in the mean time strolled to one of the windows of the saloon, and Jacob observed some plants of the *forget-me-not* in pots in the window.

"May I take one of these flowers?" he asked of the landlord's daughter, who was standing near.

"Yes, pray do," answered the pretty girl good humouredly.

"What is it?" cried König, looking nearer—"Oh—forget-me-not! Young lady, will you give me one as a souvenir of yourself?"

"Oh yes—willingly," said the smiling girl, as she plucked a little bunch of them, which she handed to König.

Jacob observed the action, and a sudden feeling of envy, mingled with vexation, shot across his mind.

"When I asked for these flowers," said he to himself, "it was not for the sake of themselves, but because they had been tended by that lovely girl—I wished them for her sake; yet I only said—'*May I take them?*' But he—the happy man born among Christians—found at once the proper words, and said, '*Will you give them to me?*' Oh, how fortunate these Christians are!" They all sallied forth together. König stuck the flowers in his hat-band, but before half an hour had passed, he had quite forgotten them; Jacob placed his carefully in his pocket-book; but as he joined his companions there was a humbled expression in his countenance, as if he had resigned himself to his fate, and felt almost inclined to admit that *they* were made of better stuff than himself.

When they returned from their saunter through the forest, the repast they had ordered was ready. A long table was laid out in a garden on a lovely spot, from which the blue sea and the green woods were both to be seen. The sun, which was declining in the heavens, shed a brilliant tint over the red sails of the fishing-boats, which here and there were gliding past, whilst a mild refreshing breeze came wafted through the rustling foliage near. On the snowy table-cloth

smoked a variety of savoury dishes, wine sparkled in the glasses, and all the youthful countenances round the festive board beamed with hilarity and good-humour. Jacob gazed on the scene with an unusual degree of pleasurable excitement—yet there was still a something which his heart felt to be wanting. He seized a glass of wine and exclaimed,

“I offer the first glass to the gods underground, the spirits of darkness—to pain and sorrow and the tear-drawing death. They glare with scowling looks upon us while day’s bright spirits are with us, well knowing that there comes a night of gloom, when they will hold their sway. I defy ye—ye dark powers! For the light in my soul shall never be extinguished:—but if I can purchase your favour with this oblation, it shall not be withheld. There—receive that!” and as he spoke he emptied his glass of wine on the ground, and the whole party, laughing, followed his example.

Fangel then refilled his glass and cried, “I am no Bendixen, I cannot make a speech upon stilts, therefore I content myself with saying, that this, my second glass, I offer—with all due reverence—to myself! Whilst the subterranean deities are drinking up their portion bestowed upon the earth, I drain my glass like a man to the bottom—my own health!”

“And I to myself!” “And I—And I,” exclaimed a number of voices, while every glass was filled and emptied amidst much merriment.

“How is the beef?” asked Grøndal, looking closely into his neighbour’s plate.

“Somewhat tough,” replied the latter, showing for a moment his white teeth.

“Ah then, I shall not be doing wrong by sticking to turtle,” said Grøndal, emptying another glass of wine. “By-the-by, some one was talking a little while ago of heart-ache, occasioned by the glance of a pretty woman’s eye. I have had some experience in that matter. When I numbered about a score of years, there existed a pair of eyes, which, when they rested on me, created quite a palpitation and commotion in my heart, pretty much according to Bendixen’s diagnosis. I did not rightly understand it—and in about a year after, I heard that she had drowned herself. It is exactly eight years yesterday since that time. The eyes were beautiful, and I drink a bumper to the memory of each of them.” Grøndal filled in haste two glasses, and drank them off.

“Ah, Grøndal,” whispered König, “this then was the reason you used always to hurry off to see the body, when the newspapers advertised that a woman had been found drowned. I fancied it was only for the sake of the corpse.”

After a pause, Jacob said, "Well, it is strange how impressions are often made by slight occurrences, and how long they will remain. The bright eyes, of which Grøndal has been telling us, remind me of a pair which once fascinated myself. It was towards evening, in the Cæster-street, I was strolling along in a deep reverie, when a young lady passed close by me. One of those glances to which we have alluded fell upon me—I actually trembled involuntarily, and as I met her eye, I found myself turning hot and cold by turns. I soon perceived that an officer was following her. He went boldly up to her, accosted her, and after a little time she took his arm. I turned away with a sensation of mingled anger, envy, and bitter disappointment, which I tried in vain to combat; I ridiculed myself for my folly, but the feeling would not go. I have hated all officers, from that time to this."

"*All officers!*" exclaimed one of the party; "that is rather strong. How can you tell that they are all as guilty as that one?"

"Yes, all officers," replied Jacob, passionately; "that is to say, all young officers. Because they are fellows who employ their whole time in the lawless pursuit of women, from no other motive than base sensuality; unlike the knights of old, whose places they now fill, they have no respect for woman-kind."

Levy stooped over towards Jacob, and whispered, "And because no Jew is admitted among them—is not that the truth?"

Jacob coloured, but remained silent.

"Let us have a song," said one of the party. "Yes, a song—a song—each of us shall sing a song, and all will join in the chorus," cried many voices at the same moment.

It was in the good old times, when clubs, critics, and politics were in their infancy; no one then was liberal or illiberal, constitutional or radical—people had not then eaten of the newspaper and journalists' tree of knowledge, and discovered that they were naked. It was in the good old times, when there were no musical associations, and when singing accompanied the dessert and wine as naturally as political conversation does now. The singing began, and some comic songs being chosen, peals of laughter floated over the still waters near. When it came to Jacob's turn, he reflected a moment, and then commenced one of Wilhelm Müller's "*Deutsche Griechenlieder.*"* They are forgotten by the rising generation, like the glorious struggle for freedom which gave birth

* German Lays of Greece.

to them. Perhaps few now-a-days recollect the deep sorrow, the glowing sympathy for Hellenic wrongs and Hellenic liberty, which breathes through many of these songs. Jacob sung one of them in his fine manly tones, and when he had finished, the whole party sat silent and thoughtful.

"See," said he, after a pause, "the sun is going down, and the same crimson rays that are shining on our pleasant meeting are perhaps glancing on the dead and the dying Greeks, or on the prisons where are lying in durance the German students who sought to be free. Let us remember them before we forget ourselves in intoxication."

"Bendixen, you are out of order," cried one of the young men; "you should have sung something in the chorus of which we could all have joined."

"It is not my fault that you did not join," replied Jacob. "Why did you not? Is it not strange that I, the son of a slave-bound race, should remind ye all of freedom?"

"Let us take a glass of wine all round to the Greeks and Missulonghi," cried Grøndal.

"Yes—hurra for Hellas and Hellenic freedom!" exclaimed Fangel. "I cannot fail to remember that land; the drubbings I used to get at school, on account of Homer, have pretty well thumped it into my memory. Perhaps these same drubbings have given me a kindness for it. Hurra for father Homer! But behold! Does not the sea look at this moment like an ocean of claret? Would it were one—it would be delightful to swim about in well-flavoured St. Julien!"

"Nay, I protest against wine being used externally," cried Grøndal. "But since we have been drinking to the freedom of Greece, let us have a bumper to Danish freedom; that, after all, concerns us more nearly."

"Oh yes," said Jacob, who was now much excited, and could no longer control himself; "I too will drink that toast; I too care most for Denmark."

"And who the devil thanks you for that?" exclaimed Grøndal. "It is your own fatherland as well as mine. Were you not born and bred at Fyen? you can't deny that."

"Nor do I," replied Bendixen; "but Denmark cannot be my fatherland in so full a sense as it is yours; nor can I call myself so entirely its son as you may call yourself. Do you really believe that any Jew who has come to years of discretion, and has the smallest intelligence or observation, cannot perceive the vast difference which the state makes between him and his Christian neighbour? The Jews are upbraided with having no fatherland—why are they not allowed to have one?"

"But the distinction is so very trifling," said one of the young men; "it is only in a few things that the Jews are set aside among us."

"Freedom cannot be apportioned, or dealt out in shares; the least part withheld converts it into subjection," replied Jacob.

"I see scarcely anything in which the Jews are set aside," cried König. "Did you obtain less honourable testimonials at the examination, because you are a Jew?"

"Scarcely anything, say you?" exclaimed Jacob. "I will not speak of *opinions*, though perhaps these are the most important, and weigh more against us than laws or edicts. But can a Jew hold a situation in any public office, or occupy any place of trust? Can he be so much as a common watchman? Can he ever become an officer in the army? Even in the Burgher guards, if he has served long enough to stand his election for a captaincy, must he not resign? I said I would not speak of opinions, but I shall just mention one or two characteristic facts. There are whole corporations, trades—the hardware trade for instance—which exclude the Jews, not even receiving a Jewish boy as an apprentice. When a dramatic writer is at a loss for a subject, he takes a Jew, stuffs him in some unpopular character, and makes a clown play the part. He never hits the national peculiarities, not even the mode of speech is well mimicked; but the public laugh—and the public—their fiat is everything."

"You are too severe, Bendixen," said Fangel. "I confess I have laughed heartily at the theatre at the part of a Jew; but, upon my honour, I do not despise the Jews."

"Is it not bad enough," remarked Jacob, coldly, "that any one thinks it necessary to say, '*I do not despise the Jews?*'?"

"What would you have, Bendixen?" cried Fangel. "Do you wish that we should all shout hurra for the Jews? Come, here it is—Hurra for the Jews!"

"Hurra for the Jews!" shouted the whole party.

"I wish," replied Jacob, without noticing or joining in the toast—"I wish that you should tell me why I—as I stand here—am not as good in all respects, as fully capable of enjoying and using freedom—freedom in everything—as yourselves? I wish," he added, in a tone which partook both of bitterness and derision—"I wish you to tell me why I could not be a watchman as well as one of you."

"Oh—you shall be a watchman. Bendixen shall be a watchman! Hurra for watchman Bendixen!" cried several voices at the same time, and amidst peals of laughter.

Jacob was vexed at his own vehemence, and ashamed of

his want of self-control, in giving way as he had done to the warmth of his feelings. Grøndal in the mean time had risen from the table and gone into another room to mix a bowl of punch after his own recipe. He now returned in triumph, followed by the barmaid carrying the tempting beverage in a bowl of large dimensions. The glowing fluid was placed on the table amidst thunders of applause, and was speedily circulated among the already somewhat exhilarated party.

Next to the unpleasantness of being intoxicated among sober people, is that of being sober among those who are intoxicated, or nearly so. One stands, as it were, on the outside of a circle of gaiety, whose joyousness one cannot participate or comprehend, because the spirit, coldly reasonable, seeks for some grounds for merriment where no grounds exist, except that people feel merry. Jacob, under the influence of this annoyance, was on the point of slipping away from the party, but suddenly he seized his glass, and after drinking two or three bumpers of the sweet but deceiving punch, he felt that he was pretty much on a footing with the rest. At length the driver of their hired vehicle thought it was high time to be returning homewards, and with some difficulty got the revellers packed away in his carriage, where soon after they all fell sound asleep. When the driver reached one of the gates of the town, he turned and asked the individual nearest to him where he should set them down.

"At the Infirmary for Female Patients," said Grøndal, who happened to have rooms attached to that building.

"This drunken ass does not know what he is saying," muttered the driver to himself, as he alighted and repeated his query to another of the party.

"At the hospital," stammered the other.

"They are dead drunk, and have no sense left," said the perplexed driver to himself; "but they won't be admitted into the hospital for *that* sickness." He touched a third young man, and asked where he was to drive to.

"Drive to hell," exclaimed the sober youth, angry at being awoken from his comfortable nap.

"I cannot drive about the streets with them all night, till they sleep off their intoxication, that might take a precious long time," murmured the driver, quite at a standstill. "Jemini! When folks will drink till they are stupid, they should at least deposit their addresses with the driver. Hark ye, gentlemen," he cried once more, "where am I to drive you to?"

"To the hospital, to the hospital!" shouted a chorus of voices, the sleepers having been at length fairly awakened.

“Well, if you will go there, you shall,” cried the angry driver, urging on his horses until they stood before the gate of the outside railings of that building, which, to his great surprise, opened for the admission of his passengers.

CHAPTER XVI.

JACOB was sitting one winter's day with König, at his house. They studied botany together, for König had taken much pains in forming a *herbarium*, of which he willingly permitted his fellow-collegians to make use. They had just entered into a learned argument respecting a rare plant, of which König had no specimen, when a message arrived from a woman in the neighbourhood, begging König to come immediately, as her husband had fallen in the street and broken a bone.

“Ah, the blessed streets of Copenhagen!” exclaimed König, as he prepared to go out, “they furnish us honest practitioners with enough to do in the winter time. Stay here till I come back, Bendixen; the affair will soon be settled.”

König lived with his family, not in separate lodgings, and as a door of his study, which led to the sitting-room of the ladies, was partly open, Jacob became the involuntary auditor of the following discourse.

The Mother—“Pray do not sit all day gazing at the sledges, Louisa. You will not have your dress ready at this rate, and you will be for sitting up to sew at night, which I shall not allow.”

Louisa—“I really cannot help it, dear mother; when the bells jingle, I have no power over my eyes. Of what, think you, I was dreaming? I was building such castles in the air! Fancy if an elegant cavalier could come in a brilliant sledge to drive me out. I know well enough none *will* come; but I cannot help amusing myself with the idea.”

The Mother—“You are a fool, child. Reflect, rather, that without a dress you cannot appear at the ball.”

“Oh, true; the ball!” exclaimed Louisa, jumping up, and dancing about the room.

The Mother—“Behave like a reasonable creature, Louisa; does it become a grown-up girl to behave so foolishly?”

Henrietta (the elder daughter)—“But where shall we find gentlemen enough? Remember, we have already asked

eighteen young ladies. When there are more ladies than gentlemen, the men take such airs."

Louisa—"Oh! we two, as the young ladies of the house, will get dancing enough."

The Mother—"You show a vastly hospitable consideration for your guests, my girl. But I think there are men enough. Let me see—there are your two brothers, the two lieutenants, and Grøndal, and Bendixen, and" —

Louisa—"Bendixen! Is the Jew to be asked?"

The Mother—"Well, I think so; especially as there seems to be some fear of having too few partners for the ladies; but I have no objection to his being struck off the list."

Jacob heard no more. *Louisa's* exclamation had gone like a dagger to his heart. He had taken a kind of fancy to this young girl; her lively, artless manners had pleased him; he had often chatted in a friendly way with her, and now to hear her speak so slightly of him as a Jew was a blow he had little expected. Scarcely aware what he was doing, he arose and quietly left the house.

Shortly after, König returned, and not finding Bendixen in his study, he supposed that he had joined the family; thereupon, throwing open the door, he looked in.

"Where is Bendixen?" he asked, when he did not perceive him in the room.

"Bendixen! He has not been here."

"Not been here! Why, I told him to wait till I came back. I left him in my study when I was called out."

"Good heavens! then he must have overheard what I said," exclaimed *Louisa*, turning crimson. "I fancied I heard some one go out a few minutes ago; but I did not think"——

"What did you say? And how could you talk at random when the door of my study was ajar, and people were there?"

"We heard you go out, and did not know that any one was left behind."

"What was said, *Louisa*, that you are afraid he should have overheard?"

"Mamma was talking about asking him to the ball, and I said, 'Shall the Jew be asked?' and then mamma answered, 'I have no objection to his being left out.'"

"Bless me! That was enough for Bendixen, with a vengeance. But how can a girl that has any pretension to common sense forget herself so absurdly," cried König, much displeased. "Bendixen is my friend; and it does not become my fine lady sister to entertain any doubt about receiving

him. But you shall make an ample apology to him, or I will make one in your name."

"Ludwig," said Louisa, earnestly, "you will think twice before you so humiliate your sister. Perhaps you will be less annoyed at me when you hear the reason of my exclamation. It was, in short, a spice of coquetry, or what you choose to call it. Henrietta is always bantering me about him, and so I pretended to feel more indifference to him than I do in reality. I hope this explanation is a sufficient reparation of my unintentional rudeness as far as *you* are concerned, and that you will smooth the matter the best way you can for me."

"Oh, yes! you exculpate yourself quite to your own satisfaction, and leave all the awkward part for me. But I now insist upon it that Bendixen shall be asked to this ball." So saying, König went to seek his friend.

Jacob's irritation had in the mean time partly passed away, and given place to a degree of self-reproach.

"What right had I," he said to himself, "to hear their conversation? They did not intend it for my ears; had they known I was so near, they would not have spoken as they did. But why, why can that girl think of me only as *the Jew Bendixen*? Bah! After all, I *am* the Jew Bendixen. However, I shall never feel myself at ease with the family again. Would to heaven that confounded little minx had closed the door before she chose to speak!"

Whilst he was pacing his apartment in a state of great disquietude, revolving the matter thus in his own mind, a knock at the door was heard, and König walked in.

They looked both much perplexed, but mechanically shook hands. Jacob tried in vain for a few moments to recover his self-possession, but at length stumbled upon a reason for having left his friend's study before his return. "Excuse my not waiting for you," said he; "I had forgotten a letter I had to put into the post-office."

Poor König nearly jumped for joy when he heard this; on the spur of the moment, he exclaimed, "God be praised!" Then recollecting himself, he stood looking awkward and foolish before his friend. But Jacob saw nothing amiss in this exclamation, which indeed convinced him more thoroughly of König's kindly feelings towards him than any studied apology could have done.

With lightened hearts and cordial feelings, the two young men passed on to converse on various subjects, and as they smoked their pipes together, they felt as if their friendship were rather cemented than cooled, and, as it were by tacit

agreement, both avoided any reference to what had been so lately uppermost in both their minds. At length König took an opportunity of mentioning the ball, and inviting Jacob to it; his mind was quite set at rest by Jacob's ready acceptance of the invitation.

"Do you dance?" asked König.

"I was taught to dance at school; but I have never been to a regular ball."

"Oh, I dare say your dancing will be quite good enough, and at a ball nothing else is required," said König, who then bade him farewell, and returned home.

THE BALL.

When, with a slight shiver from the cold, and the faintest shade in the world of anxiety for the events of the evening, one enters a ball-room before the dancing has begun, what does one do? One looks at the various groups of ladies, so different and yet so like. One looks at the walls, the mirrors, the chandeliers, the drawn curtains, perhaps at the very compartments of the painted ceiling. One glances round for friends and acquaintances, and finds some difficulty in recognizing them: they seem so changed in appearance, and seem to have assumed such a different style of conversation and thought from what is habitual to them in other places. One feels alone, and if unused to society, is apt to fancy that the young ladies who sit whispering and laughing together are turning one into ridicule,—a disagreeable consciousness, which prevents all approach to the same fair jesters, who, on their part, are perhaps wishing one would ask them to dance. Modern fashion, with all its etiquettes and formalities, stretches its cold sceptre over the saloon, and the human beings there behave not like creatures with warm blood in their hearts, but as well-dressed statues. But when the first flourish of the violins is heard, a ray of life streams over the faces of the statues. People move nearer to each other; they place themselves in dancing array, and here and there a bright smile, like a warm sunbeam, is seen to illuminate some hitherto frigid countenance.

Presently the music bursts forth in its most lively strains, and pair after pair begin with sudden animation to whirl round the room.

What now is the saloon, with its painted roof, its brilliant chandeliers? It has become a temple—an Ionic temple—

where Venus sits enthroned, and where her winged son diverts himself with shooting his invisible arrows, which, penetrating through many a silken vest and robe of gauze, find their way to the beating heart beneath.

How often, in modern Christian towns, are not these Ionic temples to be found, where the Olympic gods preside, where men worship beauty, and forget their catechism! It is for this reason that the priests of the Christian religion are so often opposed to dancing.

Nevertheless, all are not worshippers. Observe those youths, whose tailors have fitted them to perfection, with their stiff neckcloths, and eye-glass stuck in one eye. They are sure to find a lady's foot too large, the iced lemonade too sweet, the violins pitched a tone too high; they dance little, but eat much; they are afraid of looking pleased, for what is there worth seeing at a ball? The lovely faces, the graceful figures, the well-turned ankles, they cannot condescend to observe, any more than they can enjoy the lively conversation of a pleasant woman. These people are the discarded of Mount Ida.

But when a man, with a heart full of fresh and real feeling, unhackneyed, too, in the ways of the world, enters a ball-room for the first time, then do these deities smile on him, as they used to smile in those bygone days, when offerings were brought to their cypress mount. Then do they shed over his spirit forgetfulness of all earthly matters, and wrap his senses in a soothing dream.

Jacob listened a few moments to the inspiring music, and gazed on beautiful women gliding past him; but he was soon himself engaged in waltzing with a lovely girl—he almost doubted his own identity. There were the deep blue eyes, the bright ringlets, of which his mother used to sing to him in his childhood. Could all around him be fantasy—could it be but a shadow which lightly rested on his encircling arm?

It was Fangel's sister Thora. She had only recently returned from Holstein, and Jacob had never seen her before that evening. When Wilhelm had introduced him to her, she had been standing in a circle of ladies, and not a word had been said on either side;—a low bow on his part, a slight nod on hers, and the introduction was over; but her eyes were for one moment fixed on his face with a glance of keen inquiry, and then she continued to look at him as if she

scarcely saw him. When, however, the dancing began, he perceived that she seemed to expect him to speak to her; but so struck was he with her beauty and elegance, that he remained for a time in mute admiration, unable to find a word to address to her.

At length, he said, "I am happy to have the opportunity of making the acquaintance of a young lady of whom I have heard so much as yourself, Miss Thora."

"Ah," said she, laughing; "so I am a celebrity!"

"And if any one asked me, Has report flattered? I should most certainly answer *no*," said Jacob.

"Well! he is not so stupid when once he has opened his mouth," said Thora to herself.

"Thora!" continued Jacob thoughtfully,—"*it is a beautiful name; from my earliest infancy I was taught to love that name.*"

"My German cousins considered it rather a strange name," she replied,—"*the feminine of Thor.*"

"Yes, in Danish. It suits well a sylph with golden hair and heavenly smile, who might have been the chosen of a god!"

Thora thought less of the words than the tone in which they were spoken, but she remained silent; and Jacob felt afraid that he had ventured too far in expressing his admiration so openly.

When, shortly after, another gentleman engaged Thora to dance, and began a conversation with her, she could scarcely command her attention sufficiently to answer him, but involuntarily turned her head away, as if seeking some one. She met Bendixen's ardent gaze, and colouring deeply, threw down her eyes.

"May I have the pleasure of introducing my two friends to each other?" said König, bringing a young officer up to Jacob, "Lieutenant Engberg—Mr. Bendixen."

"I believe Mr. Bendixen and myself are old acquaintances from Fyen," said the lieutenant, "though, perhaps, he does not remember me."

But Jacob had already recognized him; he beheld before him the countenance of his first enemy, that of the boy with whom, in an excess of rage, he had fought on the shore. And to meet *him* in such a place, on such an evening! A sudden gloom fell upon him, like as on a bright summer's day, when dark clouds unexpectedly gather in the skies, and the gladdening sunshine is obscured. And the lieutenant was handsome, and he had an air of elegance and self-possession about him.

From that moment Jacob felt an involuntary dread of coming evil. Something seemed hanging over him—he knew not what exactly—but something that vaguely threatened an angry combat with some unknown foe. He could only throw off these gloomy forebodings when he found himself near Thora, and then his soul was filled with an almost delirious joy.

They were standing at one time together near a window some little distance from the dancers.

“What wonderful happiness man *can* enjoy!” remarked Jacob; “it appears to me as if in this very room I had seized good-fortune in my grasp, and as if I were overcome by its too near proximity. I verily believe that the organization of mankind does not admit of the realization of perfect happiness. It is better for man when it comes wafted to him as the breeze from shore comes fraught with perfume to the wanderer o’er the sea.”

“Are you so fond of dancing?” asked Thora.

“Dancing? No—it is not dancing that one cares for at a ball.”

“Not care for dancing!” cried she, laughing; “yet you have just been dancing with me.”

“With *you*—ah, yes—that *was* a pleasure!”

Thora felt that these few words, in the manner in which they were spoken, conveyed no bad ball-room compliment. After a short pause, Jacob said, “We are told in old romantic chronicles, that when at the midnight hour one seeks a treasure buried in the earth, one must keep profound silence; but when one seeks a living treasure, one must speak — but oh! to find that magic word!”

“I should not think *you* would fail to find it,” she replied gaily.

“Ah!” cried he, turning pale, “that I knew the charm which could overthrow the walls of prejudice—the potent charm, which could spread forgetfulness over much — it seems to be near me in yon music — but, it is our turn, lady.”

After midnight, Jacob was standing amidst a circle of his friends; they were drinking toasts in sparkling champagne, whilst the music from the ball-room was indistinctly heard. As he raised the glass to his lips, a stream of blood flowed over it; his friends gathered anxiously round him, they thought he had burst a blood-vessel. The bleeding was soon stopped, but his clothes were so stained with blood, that he was obliged immediately to go home. The only regret he felt was, that he had to leave the party without saying fare-

well to her who had made such an impression upon him. Had she only been present—could he only have seen her lovely cheek turn pale, her soft eyes look compassionately at him, he would have felt her sympathy cheaply purchased by any personal suffering. But he had to go without this consolation, and could only carry with him the remembrance of her face, radiant with gaiety and smiles.

CHAPTER XVII.

WHEN he awoke next morning, Jacob's first sensation was a kind of vague fear, a mortifying impression that he had made himself in some way or other ridiculous the evening before. He recalled carefully to mind all that had taken place, all that he had done and said, and although he could not, in his retrospective examination of himself, fix upon anything decidedly absurd, yet he could not shake off the uncomfortable feeling of uneasiness and embarrassment. "I was in a sort of intoxicated state," said he to himself—"I was out of my senses—what must that girl have thought of me? Oh, perhaps she will not know me when she sees me again—perhaps I may not recognize her—she was in a ball dress."

However, persuading himself that he had some business to arrange with Wilhelm Fangel, some very important business, he went at a later hour in the day to seek him. When Thora saw him, she uttered an exclamation of pleasure, and all his uneasiness vanished as if by magic, giving place to the most heartfelt joy, which was, if possible, increased, when Thora's mother asked him to spend the following evening with them.

He returned home with a lightened heart, and gay as a bird; but, skilful in tormenting himself, he began to fancy whether he might not have been asked so speedily, in order that his awkwardness might afford some amusement to the family. Nevertheless, he kept his engagement, and his visits were afterwards frequently repeated.

These led to a continual conflict in his mind between love and reason. Reason strove very hard to overcome love; but passion, as generally happens, not only triumphed over its more rational adversary, but even acquired strength from its opposition. Against his own will, he became more and more wrapt up in his new feelings; every little word of her he loved had its influence on his mind; a look could plunge him into painful reflections, or scatter gladness over his soul, until

his former objects of interest seemed worthless in his eyes, and a new existence seemed to be created for him, inseparably connected with that girl.

It is perhaps a more faithful than elegant simile, that a man in love resembles a drunkard. As the latter, languid, dispirited, and ill after each carouse, flies to the exhilarating glass again, so the former seeks the alleviation of his pain and anxiety by flying to her he loves. If this method of cure were less prevalent, we should not have so many drunkards, or so many lovers.

Several other young men also visited Thora's family ; and Jacob sometimes found himself so placed, that he almost fancied he hated that girl. At these times he would struggle against her powers of fascination ; and feeling he was subjected to a despotic sway, he would writhe in the chains which seemed to have been imposed on him without his own consent.

However trying was his situation, he avoided the society of his usual little circle of friends, in order to devote himself in solitude to his waking dreams ; for his thoughts were like the wild plans one makes on a sleepless winter night, of which one is almost ashamed when it is broad daylight, and one is out among the rest of mankind.

. . . . A travelling merchant has sold you a wild beast of the desert. You have given it milk and fine bread instead of warm blood. You have patted and caressed the creature whose sharp teeth have wounded your brethren. When storms bring to it a recollection of the woods, it will for a moment wish to betake itself back to them—but it cannot ; it has accustomed itself to your milk, your fine bread, and your soft silken hands.

. . . . The high priest Phineas, son of Eleazar, son of Aaron, the brother of Moses, took a sword and slew a Jew who loved a heathen maiden—slew him and her with the same sword.

. . . . It is written, that foes shall inherit the portion of any of the tribes who listen to the heathens and consort with them. It is a frightful curse ! But to see *her* devoted to another !

. . . . Why should it be that the smile upon the lips of woman can turn my brain ? The lips are, after all, but flesh and blood, and the smile perhaps a mechanical movement. Yes, I can say all this to myself here, in the solitude of my

home; but when I see the smile, my rationality is put to flight. I become giddy, and as it were intoxicated with happiness.

. He wears a red coat with epaulettes, has a feather in his hat, and a sword at his side, and I——am a Jew!

. Gemero says that one should learn to ride, fight, and swim. I have learned these things, I am a knight clad in a Jewish garb;—the only misfortune is, that I cannot cast the garb aside.

. I nearly killed him when I was a child in a desperate battle. That was anticipated hatred. He is now repaying me evil for evil—revenging himself because I *then* sought to take his life.

. Was it by accident that she went out of the room at the same moment with me, and that she took my arm, when I was about to part with her there? Did she observe that *he* was following closely? I would have asked her; but if I had heard that this daring hope was an illusion! Oh—this suspense is dreadful! I almost doubt at times if there be a God, when he permits his creatures to be so wretched.

. If she should be a coquet, and only amusing herself with me! What if I am thus consumed merely to be the victim of her vanity! Play no such game with me, Christian maiden! The poisoned fangs are not yet rendered innocuous!

. Would to God she had died in Holstein!

. Ah no! for then I should never have seen her.

. It is said that many Jews have had success among Christian girls, but in secret. Could I ever let *the Jew* be trodden under foot, while kisses were granted to the lips of *the man*? No, never! One great advantage I have over Christians. When one of them possesses a woman, he fears that she may secretly be unfaithful to him; but *I* may be sure of a woman's love when she resolves to be mine in the face of day.

Jacob, having accustomed himself to these solitary musings, was angry one day at being interrupted by a visit from Levy. Levy had often called on him, but had always been driven away by his silence and his apparently unsociable humour. This time, however, he had come evidently with the determination of remaining. He lighted his pipe, threw himself into a lounging-chair at a distant part of the room, and at first did not seem inclined to enter into any conversation. At length he said, "I am very unwelcome, I perceive; but when I explain

the reason of my visit, perhaps it will be excused. I have a curious case under my hands at present, and do not feel satisfied to treat it on my own responsibility alone. I am going to do you the honour of consulting you."

"What complaint is it?" asked Jacob.

"The matter will be told in a few words. I have a patient who was suffering from obstruction. I prescribed the proper medicine in small doses, but the man has swallowed a whole bottle of the medicine at once, so that he has now got a colic which cannot be stopped."

"And you ask me about that?" cried Jacob, bursting into a fit of laughter. "I must give you my learned opinion on such a case!"

"Yes, for thou art the man! as the prophet Nathan said to King David. You are the patient!"

"I!" exclaimed Bendixen; "are you out of your wits, Levy?"

"Yes, you! I prescribed for you a teacupful of the Christians every day; and you have taken a gallon."

"And by this flattering simile," cried Bendixen, angrily, "do you presume to allude to——" but the words died on his lips; he could not bring himself to pronounce the adored name in conjunction with anything so coarse.

"Be quiet—Bendixen, be quiet! I expected that you would get into a passion—people are always hot-headed when they are in love. But just remember that it is a friend who is speaking to you. A friend who is not speaking on account of any interest of his own, but for your sake. If you are so unreasonable as no longer to care to accept my sympathy, because my advice may not quite accord with your inclinations, say but a word, and I am gone."

Jacob could not bring himself to say that word, and Levy continued:—

"I have stumbled upon an unpleasant simile, I admit; but that signifies little. Be reasonable, Bendixen, and do not be so desperately enthusiastic about a pretty face. All the world remarks that you go every day to Fangel's, and are making a fool of yourself with your love-sick melancholy."

Jacob was thunderstruck at these words, and for a moment he stood the picture of embarrassment and dismay. Then he abruptly asked, "Has *she* said that I make myself ridiculous?"

"No," replied Levy, unwilling to say what was not strictly true, "I did not say that. I only spoke as to what I know others say."

Levy lost by this answer all the ground he had previously

gained. It had not occurred to him that a lover cares for the opinion of no one but her he loves, and that he regards all the rest of the world with utter indifference. Jacob, feeling much reassured, now in his turn attacked Levy. "What fault have you to find with the girl?" he asked.

"With the girl? none whatever! She is a very fine girl—for a Christian."

"What if she loves me, notwithstanding my being a Jew?"

"She cannot do so—at least she cannot think of marrying you."

"I pray of you, Levy, do not speak so lightly of the lady in question as to suppose that she could bestow her love on me without marrying me."

"She can no more marry you than a Brahmin maiden can marry a Pariah. Or rather—*she* might, but *he* could not; for what sort of a union would that be in which the wife believed herself to belong to a better caste than the husband?"

"Love equalizes everything."

"Yes, if the lovers lived in a desert; if there existed no kindred and friends, and acquaintances of the Brahmin girl to think that they demeaned themselves by extending their hand to a Pariah. Remember, my dear friend, that in marrying, one does not connect oneself with the bride alone, but with all her relations, at least with her immediate family. And the girl herself, though, while she is engaged to you only, she may forget that you are a Jew; as a wife, when the first ardent love is a little cooled, she may perhaps remember it. Think—if she were ever in anger to call you—Jew."

Jacob started; he remained silent for a few moments, and then said, "She is too amiable for that. No, she will never act in such a manner."

"But think of the opinion of the world! and—who shall marry you? A Christian priest? In which religion shall your children be brought up? In the Christian, of course. The antipathy to Jews will creep into their minds at the very earliest stage of life, and they will learn to despise their father. Fancy a moment your own children, when you place them on your knee and examine them as to their progress at school, suddenly confounding you with this question, 'Father—was it not the Jews who crucified Jesus Christ? The wicked Jews! If I could get hold of a Jew, would I not beat him soundly?'"

"Levy—you shock and distress me!"

"And bear in mind," continued Levy, "that marriage,

in point of fact, is nothing else than the intimate co-existence of two people who produce children into the world. It is sanctified by religion—I mean there is a religious element in marriage; it is the spiritual part, in which a man and woman are, as it were, amalgamated into a higher unity. But there is an enmity between Christianity and Judaism, which would necessarily prevent this fusion of the spiritual essence. I know not from whence comes this dark, indescribable enmity. What if it be the curse pronounced by him who died at Golgotha—what if it be *his* blood that is between us?—I know not; but I ask of you—have you never in your life remarked the curse that rests on us? or have you forgotten it now?”

Jacob came close to Levy with his face as pale as death. “Blood between us, Levy? Think you then that there is such fearful might in blood that has been shed?”

“What is the matter, Jacob? Your hair seems standing on end—do not be so terrified—I did not mean you to take my words quite literally.”

“But you, Levy—have you yourself never thought of marrying?” said Jacob, recovering his composure.

“I!—bah! When I get into good practice, I shall perhaps look out for a wealthy match among some of the Jewish families. I can manage at present to maintain myself, pass a tolerably comfortable life, and therewith I am content.”

“Ah, Levy! how happy you are!” said Jacob. He then fell for a few minutes into a deep reverie, starting suddenly from which, he exclaimed, as if in a prophetic ecstasy, “I see it all—all. It is fraught with evil—it will carry a secret curse with it! But I defy that curse. Let the cup be filled to the brim with the most deadly poison—I will drain it!”

“Well, then, shall we go and play a game at billiards for the present?” asked Levy, quietly.

This trifling common-place rejoinder had its desired effect upon Jacob; his excitement began to subside, but he looked with surprise at his friend.

“Ah! you stare at me. I only mean to say that if you are determined to go mad, I hope you will confine yourself to one subject of madness. You need not shun society because you are crazy for love. But it is no business of mine, and I wash my hands of it. However,” he added, as Jacob turned silently towards the window, and stood looking out, “will you make up your mind?”

“Yes!” said Jacob, with a deep sigh. They then went out together, arm-in-arm, as if each feared that the other would give him the slip.

EXTRACTS FROM THORA'S LETTERS TO HOLSTEIN.

..... I assure you, dear Wilhelmina, that there was plenty of attention paid to me at that ball. There were a Kammerjunker Hvidborn and Lieutenant Engberg, who were both so devoted to me, that, whenever they looked at each other, they put me in mind of two cocks, ready to fight about a handful of corn. It was really amusing to see these two gentlemen trying to out-do each other, and to hear them vying with each other in the extravagance of their compliments. There was also at that ball a very remarkable young man. I do not mean to say that he was remarkable either for beauty or elegance; no—his being remarkable lay in his being so different from the usual run of young men. I afterwards understood that he was a Jew. You can fancy my astonishment when I recalled to mind your old Jew pedlar, that dirty, wretched-looking, greedy old man, who drove such keen bargains, and looked more like a thief than anything else. And this youth was a Jew! It seemed quite impossible to believe it. When I remembered that it was most likely his habit to cheat people, I almost felt that I was committing a sin in speaking to him. But no—the name *Jew*, as far as relates to him at least, is only the cognomen of a certain set—in the same way as the name soldier belongs to a certain profession.

..... What do you think?—this young man is not only a distinguished student, but a good musician. He sings charmingly, and his voice is so pleasing, I can't help contrasting it with the snivelling of your old Jew. Oh—if he could only for once sit by your pianoforte, and sing a romance to you!

..... Jew!—There is something dark in that word—something that savours of hatred and contempt; but whenever I seriously reflect on the subject, these prejudices vanish like spectres. There are no actual, no reasonable grounds for hating and despising a man because he is of another religion. Yet when that name comes suddenly to my mind, it brings a cloud with it. This must be owing to there being something foreign, something strange, something almost fabulous about that nation; that they are of oriental origin, and apparently strangers among us;—if not this, what can it be? I feel that I do not know them rightly. It would be absurd to judge them all by the specimens I saw in Holstein: this would be much the same as if a foreigner were to take the women who sit at the fish-market as speci-

mens of all the Danish females. I would rather think of them as living in proud seclusion in their own dwellings, like Rebecca in *Ivanhoe*, concealing their riches under a humble exterior, but occasionally sending some representative of their nation forth into the world to uphold their honour. They may have their faults, but I cannot bear to think of them as people generally do.

..... Saladin was a great monarch, and a brave, noble-minded hero. The Saracens were quite as chivalric as the crusaders. I have read this in history, and in Walter Scott's works. The Jews are their countrymen, for they too are oriental. And have they not had mighty heroes among themselves? In the time of the Maccabees, for instance. And, after all, what were Jesus Christ himself and his apostles but Jews!

..... There is something very peculiar in his physiognomy. He is the only one of the young men who come here whose countenance bears the stamp of soul. When Lieutenant Engberg comes, I only see his uniform; in Kammerjunker Hvidborn I remark nothing but his waistcoat and gloves—but I do not remember ever to have noticed how *he* was dressed. Absolutely, I do not know whether he has large or small feet; but I think they must be small, or I should have been shocked by them. His face—his expressive countenance is his whole person. When he is in a gay humour, his smile is like the sun breaking through dark clouds—I could almost fancy that it illumines the apartment at times. It is wonderful to find a Jew so delightful.

..... My sister was bantering me the other day, and said that Bendixen was in love with me. Of course, she did not mean it; but, nevertheless, I felt so much what she said, that I almost cried. I do assure you that I have never taken it into my head that he is an admirer of mine; though I confess I have fancied the others I have named were. I have never given it a thought; indeed I have always supposed that he might be engaged to some beautiful girl of his own nation—one of the best of its daughters, whom he chose to conceal from the prying eyes of the world; and therefore my sister's assertion provoked me, and yet—how can I write the words?—I cannot but feel I would rejoice to be *that* chosen one of his people. But he could not overlook the difference between us.

..... He loves me! He loves me! It is morning now, and I have been sitting up the whole night, resting my arm on my knee, and repeating to myself these words, the words he said—"Thora, I have always loved thee. My dead

mother used to sing of thee!" What strange words—"I have always loved thee." There was something in his deep voice that went straight to the heart; something in his tones that utterly overpowered me. I fainted; and when I came to myself, I found myself clasped to his breast. How happy he looked! His lips quivered, his cheeks were very pale, but in his eyes there was an expression of proud triumph, as if he had won the world. I was almost proud of myself.

17th February, 1830.

DEAR WILHELMINA,—

I will now write you a reasonable letter; I have begun a great many to you, but I will not send these. I am betrothed! Yes, my dear girl; I have not kept to our old agreement—never to marry. So goes the world, you see. He is named Bendixen, and is very handsome and very loveable, you may believe. How happily we have spent our time latterly! A relation of my mother's is lately dead, and therefore we have been obliged to live very quietly, and not to go into society for some little time. But the days have passed so happily—oh! so pleasantly, with him and my family. You can't imagine what a fuss one's family makes about one when one is engaged; it is like keeping one's birthday every day. Make haste, my dear girl, and get yourself engaged; this is the best advice your friend can give you. It is rather lucky that this death has occurred to oblige us to live in retirement for a while, for my lover cannot bear the idea of receiving congratulations. When any of the few we receive at present congratulate him, he looks so distressed, that we have always a good laugh at him. He laughs at himself too, but excuses himself by referring to a Latin proverb, which says, that the gods are jealous and apt to work evil to those who are much congratulated on their happiness. And then he looks at me, as if he feared these same jealous gods should take me from him. But I call this a mere fancy—a whim, though I do not argue with him about it. All men are more or less whimsical. But I assure you he is a dear, good creature. My father and mother think very highly of him, and he is an old friend of my brother's, therefore I am the happiest girl in the world. You may believe how terrified I was lest my father should not have liked the match. You know my father; he is very good-natured and kind to us all, but he has odd ways, and when anything is going on among us, he sits sometimes in perfect silence, listening to all that is said, and then he rises suddenly, with a slight smile, and goes to his counting-house.

I was afraid that he would have had some objection to Bendixen. But the day Bendixen went to speak to him—oh, I shall never forget that day!—I stood in the room nearest the counting-house, and I felt just as if sentence were going to be pronounced upon me. Suddenly the door opened, and I heard my father say, “You are a worthy young man, that is enough. Ah! there she stands; take her, in Heaven’s name!” My father then threw his arm round my neck and kissed me, and turning to Bendixen, said, “I am going to tell her mother; excuse my absence.” Oh, how good my dear father is! Yes, dear Wilhelmina, I am most happy. That you may soon be equally so, my poor little friend, is the sincere wish of your affectionate

THORA FANGEL.

CHAPTER XVIII.

BRIGHT, wonderful spring-time of love! Thou hast a charm, a peculiar happiness, in which none can sympathize except those who are under thy influence, and this is a sure sign that in thee is to be found the truest felicity. Thou art silent as the looks that lovers exchange; thy speech, like the mystic language of freemasonry, bears a hidden intelligence undefinable to the rest of the world, who would vainly seek to penetrate its mysterious influence. Thou art indeed the spring, when the soul, cradled in felicity, listens to the soft melody of the sparkling rill, and inhales the perfumed balm of the bland and gladdening breeze.

They are short, these Paradise hours! Sometimes they do not last longer than till man’s eyes are opened, and he sees but the beautiful form of her he loves—then come distractions, longings, hopes, a war with the senses and all their coarser sensations, until the more refined feelings of admiration are swallowed up, and the dust is shaken from Psyche’s wings. Or, the necessities of life drive him forth to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, and when love has burdens to bear, he becomes weary and speedily droops; awhile he flutters his downy pinions, and tries to soar to the regions of bliss, but a load of every-day care soon checks the languid attempt. In whatever shape, in whatever way the cherubim may come, they too surely will come to close the gates of Paradise. But if one *has* been there and tasted of its joys, the heart becomes rich, and carries with it a treasure which memory can never altogether lose.

It was a sharp winter evening. According to the almanac, spring was approaching, and it seemed as if winter, on the eve of resigning his icy reign, had determined to make his departure remembered, by putting forth his whole fearful might. The snow circled in blinding whirlwinds, driven by a cutting east wind; the street-lamps seemed about to be extinguished, and the icicles hung in thick trellis-work from the cheerless-looking fast-closed windows. Jacob was almost alone in the streets; wrapped in his own thoughts, he heeded not the chilling storm, but battling manfully with the wintry wind, he strode on to the residence of his new family, where, for the first time since their mourning, there was to be an assemblage of friends. He had just reached the street, when two gentlemen passed him, and he caught a few words of their conversation. One of them exclaimed in a very marked tone—"It would positively be a sin! That beautiful girl!" He overheard no more; but that little was enough to upset his equanimity of mind.

As long as he had but one thought, one object, the winning of Thora's love, his path was as it were climbing a lofty hill whose summit was hidden from his view. But now that the summit was gained, now that his wishes were realized, his ever-restless spirit sought for other difficulties to overcome; and since he had felt assured that Thora would be his, he began to consider in what light others would look upon this union.

The words he had overheard turned the tide of discontent that was but too ready to flow.

"It is called a sin that yon lovely girl should be betrothed to a Jew," he exclaimed in bitterness of spirit.

When he entered the well-lighted drawing-room, where the family were assembled, he found the ladies, for the first time since they had laid aside their mourning, in gay evening dresses; the change made him feel somewhat of a stranger to them, and he almost doubted his right to be there. Thora looked finer and more stately in her handsome satin dress, and he fancied that her salutation to him, though perfectly courteous, was not so cordial or intimate as usual.

The merchant, contrary to his wonted custom, had remained the whole evening with his family, and his wife and children treated him with a degree of marked attention, as if grateful for the favour of his company. He was an elderly, somewhat corpulent man, with a good-humoured, sensible expression of countenance. In his early youth he had been brought up in a family where the manners of Caroline Matilda's knightly times were still cherished, and he had lived through the en-

thusiasm to which the first French revolution gave rise all over Europe. He had become a chivalric democrat, a citizen who knew no fear. He placed his pride on being independent of every great man, "in holding his head as high as the king himself," as it was his pleasure to assert, but not the less in courtly bearing towards the fairer sex, in proof of which he led out a lady to commence the dancing in his own house, and it was pleasant to see the old-fashioned good-breeding of his polite attentions to her. There was only one fault which his family had to find with him, and that was, that he went almost every evening to a club to talk politics with his old friends of the year '90, and to enlighten the minds of younger men. The ladies could not understand why he could not talk politics at home, or why the wine he drank at his club tasted better than the good wine in his own cellar; but "such are men!"

Though Jacob entertained an almost filial reverence for this worthy man, he was so unaccustomed to his society, that he felt under a good deal of restraint from his presence; and the old gentleman's gaiety, into which he could not bring himself to enter, made him still more uncomfortable.

A few moments after Jacob's arrival, the circle was increased by the addition of two young ladies, friends of Thora and her elder sisters. At the first glance which Jacob cast on the younger of the two girls, whom Thora flew with joy to receive, he took a dislike to her. She was extremely fair, her face round and ruddy, her nose short, and somewhat inclined to turn upwards, her upper lip curling with a slight sneer, her eyes keen and sparkling—in short, there was something in her lively, laughing, quizzical countenance which would call forth from a Jew this sentence upon her,—“She is *Ris-chainto*,”* an apprehension for which perhaps there could be no very defined reason avouched, no sort of cause brought forward, except that so gay a person might probably be inclined to ridicule the dusky, gloomy physiognomy of a Jew. Jacob felt, he scarce knew why, a mortal fear seize on him when he witnessed the friendly, familiar greeting between Thora and this sprightly-looking damsel.

When a girl is engaged to be married, she generally redoubles her attention to her female friends, because she is determined to show them that she is by no means so over head and ears in love as to forget them in the least. Having lost much of her *real* interest in them, she assumes more than she ever felt. Thora and Sophia had much to say to each other, and speedily left the other ladies for a little

* The feminine of *Roscho*—an enemy to the Jews.

private conversation. Sophia cast a look of inquiry and examination upon Jacob, and then whispered to Thora, "Your lover is certainly handsome; what fine dark eyes he has!" Whereupon Thora glanced towards him, blushed, and cast down her eyes. Jacob observed her glance and her heightened colour, and feeling convinced that Sophia had found some fault with him, or, at least, made some allusion to his being a Jew, he became extremely annoyed.

The dancers now took their places, but whenever they came near, Thora and Sophia had something to say to each other in a low tone of voice. Jacob would have given a year of his life to have prevented these private little snatches of conversation, but he could only curse the evil fate which he fancied pursued him in all things.

The family could not avoid observing the change which had taken place in Bendixen that evening. He, who in their domestic circle had always been so lively, so cordial, so pleased with everything, sat now sullen and silent, his look wandering uneasily around; and though they made allowance for his feeling a little shy among so many strangers, they could not understand why he should be so gloomy as effectually to cast a cloud over the gaiety of the party.

Lieutenant Engberg came later in the evening, and soon fell into deep discourse with the ladies. One would have thought that he had brought some very interesting news, for questions and answers seemed to be eagerly passing; and then his conversation apparently became witty, for everything he said was received with smiles and laughter, in which even the gentlemen one after the other joined,—all but Jacob, who still sat alone, as if he were not of the party.

Thora saw that something was the matter, but she could not conceive what it could be. She said to herself, "He can't be angry, surely, because I don't sit whispering to him with my hand in his before strangers? Can he be jealous? Oh! if I thought *that*—I would soon drive it out of him!"—and she resumed her attention to her mother's guests. More people continued to arrive, but the larger the party became, the darker grew the cloud on Jacob's brow. He did, indeed, attempt to control his ill-humour, but something inexplicable seemed to influence him, and whenever he tried to speak cheerfully for a moment, he immediately relapsed into still deeper gloom.

Late in the evening, after the guests had all gone, the merchant remained pacing up and down the room with long strides for some time; then suddenly stopping before his wife, he said,—

“Did you observe Bendixen’s conduct this evening?”

“Of course I did,” she replied; “he was very sour.”

“I have been quite vexed about it the whole evening,” said her husband. “What strange behaviour in a young man towards ladies! I am very partial to Bendixen, he is a clever, good young man, and I should be the last to cast up to him that he is a Jew. Nevertheless, I cannot but fancy that his conduct this evening is in a great measure to be attributed to his being a Jew. A Jew has no chivalry in him, he is not brought up with chivalric or courteous sentiments. But when he is betrothed to a Christian lady, he really should take *some* pains to behave like the rest of the world.”

His wife replied, “I think he was vexed that he was not alone with us as usual. But you are right; he ought to try to accommodate himself to us. My gentleman must be shown that he is not to domineer in this house.”

The merchant said, after a little reflection, “It is rather a ticklish matter to interfere in. I cannot take upon myself to teach him manners, and we must not say a word to Thora about all this without the greatest caution.”

The worthy couple had some further consultation on the subject, and finally agreed that the matter must be treated with all possible delicacy, and that they would wait for a good opportunity to enter upon it.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE opportunity, however, was not so easily found; and so many days had passed over without their seeing Jacob, that they had almost forgotten their displeasure. When he did come, the family happened to be alone, and he was as agreeable and affectionate in his manners as formerly, though his countenance still wore an expression of suffering.

On Saturday evening, Thora said to him, “Won’t you come here to-morrow forenoon?”

Jacob turned pale, and looked as if he were endeavouring to conceal some sudden pain.

“Are you ill?” cried Thora.

“Oh, no,” said he, drawing his hand across his brow; “it is only a momentary indisposition, it will be over presently.”

“Ah, no; you are ill,” cried Thora, anxiously; “for several days past you have not looked like yourself. Stay at home to-morrow, and I shall try to prevail on my mother to make a little visit to you along with me.”

Thora did not observe that the expression of suffering in Jacob's face had vanished at these words. She took his silence for admission of his illness, and was only anxious to get him quickly home.

But the next day Jacob had quite recovered his spirits; and the following Saturday, when Thora bade him come on Sunday, he readily promised to do so.

Contrary to his expectation, he found her alone. She was almost alarmed at the excess of his joy, gazing with delight at her, and then looking with the greatest satisfaction round the room, as if they had met for the first time after a prolonged absence.

She sat by his side, playfully pushing his hair back from his forehead, and looking into his eyes, which were fixed on her with even more than their usual tenderness. She spoke little, for her heart was too full; but he poured out his love in low and musical tones, in words that were almost poetical. Thus wrapped up in each other they sat, forgetting all the world beside.

But the entrance of Thora's mother and sister too soon put an end to this *tête-à-tête*. Jacob rose, and saluting his future mother-in-law, hastened to assist her and her daughter in taking off their cloaks and shawls, while he asked where they had been.

"We have been at church," said the elder lady, "and heard a most excellent sermon."

Jacob very soon after took up his hat to go, but was made to promise that he would return in the evening.

When he had gone, Thora's mother said, "There is something very odd about that young man. I verily believe he is annoyed because we go to church. Is he so absurd as to wish the whole household re-baptized? What a face he made when I said we had come from church! My God! Can't he be as tolerant as we are?"

Thora felt hurt at these words, and began to cry.

"Don't cry, my dear girl," said her mother; "things are not *very* bad; your father and I have talked a good deal about Bendixen, and we have agreed that you will easily set him to rights. A girl has a great deal of influence over the man to whom she is engaged. You must inspire him with more *chivalric* feelings, to use your father's words, and set all his whims adrift. He is so devoted to you, that you can twist him round your finger."

Thora's tears stopped, and she began reflecting on what her mother had said.

The evening came; strangers again dropped in, and again

Jacob's brow was clouded; there was nothing positively to find fault with in his manners, he was neither moody nor mute; but those who knew him in his happier moments could not fail to perceive that he was constrained and ill at ease. The family were naturally annoyed, for they would have liked that Thora's intended should have made an agreeable impression on their friends; that he should have been the life of their little circle, and that every one should have had cause to remark, "To what an amiable, superior man Thora is engaged!"

On his arrival that evening, Thora had met him in the lobby, and had said, "Do let me see you sprightly and pleasant to-night." "What," he asked himself, "was the reason of this exhortation? Had her family been finding fault with him—had there been any dispute—anything disagreeable said?"

When, in the course of the evening, Jacob addressed himself to the lady of the house, there was a sharpness in her tone and distance in her manner he had never observed before; and when he spoke to the merchant, he was answered shortly, almost uncivilly. Jacob turned away with quivering lips, and tears in his eyes, and for the remainder of the evening he became still more silent and constrained. It was not possible for Thora herself to be longer blind to the peculiarity of his behaviour; and when he was gone, she set herself earnestly to consider what would be the best plan to pursue towards him in order to cure him of what appeared the unreasonable indulgence of capricious fancies.

CHAPTER XX.

THE following morning, Jacob sat sipping his coffee with that deep seriousness of air with which one sometimes performs mechanical operations whilst one's mind is fixed on other things. "It is fortunate," said he, while he played with his spoon, "that Levy is away at present. I almost dread his speedy return, although he is the only being to whom I can speak freely." Jacob thereupon sank back in his chair in deep thought, from which he was roused, after a time, by a knock at the door. It slowly opened, and Levy stood on the threshold. "Levy!" cried Jacob, starting, and getting up to meet him, "welcome! How strange it is that I was just thinking of you!"

"Hush!" said Levy, still standing in the doorway, and, with a mock heroic air,—“hush; disturb not my feelings on meeting a betrothed friend. I am looking at a happy man, who lives only upon love. I congratulate you!”

"Thanks, Levy, thanks; but do come in; why stand at the door? Come and take a seat."

"Well, I suppose I find you in a fever, of course; a fever of happiness."

Jacob tried hard to assume an expression of delight, and put his eyes and the muscles of his face to no little trouble in order to make them look as they were expected to do, while he placed Levy on the sofa, and presented him with a pipe; but he could only say, "May I give you a cup of coffee?"

Levy cast a quick glance on Jacob, whilst he tasted his coffee; he then took the proffered pipe, and quietly began to smoke. At length he said, "I will drink your coffee, Bendixen; but this is a very tame way of receiving congratulations. I reckoned upon half a dozen bottles of champagne, at least."

"Did you?" said Jacob, smiling.

"Merciful heaven!" cried Levy, "did ever any one see such a man! When one should be borne up on the wings of love to the seventh heavens,—when one should only skim this nether world, and soar above all its wants and its imperfections,—to see one sitting prosily in one's room over a sober cup of coffee! Why, one should be gazing in fancy on the bright eyes of the fair enchantress, and forgetting whether one is eating bread with or without butter; one should be in a state of pleasing distraction, oblivious of all things but one's proud and happy destiny,—wrapt in delightful contemplation not only of the beloved herself, but of every man, woman, and child connected with her—aunts and cousins included. This is *love*;—but, Bendixen, *you* do not look as if there were any joy in *your* heart; your eyes are cold and glassy, your smile is as invisible as the murmuring fountain of the desert!"

As Levy uttered these last words, Jacob gave up the vain effort to look pleased, and sat the picture of melancholy.

"Oh, you need not attempt to deceive me," continued Levy. "Do you not think that I know you well enough to perceive that you are not as happy as you sought to be? But, what is the matter?" he asked, in a sympathizing tone. "Do the family not behave well to you? Do they despise the Jew?"

"No; I should be most ungrateful to say that they did. There is not the slightest cause of complaint against them," replied Jacob. "Alas!" he added, "after all, it is not from them, it is from myself that my unhappiness arises."

"I thought as much," remarked Levy, inwardly.

"It is myself I blame; and yet I cannot help it. Oh, I cannot describe to you the painful situations in which I often find myself placed. I am so constrained, so miserable when strangers are *there*. It appears to me absolutely indelicate that the family should receive so many guests when they have a Jew for their future son-in-law. When I am obliged to go there, if I see two men talking in a low tone of voice to each other, if they smile, and I cannot hear what they are saying, or know why they smile, I am wretched. I have not eyes or ears enough to follow all that is going on, and imagination tortures me. Yet, when I am absent, I long to be there; especially as I know that when I am not present that puppy Lieutenant Engberg makes a point of fluttering round my beloved Thora."

"Oh! in order to fill up the measure of your unhappiness, you are jealous too, are you?"

"No; but he has paid attentions to the same girl as I have, and now that she has decided in my favour, I live in terror lest he should induce her to draw back. He takes a great deal more pains to please her than he need do, circumstanced as she is. One would think he expected that his time would come."

"But is he not related to them?"

"Yes, distantly;—but that does not warrant his conduct under existing circumstances."

"Perhaps not—yet nevertheless it is nothing out of the usual course of things; you can't help the family's being intimate with him. Why be vexed at that, when by your own account they treat you with so much delicacy?"

"Have you never remarked that there is a delicacy which wounds? It is just the misfortune that delicacy is required. Their considerate silence has something in it distressing to me, who have been so accustomed to rough words, that I scarcely ever expect any others. If they would only for once speak about Jews, and laugh at them when I am present! That would really be a benefit to me—for that would remind me of what I too often forget—that I *am* a Jew. But not the slightest approach to a sneer or a jest about the Jews is to be heard,—though doubtless they are often upon the tongue. The other day, there was a conversation about

a man who is called Jacobsen ; I read in every countenance the desire to ask if he were a Jew, but they corrected, or rather curbed themselves, and were discreetly silent. Of course they remembered that I am a Jew ; my presence was a restraint to them, they could not speak so frankly to me, or before me, as if I had been a Christian. My greatest wish, my greatest delight would be to mingle among them as one of their family, but at every turn I am reminded, unintentionally reminded, that I am a stranger among them. Our blood will not commingle in brotherhood—there stands between us an evil power that thrusts us from each other.”

For a long time after Jacob had ceased speaking, Levy sat silent—at length he said,

“If I had only looked with half an eye, I could have told you all you have been describing to me. The fact is, we are Jews—and the worst of this fact is, that we are feelingly alive to it ourselves. Do what we will, *that* cannot be helped. However, I am your physician, and shall still prescribe for you, though you have neglected my former good advice. But you must promise to be a more obedient patient—will you?”

Jacob cast himself upon the sofa, covered his eyes with his hands, and made no reply.

Levy paced up and down the room for some time in silence, and then said,

“You may ask why I come to you, and, as it were, extort your confidence. I might ask myself the same question, and I could scarcely answer myself why. However, as I do take a deep interest in you, I would naturally say—‘Why the devil did you betroth yourself? Would that you had let such a fool’s trick alone!’ But lamentations and exclamations will do no good, so, as your friend and physician, I shall do my best to prescribe for you. I shall treat you as a sick patient lying there upon the sofa. Let us see under what circumstances a marriage between a Jew and a Christian woman can become a happy one. In the first place, such a union may answer extremely well when a Jew from the precincts of Leather-lane, or Little King-street, enters into wedlock with a Christian lady, whose rank is pretty much on a par with that of a chambermaid. When such a pair become engaged, they have, once a week at least, namely on Sunday, a pleasant little fight up in the lady’s garret, ending always with the lover’s descending the stairs in double quick time, whilst his gentle sweetheart screams after him. This amiable little scene gives occasion for a loving

reconciliation on the Monday, when the gentleman as readily forgives the abusive epithets applied to him, as the lady the smart box on the ear, to which he, in a moment of excitement, had treated her. When the well-bred couple are married, the same sort of life is carried on, only that the warm little scenes occur more frequently, and are not confined to days kept holy by the religion of either, but at the same time the reconciliations increase in proportion. The bonds of unanimity between them are—want of money, the struggle for existence, and jealousy of any thriving neighbour. They are a worthy, well-assorted couple, with strong nerves and hard fists. The next case to be brought forward is such as this—when a rich old rascal of a Jewish debauchee becomes acquainted with a poor Christian girl, who has a scheming, coquettish mother. He gives them presents, accompanies them to shops, buys shawls and dresses for them; in short, makes himself so indispensable to them, that they gladly close with his matrimonial offers. During the period of his engagement, the rich old Jew dresses and adorns her for himself; after the wedding, for others. He has made a purchase, a bargain, as one buys a lot of oranges, and is fain to make the most of the good half, seeing that the other portion of the lot is rotten. But, what is your case? You have been scorched by that bright, that magic flame, called love; acting upon impulse, you have betrothed yourself. Might not I have reasonably feared for your reception—the reception of a Jew among Christians? But, wonderful to relate, you have stumbled upon a Christian family who are not only tolerant, but who kindly strive to smooth all unpleasant differences by marked attention; a family in the almost incredible circumstances of having no large circle of relations who consider they have a right to discuss their affairs, give opinions, and find fault, and be more difficult to please than the family itself. Here is a degree of romantic good fortune, a happy chain of events, enough to smooth the quills of the most testy Jew porcupine that ever lived, who did not actually delight in bristling, with ill-tempered intolerance, against both friend and foe. Compare your destiny with that of many votaries of Hymen, and praise God and the fates for your good luck. Trespass not by despising the good gifts of Providence! If these people forget, or seem to forget, that you are a Jew, forget it yourself also, or behave as if you had forgotten it. The girl loves you, there can be no doubt of that; why then do you not explain your most secret feelings to her—why do you not put her fully in your confidence, and thus win her over

entirely to your interest? Speak to the girl, man! She will be your best ally, your protector, mediator—what you will—with her family. Now I have said my say—and—my coffee is cold.”

Long before Levy had concluded his exordium, Jacob had sprung up, looking gay and happy. “You are right, Levy, quite right!” he exclaimed. “I have been blind.—I have been an ——. Oh! I live again; I am, as it were, new-born.”

“Yes,” cried Levy, interrupting him, “and I shall take great credit for my services on the difficult occasion of your second birth.”

“Oh, do not jest, Levy; you have removed a mountain from my breast; you are my guardian angel—my deliverer! How shall I thank you? When shall I ever be able to perform a similar good office for you?”

“Never, I devoutly hope,” said Levy, laughing. “The Lord of Hosts preserve me from becoming as crazy as you! But, since you talk of gratitude—marry as fast as you can, and make me the medical attendant of your family—that will be a nice little addition to my practice. But I forget you are yourself a physician, so my important advice must be given gratis. However, I do stipulate for one thing, viz., that after the wedding you will treat me to champagne instead of coffee when I come to congratulate you.”

When Levy was gone, Jacob hastened to his betrothed. On the way he said to himself, “Yes, I will reveal to her all the scenes and impressions of my childhood; she shall look into the inmost recesses of my heart, and then she will stand by me like my good angel, and drive all evil thoughts from my soul.”

With a lightened heart and a joyous countenance he ascended the stairs of the fair Thora’s abode.

CHAPTER XXI.

HE found the drawing-room filled with strangers. The moment was evidently not favourable for his errand; but he was so bent upon his purpose, that he felt irresistibly inclined to brave all obstacles. The visitors, who were in the midst of a lively conversation when Jacob entered, consisted of a

French lady, the family who had brought her, Lieutenant Engberg, and two other young men.

On Jacob's name being announced, Thora trembled lest he should be annoyed at finding so many guests with them ; but there was such an unusual gaiety in his look, such cordiality in his manners, that she quickly lost her fears, received him with her sweetest smile, and presented him, with a pleased and proud look, to the French lady, as the gentleman to whom she was engaged. The lady thereupon seemed to think it her duty to bestow particular attention upon him, and immediately made an effort to drag him into the conversation which had been going on, and which turned upon her amusing adventures during the short time she had been in Copenhagen.

French was the language spoken in compliment to this lady, and Jacob soon perceived that Lieutenant Engberg spoke that language much better than he did. He vowed to himself that this should not long be the case ; but vows for the future would not help him at that moment. He was not accustomed to see himself inferior in any acquirement or accomplishment, and therefore Lieutenant Engberg's superior knowledge of French chagrined him the more, especially as Thora also spoke French with fluency, and consequently there was more lively conversation between her and Engberg than between her and himself. He began to feel, first uncomfortable, then exasperated, and remembering the errand on which he had come, the visitors who had interfered with his object began to be disagreeable to him. Still he went on speaking, and even, sorely against his inclination, joined in the general laughter, though it was an immense effort for him to do so.

Some cake and coffee were handed round.

"Try this, madame," said Thora to the French lady ; "this is a Danish honey-cake ; you have nothing like this in France. It is sent to us by my aunt from the country."

"By the by, Bendixen, my aunt will probably be with us soon. Oh ! how glad I shall be to make you acquainted with my dear good aunt Matilda !"

"I shall be very glad too," replied Jacob, "if your aunt be as good as her honey-cake. Permit me to take another piece on the strength of her welcome arrival."

Jacob said *pièce* instead of *morceau* ; *pièce* (as is well known) means a large quantity, a whole loaf. The French lady laughed, and said, "Well—your good wishes towards her must certainly be large, if measured by the justice you promise to do to her cake."

Thora and Lieutenant Engberg both laughed also. Jacob took fire in a moment; he fancied that he was an object of ridicule to the party, and a dark cloud gathered on his brow. His sudden change of expression startled both the ladies, who immediately became grave; but the lieutenant, evidently enjoying his annoyance, laughed louder than before. At that moment, Jacob turned towards the officer, and exclaimed fiercely, "Lieutenant Engberg!"

The lieutenant was silenced and turned pale. The natural effect of this little scene was to put a stop to all the previous hilarity; every one seemed afraid to speak, and consequently there followed an awkward silence. In vain Jacob, conscious that he was the culprit, exerted himself to start a subject—it would not do—every one looked suspiciously at him, and he soon relapsed into the gloom which was habitual to him in general society.

While things were in this unpleasant state, the post-boy's horn was heard, and a carriage stopped suddenly before the door. This broke the spell, and many of the party went to the windows to see who it could be. Jacob blessed the traveller in his heart, while Thora exclaimed, "Mother, it is my aunt!" "Yes," cried her sister, "it *is* aunt!" and clapping her hands joyfully, she rushed out to receive her. The visitors immediately took their leave, and Jacob, abashed and uncomfortable, would willingly also have made his escape, but he felt that it might be considered a breach of etiquette.

When the aunt had kissed and embraced her sister and her nieces, and made inquiry for her brother-in-law, she turned towards Jacob, who was then presented to her as Thora's future husband.

"I congratulate you," said the lady, in a cold and haughty manner, while Jacob acknowledged the introduction by a very low bow.

"But how did you happen to come so unexpectedly, dear Matilda?" said Mrs. Fangel.

"Oh, by a very happy chance. You all know that, since his sister's death, my husband has felt a great disinclination to remain at his old living, though it is so pretty a place. He made application, therefore, for a rectory here in town, and the day before yesterday a letter came, saying he could have it. The moment I heard this, I determined to come up and stay with you until my husband can join me. Truth to tell, I am tired enough of being a country parson's wife, and right glad to get back to Copenhagen."

"Oh, how delightful!" exclaimed Thora's sister. "Then

uncle may be our minister, and you can be married by him, Thora ! ”

“ Thora ! ” exclaimed the aunt, with a look of keen inquiry ; “ can *she* be married by a Christian priest ? ”

So unexpectedly—so abruptly did this question come, that Jacob could at first scarcely believe his ears, and even upon consideration he could scarcely think it possible that her speech was not a mere lapse of the tongue. The others seemed not to have noticed it, for Mrs. Fangel almost at the same moment had asked—

“ And when is your husband coming ?—of course he will not remain long behind.”

“ He has undertaken to superintend the sale of our furniture ; there is to be an auction—when that is over, he will come up.”

“ But will you not go and take off your travelling cloak, aunt ? ” said Thora’s sister ; Thora herself had walked silently to a window, while Jacob stood in another window, as if he did not know exactly what to do with himself.

“ Yes, thank you, my dear, and let me have a cup of warm coffee —. Ah ! here is the lieutenant,” she cried, as her eye fell on Engberg, who had re-entered the room, and now approached her. “ Ah ! I have got a scolding to give you,” she added in a lower voice as she received him, “ for letting my niece be carried off under your very nose.”

Jacob overheard these words, and there was now no room to doubt her opinions. The aunt stood before him as a demon that had broken loose to torment him.

Presently after, she left the room to arrange her dress, and Jacob longed to detain Thora, in order to keep her for even a few minutes longer from her dreaded aunt, but with a dejected look she followed the other ladies. For about an hour he was left alone, and it passed in the deepest anxiety as to what might be the communications given and received in the bedroom to which they had retired.

So thoroughly was the misery of his mind impressed upon his countenance, that when Thora returned she hastened to him, and took his hand while she looked up in his face with tears in her eyes. The mute appeal was not altogether lost upon Jacob ; in one moment all his vexation was forgotten—but it was *for one moment* only—in the next he asked himself, “ How long will she retain love and respect for the Jew who is insulted under her own roof ? ”

At dinner on the same day Jacob was placed next to the aunt at table, probably with the intention, on the part of

Thora's family, that they should become good friends ; but the first word uttered by the lady was enough to shock the sensitive Jew.

"Dear," she exclaimed, "how surprised I am ! Do *you* then eat with us ?"

Shortly after she turned to him more graciously, and questioned him respecting his birthplace, his profession, &c. &c. When he had replied to her queries, she unluckily added,

"But what do your own family say to your having engaged yourself to a Christian ?"

Jacob had self-possession enough to give her some indirect reply, but he was made thoroughly uncomfortable, and sat as if upon thorns. He would have sacrificed a year of his life to have silenced that tongue, to have arrested the venomous words which were too distinctly audible to the whole party. He was casting about in his troubled mind for some means of checking her inquisitorial impertinence, when she herself turned to some one else, and carelessly started a totally different subject, evidently not wasting a thought on the pain she had given, or the hatred she was creating.

Wilhelm came home just then, and on perceiving his aunt, at whose house in the country he had so often spent so many happy summer months, he ran up to her, and threw his arms round her neck. He afterwards turned to Jacob, and, as usual, held out his hand to him in a friendly manner ; but Jacob was in no humour to press that hand cordially, which had previously been tendered in such affectionate welcome to the odious aunt, and he returned Wilhelm's salutation with a cold "good day."

He felt that all eyes were upon him, and that he could not fail of being regarded as a disturber of the family's harmony ; and yet he could not accuse himself of being the aggressor on this occasion at least. On the way home, he found himself almost, as it were, in a state of somnambulism—in a state of confused and double existence—and there were moments when he fancied all that had passed to have been a dream : but then, again, the truth would stand out clearly and prominently before him in all its harsh reality, and he reached his own door in a very different state of feeling from that in which he had left it on the early part of the day.

CHAPTER XXII.

A FEW days after, Jacob received a letter by the post, and a sort of melancholy joy filled his heart, when he found that the address was in his father's handwriting. He read as follows :—

MEIN BEN JOCHID,*

I have duly received thy letter, wherein thou hast informed me that thou, baavaunauseinu horabim,† hast betrothed thyself to the daughter of an Oreil.‡ Hast thou well considered what thou wert thus doing? Hearken to the earnest words of thy father. Thou art descended from Koschre Jehudim;§ our Ovaus ovauseinu|| have ever been meschadurh with Jehudim,¶ they have never forsaken the God of their fathers. But what hast thou in contemplation to do? What would thy mother, oleho hascholaum!** she, who reposes in everlasting Eden, and maketh intercession for our sins—what would *she* have said, had she still lived, at thy intermarrying with the daughter of a strange nation? Thou art no am hooretz;†† thou mightest well have obtained a bride amongst the richest of thine own true faith. Thinkest thou that thou canst be happy with a daughter of the strangers? Thinkest thou she will forget that thou art a son of Israel? and thine offspring, tell me, what is to become of them? Wilt thou be able to bring them up according to the law? My son—my ben jochid! Thou art blinded—thou art rushing upon perdition—thou art driving thy father to tear his hair, and to curse the hour of his birth! Thou wilt cause me to cry, that the glory hath departed from our house. But why speak I of myself? My hair is turning grey, and my head is drooping towards keiver ovaus;‡‡ and I long after it. Since thy mother's death, I am alone, and now thou goest after the Gentiles, never—never to return! But the fault is even mine own, for I myself sent thee into the midst of nissoijaun;§§ and from thy cradle I have prayed God to take all masaul||| from my head, and lay it upon thine. I only give thee my best eizo.¶¶

* My only son,

‡ One who is not a Jew.

|| Father's fathers.

** Peace be with her.

‡‡ The grave.

||| Good-fortune, happiness, or blessing.

† In punishment of our great sins.

§ Pure and spotless Jews.

¶ In the habit of marrying among Jews.

†† Inferior fellow.

§§ Temptation.

¶¶ Advice.

Thy uncle and aunt, and all our family here, are wroth against thee; they will not speak of thee, except to declare that thou wilt let thyself schmatte.* But I am thy father; the Lord will forgive, that I cannot pronounce klolo† upon thee. I stretch forth my hand to thee; bow thy head, my son, and receive my blessing: Jevorechecho Adaunoivejischmerecho, joeir Adaunoi ponov eilecho vichunecko, jiso Adaunoi ponov eilecho vejoseim lecho scholaum!‡

KAN DIVREI OVICHO JEDIDECHO.§

Scarcely had he received this letter, when some one knocked at the door, and an elderly Jew entered, and begged for charity. The petitioner could not have chosen a more favourable moment, for his father's letter had rendered the Jews, and all that related to them, dear to Jacob; to see this Jew begging, pained him, as if he had been a near relation of his own, and he gave him a handsome sum. The surprised Jew conceived that it was a charitable offering, made in atonement for some fault, and hastened away, exclaiming, "God be merciful to you!"

These words, and the tone in which they were said, fell upon Jacob's ear, as the ringing of the church bells on a Christmas morning must sound to the ears of a Christian; a deep—sad—indescribable longing took possession of him; he envied the wretched Jew, who had gone back among his own people. The veins in his forehead swelled with the overburdened feelings of his heart — "Home—home — let me go home to my father's arms!" he cried — "and Thora?"

As the bird which is tied by a silken string attempts to fly upwards into the air, but is suddenly checked in its progress when it has gone the length of its slender chain, and must submit to the bondage imposed on it, Jacob's tide of feelings was arrested by that name, and turned into another channel.

Thora! — all the dearest affections hoarded in his heart, awoke with redoubled ardour at that magic name. The image of his beloved placed itself before him, radiant in all the charms of beauty, happiness, and love—his soul was again for a moment enthralled; but then came agitating doubts,

* Be baptized.

† Anathemas.

‡ Jehovah bless thee and hear thy prayers. May the light of his countenance shine upon thee, and preserve thee. May his goodness encompass thee about, and give thee peace!

§ Thus speaks thy loving father.

suspicious, fears—to cast their dark and threatening shadows between them. “What shall I do?” he exclaimed at length. — “Things must go on as God in heaven wills!”

On the same evening, most of the Fangel family were gathered in confidential discourse round the tea-table. The merchant had repaired to his club; Wilhelm walked restlessly up and down the room, often going towards the door, as if he wished to go out; and as often lingering in, as if detained by the interest of the conversation which was going on.

“Well, on the whole, he is a young man of very good manners,” said Aunt Matilda, when Mrs. Fangel had been expressing her astonishment that they had not seen Bendixen the whole of that day. “I had expected to have found him with quite the countenance of a Jew huckster; but I really am agreeably surprised. You have shown some taste, little Thora; — but he must be weaned of his religion; we must not let him remain a Jew.”

Thora made no reply, but she had on her lips, “Mind your own business, my good aunt.”

Mrs. Fangel said, “I have always thought a great deal of him; he is a sensible, quiet, upright young man; the only fault I have to find with him is, his being so dull and silent latterly. Before he was betrothed, he used to be as gay and good-humoured as possible; and when he used to look at me with his large dark eyes, it always seemed to be as if he would have gone through fire and water for me. But as soon as he was engaged, a change came over him.”

“Perhaps his family are against the match,” suggested the aunt.

“No—I do not think so; he never speaks of them.”

“That confirms my opinion,” said the aunt.

“Oh—you are mistaken,” persisted Mrs. Fangel; “he has his own fortune—why need he trouble his head about his family? Depend on it, he thinks too much of Thora to care about anybody’s opinion.”

“You might very easily contrive to find out what is the matter with him, Wilhelm,” said Thora’s sister to her brother; “you and he have always been such good friends.”

“Excuse me,” said Wilhelm; “I am not fond of meddling in anybody’s love affairs—not even in my sister’s; Thora has chosen for herself—I am sure I can be of no service; besides, did you not all observe how distant he was with me also?”

“Well, if I may speak out, I verily believe the fact is—

though it is too absurd—but do you remember, Milly, the day we came from church? I verily believe the fact is, that he cannot bear our being Christians.”

The aunt burst into a fit of laughter, and cried, “What! Do you really suppose now, that he wishes us all to turn Jews?”

“No—not exactly that—but there is something strange; I hardly know what he wants; I cannot reconcile myself to his grave looks.”

Wilhelm looked sarcastically at his mother; and after a moment's silence, the aunt said,

“Well, leave him to me, and see how I will manage him. In the first place, I shall soon weary him of being a Jew. If he loves Thora as he ought to do, he will like her religion also. And on the day he is baptized, I will give my consent with all my heart to his marriage with my dear, pretty pet here;” and she went up to Thora, and kissed her.

However much annoyed Thora felt at her aunt's unsolicited interference in her concerns, she could not but admit that that lady was actuated by the affection she had always shewn to her sister's family. She therefore forbore from making a sharp reply, and determined to let things take their course.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE more this worthy Aunt Matilda thought about the matter, the more it interested her. She anticipated the triumph she would have when she had enriched the congregation by such a proselyte—a triumph even greater than she had sometimes enjoyed at the parsonage, when her efforts had re-established the health of a sick chicken, or kept one in life which everybody else pronounced to have been hatched only to die. She resolved to go quietly and deliberately to work. “Slow and sure” was her motto on the occasion; she would be the prime mover—every word that was said to Jacob should be weighed by her, and everything said or done was to be so arranged as to bear upon and bring to pass the desired end. With these dispositions in his favour, he became quite dear to her—dear as her own expected triumph, which could not be consummated without him.

She pitched upon Wilhelm for her confidant and coadjutor in her enterprise. To him she unfolded her plan, which was, first, in a friendly manner, to expostulate with Bendixen on

his being a Jew ; then to expatiate to him on the superiority of the Christian religion, and if he disputed that fact, to bring down a host of arguments on him, to battle the watch with vigour, and finally to win a decided victory. She asked Wilhelm if he could not furnish her with some theological works which might assist her in the forthcoming disputation ; and she concluded by saying that, as she and her husband had no children, they would adopt the young Jew as their son, provided that he allowed himself to be baptized.

“ Why, aunt,” said Wilhelm, “ you must of a surety be a descendant of the famous priest Tangbrand.”

This sarcasm much displeased the lady, who answered, “ I am not joking, nephew, nor am I intolerant. The man’s being a Jew is nothing to me as far as concerns himself ; it is not for the sake of his eternal salvation that I wish him baptized ; but since he has become betrothed to a Christian girl, he ought to turn a Christian.”

“ Yes, aunt,” replied Wilhelm ; “ but I do not think that your method will be successful. If I know Bendixen, he will not believe that you are actuated by friendship when you talk to him about Judaism and Christianity. The only way to win him to be a Christian is to behave to him as if we scarcely thought him anything else ; to be on easy, friendly terms with him, and then perhaps he will become a Christian without himself being aware of the change.”

“ Oh ! a capital mode of conversion ! ” cried the aunt ; “ let him go and be a Jew until he becomes a Christian of his own accord : that is really exquisite ! ”

“ Well, you won’t succeed better than the wind did when it tried to force the wayfarer to take off his cloak. But I must be excused from meddling in the affair. Bendixen seems rather out of humour with me at present, but he will soon come round, I dare say : at any rate, I cannot take any part in your female diplomacy.”

Things turned out as Wilhelm had predicted ; his aunt’s bright plan proved quite a failure. Bendixen soon sought only to avoid her ; he never called, except to take Thora out for a walk, to attend her to the theatre or to some other place of amusement, and never remained long in the house. Aunt Matilda was often in very bad humour, and on one occasion she said peevishly, “ Thora, your admirer should make you stand sentry at the house door, then he would be spared the disagreeable necessity of coming in.”

“ Yes,” said Mrs. Fangel ; “ for it is quite evident that he hates all the rest of us equally.”

Jacob thereupon made a sign to Thora, and the following day he went up to the lady of the house, and begged her to accompany Thora and himself in their walk, proposed taking her with Thora to the theatre, and when alone with these two, resumed so entirely his former kind, cordial manner, that he was quite re-instated in that lady's good graces. The aunt took every occasion to find fault with him, but her bitter words fell unheeded; Mrs. Fangel had taken Jacob again under her special protection.

"Well, never did I see such a betrothal!" exclaimed Aunt Matilda one day. "One would think it was a clandestine engagement, and that none but the mother of the girl was in the secret. He never comes when there is company; and he never opens his mouth at any time to the rest of us."

"He has no time to go into society," said Mrs. Fangel, apologizingly; "he is reading hard for the examination, and it would be well if every young man were as diligent as he is."

But soon after this there came an invitation for Wilhelm and Mille from a councillor of state whose daughters had been school-companions of Mille's. The councillor had always been very friendly in his attentions to the family, and before Thora's visit to Holstein she had been several times invited to his house along with her sister. This time she was not named in the invitation.

Mrs. Fangel looked thoughtfully at the note, and then said, "How very strange that Thora is not asked too!"

"Why, if they had asked her, they must have asked her betrothed along with her," said the worthy aunt, "and you cannot fail to perceive that they do not choose to have him."

"I don't perceive anything of the kind," said the mother.

"Do you think I would dream of asking a Jew when I had a large party?" said the aunt.

"Probably they are not aware that Thora has come home," said Mrs. Fangel, after a little reflection.

"How can they but know it, when she has been at home full half a year?"

"True, very true," said the mother, with a sigh. The matter was now submitted to a family council. Wilhelm declared that he would not accept the invitation, but would remain at home. Mrs. Fangel declared that neither should Mille go. "It can't be helped," she said; "Mille shall not visit any family who do not consider her sister good enough to associate with."

There was a long pause. Wilhelm drummed on the table

with his fingers ; the ladies worked with renewed diligence. At that moment Jacob arrived. He accosted the lady of the house with his usual friendly ease, but she received him coldly. Wilhelm took his hat, and made his escape. Mille held her pocket-handkerchief to her eyes, and fled to her own room.

When Jacob was alone with Thora, he asked what had happened. "Oh," said she, "nothing but childish nonsense. Wilhelm and Mille have been asked to a party at one of the councillors of state's, and as I am not asked, they are not to go ; she is crying about that."

Jacob saw in an instant that he was the cause of all ; but the vexation and distress he felt were in some measure neutralized by the delicacy with which Thora had explained the matter. He threw his arms round her, whilst he weighed in his own mind whether it would not be better for him at once to confess his weakness, and to ask her if she could indeed bear with it, and if she believed herself strong enough to overlook the Jew in him. As he was battling with himself, uncertain whether to speak or not, Thora said—"Nay, do not take this foolish matter so to heart. *I* have no regrets at not going to the councillor's ; have *I* not you ?"

After this, he thought it would be a sin to give utterance to a single shadow of doubt ; and on leaving her he said to himself, "Let them all be against me, if they will, since *she* clings to me with a loving and faithful heart !"

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE affair of the invitation was duly repeated to the worthy merchant, who smiled and said nothing. From that time forth Mrs. Fangel became extremely grave and thoughtful, and Thora more than once surprised her in tears ; but when she anxiously inquired the cause of this grief, her mother would kiss and embrace her, but only reply, "Thou canst not relieve it, my dear child."

Jacob was now received by the mistress of the family with all the politeness due to a guest, but cordiality was gone, and it was easy to see that even civility was forced. Mille took no pains to disguise her feelings ; she left the room whenever he entered, slamming the door rudely after her. The aunt met him with sneers and sarcasms, and made a point of mis-

understanding everything he said ; and when Jacob turned towards Mrs. Fangel, as if appealing to her to take his part, she either cast her eyes down, pretending to see and hear nothing, or instantly devised some errand to another part of the house. Thus he stood alone and weaponless, among a circle of dangerous foes, whilst the house which had formerly been so cheerful, pleasant, and happy a resort for him, had become gloomy and disagreeable—and apparently gloomy to all its inmates as well as to him. Nor was it for himself alone that this change distressed him. It caused him much anxiety about Thora ; he had a sort of innate perception that love is a blossom which the bright sunshine suits best ; that though it can live through misfortune, and raise its head with redoubled beauty after having been weighed down to the earth, when it is doomed to dwell in the shade away from the gladdening rays of the sun and the refreshing dew, it droops, fades, and withers.

Under these circumstances, it was a relief to all parties when the merchant proposed that the family should remove to their country house. Preparations were immediately made, and in a very short time they left town. This change of residence had at least the effect of preventing their meeting so often. But Jacob remembered, with deep regret, that during his absence, Thora was liable to be influenced by her aunt's opinions. He tried to forget his cares in study ; but his books had become distasteful to him, and he could not fix his attention on what he read ; he would then take refuge from himself in visiting Thora in the country ; but the chilling atmosphere which surrounded her would speedily drive him back to town.

CHAPTER XXV.

LEVY and Jacob still continued to be intimate associates ; but both avoided the subject of Jacob's betrothal ; Levy too well perceived from Jacob's looks how things were going on, and as he had no farther advice to give him, it was painful to him to touch on his concerns ; while Jacob, on his part, dreaded to allude to his unhappy situation, lest his friend should probe the wound too deeply.

One fine day, towards the end of July, Levy and Jacob passed together through the gates into the road leading to the country house of Thora's father. Levy gazed around him

at the various pedestrians and equestrians, the well-filled stage-coaches, and the wayfarers who, stopping the drivers of these vehicles, were bargaining about seats, and wrangling about prices. Suddenly he turned to Jacob, exclaiming, "You seem weary to-day—you are always uneasy now-a-days. What a fine fellow you used to be formerly—one had hopes then of making a first-rate physician out of you — but — stop, look there!"

A Jewish family had just driven up in a Holstein waggon, with four rows of seats; but as they only occupied two of these benches, they had to wait patiently, jogging on at a snail's pace, on the chance of obtaining other passengers. They appeared to be whiling away the time in discourse relative to their family affairs; interrupted, however, frequently, by the father's parental warnings to the children, not to lean too far over the side of the carriage—not to meddle with the horses—and not to fall under the wheels.

Levy pointed to them, and said, laughing, "I have almost a mind to stay and watch these people; I should not wonder, when the driver moves on faster, if the worthy father does not set himself to *bensche haderech*."*

Jacob, whom the sight of the Jewish family had inspired with feelings quite opposite to those of ridicule, exclaimed, sighing,

"On this day eight days my uncle's eldest daughter is to be married."

"Well—there is nothing to sigh about in that," said Levy; "it was a matter to be expected."

"But I should like so much to go to the wedding."

"Well—go, go."

"But they have not invited my betrothed."

"You can never expect your betrothal to a Christian girl to be openly sanctioned by Jews," cried Levy. "But it is dreadful to see you always in such wretched spirits. Good Lord—man! make an end of all this. Take heed of grace, and speak to your betrothed at once; she is only a woman, after all."

"Only a woman, after all! very true; but know you not what evil a woman can work?"

"What! does your lady-love cause you unhappiness? Has love already lost its charm? Ah—Cupid! thou fickle god!"

"No—oh, no—the aunt!"

* To pray for a good journey.

“The aunt? What is this about an aunt? When did she drop from the skies? I thought that heaven in its bounty had permitted you to light upon a family altogether worthy of love, and happily unincumbered by aunts.”

“She is the wife of a country clergyman—you can have no idea what a meddling person she is.”

“A country parson’s wife! verily, I can well believe what you say—they are the most intolerant creatures on the face of the earth—worse than Turks, or the parsons themselves. These helpmates of country parsons are very sharp in their housewifery, very exacting about tithes, church dues, and Easter offerings; and as they never see a Jew bring a goose—to say nothing of a chicken—what favour can any of our race find in the eyes of such a dame? But let us hear about your parson’s wife?” he added, as Jacob remained silent.

“She has brought about that, which I once hinted to you I dreaded so much—to be twitted with being a Jew. She has caused, as it were, a war in heaven, and I have been the vanquished. She treats me as if it were her fixed determination to drive me from the house.”

“It is a pity she had not made her appearance before you were betrothed.”

“Why?”

“Because you would then certainly never have been betrothed.”

“Ah! do not speak in that manner, Levy!”

“But I suppose she will go away soon; or is she a widow, come to pension herself on her rich relations?”

“Her husband has recently got a living in town; he is to come up when he has sold off their goods in the country by auction. The poor man is left to take every trouble, while she is enjoying her ease, on a visit to her friends. But what good will his coming do? For even when she removes to her own house, she and they will be inseparable.”

“Take your revenge on her. Try to have her banished from the house.”

“Ah! that is far beyond my power to achieve. She domineers over the whole family; and I might as well talk of sending the house away, as sending her. The life I lead with that family has become insupportable since this woman came.”

“Bendixen!” said Levy, after a pause, “listen to me—marry the girl at once, and take her away from them; you had better decide on this.”

“And do you suppose they would permit her to marry me

until I have passed the examination, and begun to practise? Certainly not—especially, considering the terms on which we now stand.”

“But you have fortune—you do not require to depend on your practice.”

“I have not more than is sufficient to maintain myself. In what light would I be looked upon, if I could not obtain for my wife the comforts of life?—and she has been brought up in the midst of wealth.”

“But her father is rich ——.”

“Could I permit my wife to be supported by her father? How every one would cry out against, and revile the Jew! Besides, the father is a merchant, and the merchant’s riches are never secure. A handsome gift along with her, I should not object to—but dependence upon him! that would place me on a worse footing with them than I am even now.”

“But if I am not mistaken, your own father is rich.”

“Levy! you cannot surely fancy that I would take from my father wherewith to maintain a Christian girl?”

“Well—upon my soul and salvation, I see nothing for it, but to let yourself be baptized. After all, this would be a very natural act on your part. If you really are devotedly attached to the young lady, it would be no very great sacrifice to let yourself be baptized for her sake.”

“I feel half inclined to be angry at such a theory; but I shall demolish it with a theory which holds more of truth. An honest man does not forget his religious faith for any worldly happiness. How could I allow myself to be baptized—I, who now every night and morning say my *Krischmo*?* I do not know why it is, but I feel more attached to the Jews now than I used to do. Often have I pictured to myself that I was baptized; that I had become a Christian; and I cannot describe to you what grief I felt, when I met a Jew by chance in the street, while I was under the influence of these dreams; and how rejoiced I was, that I could say to myself, ‘*You are not baptized yet.*’ I then have always recalled to mind those Jews here in town, who have turned Christians; who, on Friday evenings, when the Jews go to church, follow them to the church-doors, and remain standing outside until they hear the song *L’hro daudi*,† when they go home with tears in their eyes.”

“I shall set you down as incurable, and bid you farewell—I am going back to town.”

* The Jewish creed, which is said as a portion of the daily prayers.

† *L’hro daudi likrahs kalo*,—“up, kinsmen, and go forth to meet the bride.”

"Oh! go a little farther with me, Levy—pray do! I am so miserably out of spirits. I will not wish you in my place, though you would then know how truly I suffer."

"Poor fellow," said Levy. "Would to heaven I could find a new Pitcairn Island for you; whither you might fly with your fair charmer, and live in a peaceful paradise, separated from all the world!"

"Oh, would that such a delicious solitude were practicable! Would that I could assemble all manner of sufferings together, and fight with them at once, and cast my all—even life itself—upon the chance of conquest! Better, far better would this be, than thus to pine away by inches. I have been trodden under-foot like a very worm, yet I dare not turn to bite—how I hate that woman! I do believe I should have murdered her before now, had not the image of my gentle love come between me and her."

"Your position is a painful one, Bendixen; you go about, as it were, with a decayed tooth, which causes you severe suffering, yet you cannot make up your mind to have it out. There are but two alternatives to choose between—you must hear truth again—either let yourself be made a Christian, or break off the marriage."

"My unhappiness exactly lies in being placed between these two alternatives, on neither of which can I decide," cried Jacob impatiently. "When a man stands between fire and water, and calls for help, is he to be told, '*Spring either into the fire or the water?*'"

"No; but there yet is another way—spring away both from the fire and the water, man."

"There is no talking to you to-day," said Jacob.

"Good Lord! what shall I do—what shall I say? There is rather no talking to *you* to-day, you are so unreasonable. Though I have not sprung into actual fire or water to help you, I have done all I could. If I can be of any use to you, say so—here I am; if I can't, it is better I should be off for the present. When you want me, you know my address. Farewell—make my respects to the parson's wife!"

When Levy had turned to go back, he said to himself, "I am afraid I have teased him so, that he will go and commit some piece of folly; but, after all, the very worst folly he can commit is to go on as he is doing now."

But Jacob happily committed no folly that evening; he only went on his way sorrowing, and worked himself up to a state of complete wretchedness as he approached the house.

When Thora saw him coming, pale, and apparently ex-

hausted by the long walk, and by the conflict of his feelings, she imagined that he was ill, and hastened anxiously to obtain some restorative drops. His appearance awakened uneasiness also among the other members of the family, who speedily gathered round him, inquiring kindly about his health; and on Thora's bringing the restorative drops, even her aunt Matilda took them from her to administer them herself. Jacob found himself in a few minutes wonderfully well; he had been latterly so unaccustomed to kindness, that at these proofs of friendly interest in him, he forgot all his cherished grievances, and felt how dearly he could love every one around him. When he returned from taking a short walk in the garden with Thora, he was like another being, and for the first time admired the vines that were trained along the walls of the house, and the pretty arbour in which the tea equipage was so neatly placed.

But his cheerfulness was doomed soon to be put to flight—for the aunt Matilda, presenting herself unexpectedly, exclaimed. “Well—you look as blithe as a lark now, God be praised! I was more than half-frightened lest you should die here; and in that case, what could we poor people have done about burying you?”

Mille laughed loudly and turned on her heel.

The truce was over already. Jacob took shame to himself for the softened feelings to which he had yielded; he accused himself of great weakness, and yet, said he to himself, “It was but a longing after peace which made me so thankfully receive the attentions they showed me. Oh! how could I suffer myself to be so duped! how deeply have they not humbled me! And is it not so with all my people? Do they not all slavishly kiss the hand which strikes them?”

CHAPTER XXVI.

“I am tired of all this!” cried the merchant, one day at dinner. “I *will* have peace in my house. Poor girl!” said he, turning to Thora, and patting her on the cheek, “you have had anything but a pleasant time since your engagement.”

Thora burst into tears.

“This must not continue!” he added, angrily. “There must be an end to this state of things. I expected matters

would have gone on better when we came out here; but, instead of that, they are worse. If Bendixen does not conduct himself properly, I shall, without hesitation, give him a piece of my mind; but if there is a cabal against him, I shall hereafter take his part. There *shall* be peace in this house!"

The aunt took upon herself to reply. "The whole matter hinges on this," said she,—“that either Bendixen must become a Christian, or we must all turn Jews.”

The merchant coloured scarlet up to the roots of his hair; but he commanded his temper, and only said, “I wish that the lady who is my sister-in-law may not have cause to repent of the inordinate zeal with which she presses her opinion. I beg that she will not trouble herself further on the subject, for I am quite capable of guiding my family and upholding its respectability myself.” So saying, he left the room.

Aunt Matilda sat for a long time in silence; then, turning to her sister, she said, “Was not that as much as to say that I had better take myself out of the house? Things have come to a pretty pass when that person has the power to set the family by the ears. But I'll tell you what,” she screamed, rising so suddenly from her chair that she knocked it down in her rage,—“I'll tell you what, Thora, I *won't* allow myself to be displaced by that lover of yours! I *will* remain—I will remain until your father and your lover together take me and cast me out of the door! *Then* you may, for aught I shall care, marry the Jew! *Then*, I shall wash my hands of it!”

There was a pause after this outbreak. Aunt Matilda held her pocket-handkerchief to her face, and sobbed. The others sat silently looking down, each occupied with her own thoughts. At length Mille exclaimed, “There he is coming!” and pointed to the window.

“Thora, go and receive him, and take him out somewhere; it will not do for him to come in here at present,” said Mrs. Fangel, going up to her sister.

It was two or three days since Jacob had been to the house, and the longing to see Thora had at length overcome his reluctance to meet her family. He had another reason also for going: he felt that he ought to mention to Thora beforehand that he was going that evening to a Jewish wedding. From the moment that the *schammos** had been to his lodgings,

* Clerk.

and had invited him, according to the old German Jewish form,—“*Ihr seid gepreit zu der hruppo und dem essen ; messer und gabel und löffel selbst mitzunehmen*,”*—he had felt a longing to go ; to excuse which, he said to himself, “I do not hinder her from going to her Christian church ; and has she not got her family ? What have I ?” Still, he did not feel quite at ease about it, and it was not without some hesitation that, after walking in silence by Thora’s side for a short time, he found courage to say,

“There is to be a wedding at my uncle’s house this afternoon,—his daughter is to be married.”

“Indeed !” said she. “Doubtless you are asked ?”

“Yes,” said he ; and he felt a pang as he answered in the affirmative, because she, too, was not invited : this told of something that lay between them. “Yes, I am asked.”

“You are going, of course ?”

“Yes, I have thought of going, — unless —”

“Oh, do go, my dear friend !” said she. “And may it do you much good !”

He felt grateful for the kindness which prompted her to wish pleasure for him, and sought about in his mind for something which might in return please her.

They had been walking in a wood, and had reached an opening which looked out upon the Sound. Here they placed themselves upon a bank of turf.

The afternoon sun was glancing brightly on the sea, which lay, like a faithful hound, at the foot of the land. There was scarcely a ripple upon the waters ; while here and there a ship, with its white sails set, was gliding slowly past, and the blue outline of the coast of Hveen was traced on the cloudless sky which bounded the horizon. Under the cool shade of the embowering trees there was not a sound to be heard but the chirping and singing of the birds, who seemed to be holding pleasant discourse among themselves.

After a long pause, Jacob exclaimed, “How unnatural appears the conduct of mankind when we gaze upon nature itself ! About what utter trifles do we men not spend our lives in quarrelling and making ourselves miserable, while we could be so happy ! How the highest power in nature must smile with pity when he looks at us ! At this moment it seems as if scales were falling from my eyes, and I feel how much I also am to blame in the unfortunate dissensions which take place between your family and myself. Thora ! I will go frankly

* You are bidden to the marriage ceremony and to the wedding-feast. Knife, fork, and spoon you are to bring yourself.

to your aunt, and hold out my hand to her; if she will speak but one kind word to me, I will stay away from this wedding, and will listen to none but you."

"Will you really do this for my sake?" exclaimed Thora.

"Yes, dearest Thora, and for my own sake. At this moment I see everything so clearly, and I am so happy! I am surprised at myself, how I could hold out so long."

"O, God be praised! All will go well now! It has so often been said that there should be no obstacle in the way if you only would ——"

"If I would —— what?"

"—— Come over to our faith."

It is said that when a man unexpectedly receives a gunshot-wound, he retains for an instant his habitual expression of countenance,—it may be a smile on his features,—and then suddenly drops, as if the idea of death had for a moment not entered his mind, nor death itself for a moment been able to overcome him. Jacob turned in amazement towards Thora, and a happy smile still lingered for an instant on his lips; but in a second it had vanished, and he became deadly pale. He arose, silently motioned for her to go, and they returned through the wood to the gardens.

"Are you angry?" she asked him, timidly.

"Oh, no," he replied, hardly knowing what he answered, and continued to walk on, lost in thought. He did not observe that they had reached an arbour in the garden, where some visitors were assembled, until the voice of Lieutenant Engberg startled him from his reverie. He then hurriedly took leave, and Thora said coldly, "To-morrow, about twelve o'clock, I am going to town for some little shopping; will you meet me there, and accompany me?"

He said he would, and immediately left her.

He had not gone far, however, before he stopped, and, leaning his head against a tree, exclaimed, "So the worm has at last made its way into the plant I had watched and nurtured, and under whose shade I had sought for a peaceful shelter! —— But *she* is not to blame; they have poisoned her ear —— Oh! that I could tear her away from them —— I love her so passionately —— I left her too abruptly," he exclaimed, half turning to go back —— "and yet, to what end see her again? —— O God! thou hast laid thy hand heavily, but justly, upon me!"

Thora had followed him a few steps. She then stood and gazed after him with a bitter smile, and burst into tears; but

in a few minutes she dried her eyes, assumed an air of unconcern, and joined her family's guests.

In Marcus's festal saloon, decorated for the wedding-feast, the male guests were assembled at *minhro* (the afternoon prayer), on the conclusion of which the marriage was to take place; the females being in another apartment, with the bride.

The religious ceremony was about to begin, and Marcus only delayed it a moment in order to impress once more upon his wife the regulations to be observed on the important occasion.

"Are you sure that her hair is properly arranged—that the silver chain is rightly put on—that the veil is wrapped so closely round her head and face, that no one could recognize her?" he asked, as he drew his wife into a corner.

"Everything is ready," she answered impatiently, "if you would only begin the *minhro*."

"Dear wife, your thoughtlessness makes me quite uneasy. If there should be the slightest ceremonial deficient! Remember, one does not marry a daughter every day."

At that moment his wife winked to him, and pointed to the door of the saloon. "Jacob! my brother's son!" he exclaimed, in much surprise, as he glanced round; then turning to his wife, he said,

"I thought he would come. Ah! he is still a Jew at heart!"

"How scared he looks!" she cried.

"Och und nebbisch!*" He does not find himself upon roses among these Christians, I warrant me! I may say to you, it would have been wiser in him to have taken up with our Mariane."

"Marcus, it is getting late. Do you want anything more with me?"

"Well, in God's name, go! But if there be anything wrong, anything omitted, the blame be on your head! — Not for any money would I have had *him* absent."

He then went up to Jacob, and, after having welcomed him, he gave the sign that the prayers should commence. All covered their heads, and turned towards the East, with a low reverence to the invisible Deity. A solemn silence

* Oh, the poor youth!

reigned in the apartment, which was only broken by the whispered prayers and benedictions of the men. The setting sun at that moment illuminated the windows of the room, so that they looked like the stained glass windows of a cathedral, and cast a peculiar light over the little assemblage. When minhro was over, the bridegroom's schamer* betook himself to the women's apartments with the bridegroom's gifts to the bride,—a pair of stockings, two pairs of shoes, a silk handkerchief, and a prayer-book. Shortly after came the bride's presents to the bridegroom,—a *tephilim beutel* (a bag wherein to keep the holy capsule and strap), a *thalis*, in which to envelop himself at prayer, and a *kittel*, the robe which is used on the great festival of the Atonement, and in which he would be buried.

Then the trumpets sounded, and the doors of the saloon were thrown open. The men formed themselves into a procession, and followed the bridegroom, who was placed under the *hruppo*;† then the women entered, and with the bride joined the procession, which, while the trumpets sounded a lively march, walked three times round the bridegroom, and at length placed the bride by his side.

After that, the priest went under the canopy, and read aloud the marriage contract, and the bridegroom placed on the bride's finger the ring, round which was immediately wrapped a silk cover, not to be removed until the morning after the wedding. A glass of wine was then brought, the priest consecrated it by a short prayer, the bridal couple drank of it, and thereupon the glass was placed under the bridegroom's foot, who trod on it, as a sign that as certainly as that glass could not be put together again, so the two just joined together could not be put asunder.

Again the trumpets pealed forth their loudest tones; congratulations were offered on all sides; the family embraced each other and the young pair, and all was mirth and joy around.

At the gay collation which followed, where the elders of the party talked over their youthful days, and joked the blushing bride and the smiling bridegroom, and where the young people seemed to be trying amidst lively sallies to forget their somewhat envious feelings, Jacob had found a place opposite to his uncle's youngest daughter,—her with

* Watcher; a friend or relation who sleeps near the bridegroom the night previous to his wedding, that the evil spirit may not come and carry him off. (See the book of Tobit in the Apocrypha.)

† A canopy, under which part of the marriage ceremony is performed.

whom he used to play when she was a child. She sat, with her pale but handsome face, her dark, speaking eyes fixed on his countenance, as if she would there have read by what magic the Christian girl had fascinated him. He, on his part, felt in a strange condition. His long, hurried walk in the very hot weather had fatigued him, and the unexpected shock his feelings had received had entirely overcome him, so that in body and mind he was equally ill and exhausted. Everything seemed dim and hazy before his eyes, and sounds came to his ears as if from a great distance. Still, he was sensible of the gaiety around him; but this gaiety, and the affectionate, sympathizing look of the young girl who was gazing on him, all seemed to him like some fair vision, conjured up by his sorrowing guardian angel, to show him what had been destined for him. Then his own position would recur to him, and he felt as if some sharp weapon were suddenly plunged into his breast. He became like the young maiden in the fairy tale, of whom it is told that, afraid of starving, she had eaten of the bewitched corn, and in the church beheld unearthly things, who, advancing in long, shadowy ranks, laid, one after the other, their spectral hands on her breast, until she fell down dead from pain and terror.

By degrees, the mirthful sounds around him seemed to die away in the distance, and the dark eyes which were fixed on him seemed to be looking a last farewell, and vanishing from his sight. He tottered, sank back, and was just able to catch at the table to prevent himself from falling on the floor.

When he recovered consciousness, he found himself surrounded by the whole Jewish party, who all showed him the most cordial sympathy. He thanked them, with much emotion, for their kindness; but soon left them, not to be a check on the gaiety of the social circle.

As he wandered along the street in the cool and refreshing evening air, the busy hum of people passing to and fro fell sadly on his drooping spirits; he felt as if he were houseless, friendless, and alone, and that no living being cared for him. Then his thoughts turned to Levy, and a ray of comfort darting through his soul, he bent his steps to the hospital where he lived. As he approached his apartments, he heard voices in somewhat loud conversation; but discerning Levy's amongst them, he determined to go in.

In the centre of a large room, painted green, stood a table with a flask of ale and a cracked tumbler; on the margin of this table sat the host, smoking a long pipe; two of the guests sat on the window-sill, with their backs to the street. Others had thrown themselves down on the bed; only two had placed themselves on chairs, though there were plenty in the room. Notwithstanding their lounging attitudes, the countenances of all present displayed much animation and excitement, as if something had taken place which deeply interested them.

"Here comes Bendixen," cried one; "it will be something for him."

"Bendixen!" exclaimed König, springing up from the bed; "have you heard the news? There is a revolution in France! Charles the Tenth is chased away! *Vive la république!* Look how he stands, like a statue, in sheer amazement!"

Another broke in:—"Gröndal proposes that the whole body of students should set off for France, and enrol themselves in the republican army."

"Yes," said Gröndal; "I am tired of the foolery that goes on here. If even a prisoner at the Rasphouse once in a way sticks one of the gaolers with a good broad knife, he never makes a respectable wound worth looking at. But yonder! there will be lots of wounds, from the little dagger-thrust to the sabre or gun-shot wound. I guess the Russians will be upon the French soon, and there are no patients, in my humble opinion, like the Russians. One can trepan one of these fellows, or cut half his head off, and he is as lively as ever. I recollect some time ago we had a Russian sailor at the general hospital, who had received a blow on his head from a yawl. When I took him in hand, he was no better than a dish of boiled groats; three months after, I saw him in the market knock down a stout peasant, from whom he had stolen a cucumber."

"What may not be going on now in Paris!" said one of the young men; "what stirring scenes! The Jacobins will mount their red hats, declare war against the kings of the earth—perhaps against the King of Heaven too—and march a million of men against their enemies. Jemini! there will be nothing all day but marching and counter-marching, ringing of bells, sounding of the tocsin; and, under cover of all this noise and bustle, the old regicides will creep forth and warm themselves like snakes in the sunshine."

"Respect for regicides!" cried König; "I should almost like to turn regicide myself, but in a legal sort of way,—with

a trial, judgment, and execution, had we any other king than the white-haired Frederick ! ”

“ The feeling is infectious,” said Gröndal ; “ I vote that we immediately march upon Amalienberg. *Aux armes, citoyens !* ”

“ I must beg of you to come down, doctor,” said one of the sick-nurses, putting her head into the room ; “ a new patient has just arrived.”

“ I’ll come directly,” said Gröndal, going down in his slippers.

“ I will go down too, and see the new-comer,” said another. The rest soon after followed, and Levy was left alone with Jacob.

“ We had better have lights,” said Levy ; “ how the days are shortening already ! Scarcely a month ago it was daylight till ten o’clock. Ah ! — now we can see what we are saying — Hey ! what the devil has come over you ? you look as proud and as grand as — a king I was going to say — but these high folks are wearing out of fashion. And, by the Lord ! how smartly you are dressed ! It is long since I have seen you in this trim.”

“ Levy, I am going to France.”

“ To France ! ” echoed Levy.

“ Yes—I cannot stand the life I lead here any longer ; I must escape from all this misery ; I must get away ! This comes like a god-send, a providential path, when I was standing, as it were, on a precipice, and felt myself falling from weakness.”

“ But what has happened ? ”

“ Nothing, but that to-day *she* also has thrown up to me that I am a Jew, and told me that I ought to be baptized.”

“ Well ; and are you going to break off with her ? ”

“ Oh, no, Levy ! I know full well this did not come from herself. She gets no peace, the others beset her so ; they have wounded my feelings, until I have almost shed tears of blood ! I will go to France—I will acquire a position in the world for myself—I will settle myself there, and then send for her. There we may live in peace — in these southern climes all have dark hair and dark eyes.”

“ And the lady — what do you think she will say to this ? ”

“ If she truly loves me, she will wait for me——”

“ But if she should not wait for you ? ”

“ Then she cannot love me, and everything would come to an end between us, even if I were to remain.”

“Bendixen!—let us take a stroll in the woods on Sunday, and discuss this theory of yours farther.”

“I am in earnest, Levy; if it be possible, I shall set off to-morrow.”

“I will call to-morrow to see if you are gone.”

“Levy! can you really advise me to stay here and become a wreck?”

“I advise nothing; perhaps if I were in your place I would do the same, perhaps I would not; I don’t really know. But my belief is, that to-morrow, when you see your fair enslaver, there will be a scene, a great deal of crying and a grand reconciliation, and on Sunday you will stroll into the woods, though perhaps not with me.”

“And I pledge you my word of honour that I will take this journey.”

“Hush!—It is well no Christian heard you. You know right well, it sounds strangely in their ears when a Jew speaks of *his word of honour*. But never mind, man; if you really will go — why, I shall, like a faithful friend, follow you — on board, at least; and this evening, for the last time, I will drink in brotherhood with you, dear Bendixen!”

CHAPTER XXVII.

WHEN Jacob awoke next morning, the resolution he had taken the previous evening lay heavily on his heart; when he thought of giving it up, he felt more cheerful. Yet then again came reflections upon his painful position, and he felt the conviction that there was nothing else for him but to go. Long did he pace up and down his own chamber in deliberation before he could make up his mind to visit Thora, and communicate his intentions to her. At length, by a sudden effort, such as one makes when one feels on the point of losing self-command in some trying emergency, he overcame his indecision, and went forth.

The preceding evening, Lieutenant Engberg had taken especial observation of Thora and Jacob, when they entered the arbour in the garden, and also of the manner in which they had parted. He saw that now was the time for mischief,

when the misunderstanding which he yearned to bring about between the lovers might at least be attempted: for further consequences he cared not; perhaps, indeed, he had never once pictured to himself what these might be.

Men are not often themselves so evil as their actions—or, at least, as the effect of their actions—else no one could walk about unarmed. When a worthy gentleman takes into his head to win from another man the woman on whom he has placed his affections, he does not consider that he is about to commit a robbery; he only says to himself, “The poor girl cannot be happy with that brute, who does not know how to value her,—she will be much better off with me:” he comforts himself by adding, “At any rate, she ought to be so.”

Lieutenant Engberg guessed that Thora would drive to town with her father, and when he had ascertained that the latter had gone to his counting-house, he sought her.

She was sitting alone, wondering when Jacob would come, and conjecturing, with no little anxiety, how they would meet after the scene of the day before. There was a knock at the door, and the lieutenant came in bowing and smiling. It was a positive reprieve to Thora to see him enter instead of Jacob, and perhaps her voice somewhat betrayed her feelings, when she exclaimed, “Oh, is it *you*, Lieutenant Engberg!”

The lieutenant did not fail to interpret the tone of this exclamation in his own favour, and replied, “I knew you were coming to town this morning, and I could not deny myself the pleasure of calling to ask after your health. I fancied you looked somewhat unwell yesterday evening, when I saw you in the country.”

Was it that continued vexations and annoyances had somewhat diminished Thora’s love, and shaken it the least in the world? Was it that, as some assert, even the most constant and faithful of women like to have a good supply of lovers on hand? Was it that there was a tenderness in the bland accents of the lieutenant which was soothing to Thora in her uneasy state of feelings? or—no matter—instead of calling her father in, she contented herself with saying, “I expect Mr. Bendixen every moment, and he will not be pleased to see *you* here.”

“Aha!—so it is only out of fear of her intended that she would avoid a *tête-à-tête* with me!” thought the lieutenant. He replied aloud, “I heard you yesterday fix twelve o’clock with him, and it is only half-past eleven now. At any rate, considering the errand on which I came, Mr. Bendixen could

have no reason to be angry. I will only stay, however, to express my joy at finding you better, and my hope that every little lingering remnant of indisposition will soon vanish in the society of him you love so much."

As he said these words, Thora's eyes involuntarily filled with tears; she put her pocket-handkerchief to her face with one hand, while with the other she motioned to him to go. Engberg seized her hand and kissed it.

At that instant Jacob Bendixen stood in the doorway.

All three started, and remained for a few moments in confused silence. The lieutenant recovered himself first: he took his hat, and, with a slight bow to Jacob, passed by him and went out. Jacob stepped back a pace or two, and the door shut of itself between them and Thora.

"Stop a moment, sir," said Jacob, following Engberg: "What had you to do here?"

"When the master of the house asks that question of me, I shall answer it," said Engberg, going on towards the outer door. But Jacob laid his hand on his shoulder and said, "Perhaps, then, you will account to *me* for your visit to my betrothed. Do not be in such a hurry, sir."

"Well," replied the lieutenant, turning round, and looking at Jacob with a malicious smile; "I was seeking the best means of comforting a poor young girl, who has the misfortune to be affianced to a bear."

Jacob trembled with fury; but he had sufficient self-command to say, in a calm, firm voice, "Excuse my telling you, Lieutenant Engberg, that you are a dishonourable scoundrel. I am ready to give you satisfaction for these words."

The lieutenant drew himself up haughtily, took a step back from Jacob, and then bowing low, he said, "Many thanks for the proffered honour; but, as an officer—you will perhaps conceive—that a duel with a Jew—"

Scarcely were these words out of his mouth, than the lieutenant felt himself seized by a vigorous arm, and flung furiously against the opposite wall. The young officer got up slowly, and seemed at first inclined to make a stand against his antagonist. But there was something in Jacob's countenance, as it was turned towards him, expressive of such deadly hatred, such maniacal fury, that he moved quietly towards the door, and hurried out of the house.

Jacob remained standing for a few minutes rooted to the spot, and panting with rage. At length he became more calm, and listened to hear if there were any sound in the

drawing-room. He thought that Thora would come out if she had been innocent of all evil intention in the scene he had recently witnessed, as he believed she was. But appearances were against her, and it was her business to give some explanation; moreover, she ought to make the first advance.

Thora, in the mean time, sat overwhelmed with confusion and anxiety, and waited to see him open the door. He, too, waited a few minutes—she did not come. He opened the outer door, shut it with a loud noise after him, and went slowly down the stairs into the street. At every step he expected to hear her call. Outside the gate he halted again;—but there was no sound, it seemed as if the whole large building were deserted. Already he repented having come away without seeing her, and he would have returned;—but pride forbade, and drove him on.

For some hours he wandered up and down his apartments, stopping at the slightest noise in the street, and hoping that there would be a message from Thora. At length some one knocked at his door; it was opened, and Levy walked in.

“Humph! Here are no signs of the voyage,” said Levy, as he entered.

“That will soon be seen,” said Jacob.

“Ah! I have been turning the matter over in my own mind, and I would wager a trifle now that she will write to you, that her family will give in, and that the old people will set all to rights.”

“Yes, she can write,” said Jacob to himself; “she will surely write to exculpate herself when she hears that I am gone. Oh, this voyage will set all to rights.” With a more cheerful tone of voice than that in which he had at first spoken to Levy, he repeated, “We shall soon see whether I am going or not.”

“At all events, I shall not take leave of you for more than eight days; it is a horrid thing to say good-bye for a long time; we shall only say ‘Adieu, so long!’”

“Is your luggage ready, sir?” said a porter, putting his head into the room; “it is full time to take it down.”

As Jacob sat in the cabin after Levy had left him, and gazed with vacant looks at the strangers who surrounded him, all occupied about their own arrangements, he suddenly perceived by the swaying motion that the vessel was underweigh. It was at this moment that he first felt that he was

separating himself from Thora. With the anguish of despair he rushed on deck, and would have sprung to the land, but the vessel was already too far off.

The utter impossibility of retracting his determination exercised a tranquillizing influence upon his mind.

The large undulating waves, in which the keel of the ship cutting its way but left a moment's trouble, were they not like the path of fate itself?

Calmly the vessel glided on its swift and fearless course—the wind freshened, the bright sun glanced on the lessening city and the receding green fields, while a fellow-passenger carelessly smoking a cigar, as if nothing of more consequence existed in the world, politely offered Jacob one.

The scene had an exhilarating effect on his spirits; he felt himself free and at ease, and inwardly exclaimed,

“Away with cowardly despondence! I am now going into the wide, the glorious world, to fight for my whole future existence. How many are there not who at this moment would envy me!”

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE diligence was rolling with Jacob through the barriers into Paris.

In the streets, on the Boulevards, all manner of people walking about—men of business, porters, municipal guards—met his inquiring gaze; but no *émeute*. The shops stood open, purchasers went in and out; a picket of the national guard, it is true, came from the guard-house, with drums beating and the tri-coloured flag flying, but nobody seemed to mind them.

When he had settled himself at an hotel, Jacob sallied forth to see the revolution; but none was visible. Here and there lay a heap of stones which had been taken up for the barricades, but labourers were busily employed replacing them in the ground. Once in a way he saw a house with the walls partially battered by shot, but the masons had already nearly replaced them.

Jacob looked about for the people—the mighty people who had so lately in these same streets overthrown a king; but he beheld only, as at Copenhagen, harmless, peaceable-looking persons going about. He gazed among the crowds of republicans, expecting to find some who would recognise

and welcome in him a brother. But there were none. *He* was nothing to the pedestrians of Paris, but one pedestrian more. No one observed him; no one took any notice of *him* who had perilled the whole happiness of his life to come to them.

He visited the Chamber of Deputies; they were but brawling about a word, a syllable, in the charter. He proceeded to the courts of justice; they were but condemning a miserable thief who had disturbed the public security.

Jacob's eyes began to be opened, and he began to feel as if he had bartered his soul to the evil one for a piece of jugglery. He longed to cast himself into the midst of life's most stirring scenes, into the midst of war and danger, in order to acquire honour, renown. He went to the office of the minister of war, demanding to be enrolled as an officer or a subaltern in the army in Algiers. Not being a Frenchman, he could not even become a common soldier!

He had hastened thither with his brain on fire, with every nerve strung for active and daring exertion, and all of a sudden he found himself deprived of the hope that had sustained him, and left with absolutely nothing to do. His thoughts returned with redoubled longing and regret to Denmark, and to those he had left there.

But he assured himself that they would write to him. Levy had doubtless told Wilhelm Fangel where he had gone to; Wilhelm had doubtless told his family; a letter would be sent after him, addressed to the Danish embassy. He flew to the Danish ambassador's hotel;—the secretary received him in the most polite manner, but informed him that no letter had been received for him; he was so cruelly disappointed, that he scarcely noticed the courtesy with which the secretary accompanied him to the head of the stairs. Instinct, or a sort of monomania, drove him to the post-office. He was convinced a letter must be awaiting him there;—but here again was disappointment. Still he was sure a letter must be on the way. Alas! none came! How he envied a shopman whom he saw one afternoon receive a large bundle of letters!

Should he retrace his steps and return voluntarily to Denmark; act the part of a schoolboy who had played truant? And perhaps a letter might arrive the very day after he had left Paris. No; he must remain—remain alone, without friends, acquaintances, introductions—alone with himself, his blasted hopes, his killing regrets, his devouring remembrances!

He moved about alone among the babbling multitude ; many an evening, when he returned to his solitary room, he would speak aloud to himself, and start at the sound of his own voice, which he had not heard the whole day. It is sad to be alone in a desert place ; but it is sadder to be alone in a large, thickly-inhabited, noisy city. All the joys and gaieties of life are spread forth before the eyes ; riches glitter in all their pomp and magnificence ; equipages roll by with splendidly-dressed, beautiful women, friends walk arm-in-arm, lovers steal fond looks at each other, neighbours salute neighbours with kind familiarity ; the stranger is dead to all this, he is shut out from all such communion, it is as if he scarcely belonged to the human race. He stands hungry near a table where others are taking a social meal ; no one asks him to join them, nor does he himself feel the wish to do so ; he feels but a longing to hide himself in some impenetrable wilderness, or beneath the deep river that flows past the busy town.

Self-destruction ! That thought arises, perhaps, in many a brain under such circumstances. Or the wish for drink, intoxication, stupor, to bring forgetfulness of all sorrows. But Jacob was a Jew, and that race have a wonderful stock of patience. Perhaps they first learned to acquire patience when the Egyptian Pharaohs compelled them to make bricks ; and of a surety the Europeans have practised them enough in that virtue since. As to intoxication, the Jews are not given to it ; they are like the orientalists—the temperate, hardy Arabs, whose dinner is a handful of dates and a draught of water from some clear spring, but whose tents are full of wives and female slaves.

One day, as Jacob was going through the Rue Montargueil, the street where one of Charles the Tenth's generals had laid down his arms before a shower of bullets and stones from men, women, and children, where the materials which formed the barricades had not yet laid themselves entirely at rest, like loyal stones, he heard a loud noise at that part of the street where two other streets meet. The idea that the flames of revolution had perhaps again broken out stirred his blood, and with a wild cheer he rushed to the spot where he saw a crowd assembled. In the midst of this crowd, he beheld a carriage upset, and the coachman on the ground writhing under the infliction of severe blows that were dealt unmercifully upon him by a set of fellows in blouses. Some of the bystanders, chattering glibly together, explained to him the cause of this scene : that as the overthrown coachman was driving along, a bevy

of men in blouses, who were loitering near, pointed towards him, jeering about the aristocrat to whom the equipage belonged, and daring him to drive over the remains of the barricade. He had muttered "*la canaille*," and this had been the signal for an attack, in which he had been dragged from the coach-box, whereupon the horses had started to one side and the carriage was overturned. Jacob fancied he heard smothered cries from the inside of the carriage, he sprang towards it, and when after much difficulty he managed to get one of the doors open, he beheld two ladies lying awkwardly huddled together in one corner and unable to move. Giving way to the impetuosity that had been so long forcibly subdued, Jacob cried to the men in blouses, "Frenchmen, there are ladies here! Will ye make women suffer for the offences of any royalist?"

It is one of the most admirable qualities of the French people, that even the meanest among them seem to have an intuitive feeling of chivalry and high-hearted politeness. The carriage was quickly raised, and the coachman released; but the ladies could not recover from their fright, and glancing with terror at the men in blouses, they entreated their deliverer to go with them in their carriage. They had not driven far, however, when they began to recover themselves, and the younger of the two to pour forth her thanks loquaciously. With true Parisian volubility, she did not give Jacob time to say a word, but ran on.

"You have saved us God knows from what horrors—you came like an angel from Heaven. What frightful wretches! Did you observe one of them? What eyes! his dark moustaches were almost handsome—but he looked so savage! God be praised you came! But it is all Baron Descamps' fault, he is so careful and fussy about me—he won't have me in these disturbed times go to or from the theatre. I am an actress, sir, prima donna at the Vaudeville Theatre. He is an old fool, that Baron Descamps! He is paying his devoirs to me; sends his carriage for me—and—I accept it—*voilà tout!*"

So saying, she cast her large dark eyes on Jacob with a very meaning look.

"Leonie!" said the other lady, in a threatening tone.

"I say what I think," cried Leonie; "I have said before his own face that he is an old fool. Only fancy, my good sir, a man who will never see his fiftieth year again—and he wears a wig too; *that* would be of no consequence; but this affair of the carriage I shall never forgive him, and so

I shall tell him. Here I live, sir, in the Rue Faubourg Poissonnière, No. 3. Demoiselle Courtois—pray do favour me with a visit; to-morrow, if you can, come—I don't perform to-morrow; to-morrow evening, then, at nine o'clock, I shall expect you. Adieu, Sir Knight!"

CHAPTER XXIX.

"Oh, oh—this is delightful! See how the houses seem to fly past us! Look how the horses gallop on before the omnibuses that presume to try to keep up with us—good bye—capital horses!—Take care—take care!—So, thank God, all's right again! Bless me, how well you drive!"

"On, on—French steeds! Gallop as ye will—on, on!"

"Oh, take care!" shrieked Leonie, half-frightened, half-laughing, while she seized his arm, and clung to it.

"Where shall we go?" she asked, when they had got among some waggons, and were obliged to proceed at a more quiet pace.

"I know not! To the end of the world: if the horses had but wings, we might soar up in the air to the Sun, like Phaeton—do you know the story of Phaeton and his fall?"

"Ah! Have *you* even heard of the poor dear Phaeton? Oh, I was so sorry for it. The people broke into the count's stables, and took it out of the coach-house, and dragged it to the barricade. A cannon-ball went through it, and shivered it into a thousand pieces—but—dear—dear!"

"What is the matter?" asked Jacob.

"Did you not observe that little man in the light frock coat? That is Mr. Arthur, he who composed my Spanish bolero;—what if he should seek you out, and challenge you to fight a duel with him, because we have been driving together?"

"Do you never drive with him?"

"How he does lisp! and how he does consume cigars! He has made love to Pauline also—Oh, now I think of it. I tell you where we will go; to St. Germain's,—Pauline is there to-day with her lover. Poor girl!—she has become so serious since she knew him. They go forth and admire nature together, and talk of intellectual pleasures; I verily

believe they have even gone to church. But, of course, she takes her swing in his absence. I shall introduce you to her—but, by the bye,—what is your name?”

“Bendixen.”

“Ben—Bennig—have you no other name? But, no matter, it will do very well—how very droll that we should have become so intimate! I have only seen you once, and already—hold your tongue—I know what you are going to say—Oh! I have got a capital idea—I will give you out as a prince! Pauline is so proud because her lover is the son of a director of the theatre. I will overwhelm them—astound them—crush them with a prince.”

“Is that palace St. Germain?”

“Yes, that it is. Do you see the little pavilion we are approaching? It was built over the spot where Louis the Fourteenth was born under the open heavens. Ah, well—we are all human! But, by Notre Dame de la Lorette! There goes Pauline and her little man. Hold—let us alight!”

He wanted to assist her out of the carriage. She put first one little foot, then the other forward, as if she was timid. He raised a burning look towards her, and exclaimed, “Spring into my arms!”

“So—so—that will do,” she cried, playfully tapping him on the cheek.

The other couple now came up to them, whereupon Leonie assumed a very consequential air, and said, “My prince, permit me to introduce to you my friend Mademoiselle Pauline, and her cousin Monsieur Albert. Mademoiselle, Monsieur Albert—his Highness the prince of Ben—a thousand pardons, prince—I cannot just recall your name?”

“Bendixen.”

“Ah, true—Ben—dik—senn—The Russian princes have such frightfully barbarous names, but they are immensely rich,” she whispered to Pauline, who, with Mr. Albert, stood very humbly by.

“My prince,” continued Leonie, “allow me to ask you whether you choose to ride a donkey, or some prancing steed? Your highness must know that we young ladies always expect a ride in the park at St. Germain.”

“Whichever is most agreeable to you, mademoiselle.”

They went to the stand where horses and donkeys were to be hired; and when Jacob and Leonie were mounted, Pauline said to Albert, “If the prince of Bénédict, or whatever he is called, can ride on a donkey, so can you.”

"But I can't ride at all," said Albert, sulkily.

"Then, the sooner you begin to learn, the better; it is a very nice accomplishment—try."

"I have no desire to try it," said Albert.

"But I have," cried Pauline, with tears in her eyes; "I have been long enough complaisant to you, and if you don't ride with me to-day, I will break with you for ever, that's all."

"Pauline, I don't know you to-day—my sensible, quiet little Pauline."

"I am not sensible—I am not quiet—I *will* have a donkey, whether you will or will not."

"Let us have two donkeys," said Monsieur Albert, with a deep sigh, to the man who had them for hire.

Leonie and Jacob had in the mean time galloped on through the park, as fast as the brutes they rode would go. Leonie's beast was wonderfully fleet, and Jacob cried out, "This is quite a steeple-chase; hold on—hold on!"

But, after a short time, Leonie lost her pocket-handkerchief, then followed her little silk shawl—then her bonnet flew off, and now she began to cry, "Stop it, stop it—oh, I will never ride again—never in my life—oh, oh!" At length she fell off herself, and rolled in the dust. At her first scream Jacob had sprung off his mule; and on running up to her, he found Leonie sitting on the ground, almost convulsed with laughter.

"Did not I come prettily off?" said she. "I always jump off so, when I am tired of riding."

Pauline and her reputed cousin then came up; Monsieur Albert threw himself from his beast, and asked kindly if Leonie were hurt. Leonie took an arm of each gentleman; the mules were left to take care of themselves; and Pauline, still riding, brought up the rear.

When they reached the carriage, Leonie said, "Let us now all drive back to Paris, and sup at Philippe's. He has the best *sole normande frite* in all Paris; and red hermitage, at six francs the bottle, which absolutely glides down one's throat like oil. When we have supped, we will drive Pauline and her cousin home; and you, my good prince, will then drive me home," she added, turning to Jacob, and pressing his arm.

CHAPTER XXX.

"It strikes me that Baron Descamps cannot endure me."

This was said by Jacob in an elegant, well-arranged little room, something between a drawing-room and a boudoir. Everything there was small, but tasteful and *recherché*. There was a round table, laden with beautiful engravings, ottomans and arm-chairs covered with red velvet, a costly work-table, a luxurious chaise-longue, and some ornamented book-cases, with glass doors, in which stood splendidly-bound copies of the works of Corneille, Racine, Victor Hugo, &c. &c.

Leonie sat by the window, examining a half-finished dress; Jacob sat near the table, and was turning over the engravings. At his exclamation, Leonie lifted her head, and burst into a fit of laughter.

"Dear little simpleton! How good and innocent he is. Baron Descamps makes love to me, and you are preferred to him. Is it not very natural he should look sour?"

"I really am very sorry for the poor baron," said Jacob.

Leonie now laughed still more. "With what a serious face you sit there, jeering at the baron — excellent—admirable! you really should become an actor."

"But I sincerely mean what I say," cried Jacob, rising.

Leonie became suddenly grave; she fixed her eyes inquiringly on him, while she said tenderly, almost imploringly, "Are you then tired of me? — Oh, now I bethink me, for some days past you have been so thoughtful, and so gloomy. I have not seen one of the bright smiles that at first rewarded my love — what have I done? Do you love me no longer?"

"Leonie!" replied Jacob, "I have never loved you."

At this speech, Leonie's vivacity returned; she clapped her hands, and exclaimed, "Oh, he is a coquette—my jewel of a lover! He is an original! Others always swear that they will love a poor girl for ever; he vows that he has *never* loved her. Oh, this is divine—for a change, once in a way!"

"Leonie!" he cried, "seek if in your own soul you cannot find one chord that would vibrate to deeper tones. I have not deceived you—and yet I have never loved you. My heart is devoted only to one—a maiden in the north—and it has no place for another. Unhappy circumstances separated us;

and I left her, and went forth alone into the world. In the midst of weariness and unhappiness I found *you*, and in your arms I sought to acquire forgetfulness—to drive away every thought of her I love. But remembrance has only gathered double strength, from the few days' slumber into which I succeeded in throwing it; and now it is mightier than I. And with it has come self-reproach — Oh! I look upon myself as a wretched criminal."

"Poor young man!" said Leonie, jeeringly. "Since I have seduced you, I will give you my hand at the altar, to repair your honour."

"I thought you would not comprehend me," said he.

She replied, angrily, "You have deceived me. It is not true that you have only been a short time in Paris. You pretended to speak French with difficulty; but now, in your eagerness, you forget your deception, and speak like a Frenchman."

Jacob answered, "The passions of the soul know how to find words—they make the simplest man eloquent."

Leonie remained silent.

He continued: "When I was almost alone in this great city, your house was hospitably opened to me. When none other troubled themselves about me, you received me to your arms, and permitted me to seek repose upon your breast. You asked neither about my fatherland, my kindred, or my faith; and though I cannot love you, I shall ever remember you with deep gratitude."

Leonie approached him gently—she gazed at him as if she had begun to pity him, and said, "You are suffering, my poor friend; the world has dealt hardly with you; would I could relieve you!"

"Yes—I suffer," said he, leaning his head on his hand.

"Stay with me!" she exclaimed; "forget those who have cast you off! Stay with me — I will be yours alone — I will take no more presents from the Baron Descamps; I will leave the theatre, I will work for you, tend you; caress you — stay—stay with me!"

"If you could but know how deeply grateful I am to you! But it is impossible; I must away; never again to tread these —."

Leonie's eloquence was at a stand; she had exhausted all the persuasions she could call to mind — she burst into tears.

Jacob came up to her, and said in a low voice, "It is spoken—it is over, and now I must go. Farewell, Leonie! Remem-

ber me as a guest, on whom you have bestowed more than ordinary hospitality—more than common gifts—your love! When I am gone, there will come another guest, on whom you can exercise the kindness of your nature.”

He said this in the sincerity of his heart, and did not observe the light sneer that lay in the words.

“And who shall that be?” she replied, as she lifted to him her eyes, still bedewed with tears; “that old stick Baron Descamps? I will have nothing more to do with him—I hate him! I loathe him!”

“Oh, stay with me!” she cried, throwing her arms around him, as he seemed about to depart.

She fainted away: he placed her carefully on a sofa, called her elderly companion, and in another moment he was gone.

Lost in thought, and with downcast looks, he wended his way mechanically through the streets. Sadness and regret came as old acquaintances, and took up their accustomed position in his mind; and at every step he made he felt, as it were, the re-opening of some old wound; but he bowed his head to grief, and welcomed it as a just punishment for the dereliction of which he had been guilty.

Confused thoughts chased each other through his soul; he wandered on like one in a dream, and involuntarily recited some verses he had never before particularly noticed—he continued repeating these half aloud, until he became perplexed with them, and could not remember the concluding stanzas. This recalled him to himself; and he perceived that he was at the Palais Royal, in the gardens of which children were amusing themselves, and people of all ages were enjoying the bright sunshine.

Suddenly he trod upon some one's foot, and on looking up to beg pardon, he recognized Baron Descamps by the side of another elderly gentleman. He stood still before the baron, for Leonie had already become but a shadow of the past to him, and the baron reminded him of her.

“A mere accident—nothing to apologize for,” exclaimed the baron, limping on one foot, and with an expression of bodily pain in his features. He was passing on, but observing Jacob's melancholy countenance, a hope, an agreeable surmise, flitted through his mind. He stopped, and said, “But what is the matter with you? You look as if some fair enslaver had been faithless to you.”

“That, however, is not the case,” replied Jacob, with a forced smile. “If I had a fair enslaver, I rather would be inclined to be faithless to her, had I the means.”

"You have no idea of leaving Paris?" asked the baron eagerly.

"I would with all my heart, if I could."

"Can I be of any use to you in the matter?"

"You can indeed, baron," interrupted Jacob, whom an idea at that moment struck.

"You have influence, baron—you are a deputy—obtain for me a commission as an officer in Algiers."

"When would you like to go?" asked the baron, almost breathless with joy.

"Within an hour after I receive my commission."

"Between four and five hours hence you shall have it, then. Here is my hand upon it. But, upon honour, you shall first dine with me and my friend—Count Planhol—Mr. Bennigsen—come, let us go to Véfours." So saying, he seized Jacob's arm, and with delighted looks he led the way into a restauration, where he ordered a splendid dinner.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THERE was a storm in the Mediterranean. The frigate was tossed about as if the ocean had given it as a toy to its billows. Who could have supposed that it would ever be so rough and cold on the Mediterranean Sea? that sea which is fringed by dates, palms, and oranges.

Towards the morning of the twelfth day, the frigate entered the Roads of Algiers. Some of the passengers, awakened by an unusual stir among the sailors, betook themselves to the deck; and what was the sight which greeted their eyes? In the uncertain light the land looked like a vast white mass of shadow arising from the dark-blue sea. To the right of the ship stretched a high promontory, or headland, into the sea, on the top of which blazed, at some distance from each other, two beacon-lights set on high poles, between them the moon was visible, blood-red in colour, and to appearance close upon a rock, so that the spectator might have fancied that in this land of mystery, Africa, the moon also was perched on a lofty pole. The wind, which blew in puffs from the shore, by fits came in wild blasts, then in gentle airs laden with the perfume of unknown trees and flowers.

When day dawned, the frigate moved farther in, and at length anchored in the now busy harbour. The sun cast his

burning rays on the white villas, which rose like terraces one above another to the tops of the hills immediately around, on the ruins of the fort, and on the summits of the distant mountains. All was bustle and animation in the harbour; men with white turbans or red caps, Jews with dark *talars* (long robes) and matted beards, and chattering, inquisitive Frenchmen, were rowing here and there. A solitary Turk sat on a carpet on the beach, smoking his pipe, and gazing fixedly at the newly-arrived ship.

“So! here I am in Africa!” said Jacob to himself, when he had put his foot on shore; “and this is my fatherland!”

He had expected that on arriving in Africa he would instantly go out against the foe, and be encamped near them; but he was merely placed in the garrison. A few hurried words, a careless stroke of the pen from the secretary of the minister of war, had placed him in a regiment which was stationed in the town of Algiers. The French officers received him ungraciously, as a foreigner, who, from his having influential connections, had been thrust in among them, and they resolved to see if he were brave and deserving before they would associate with him. The only officer in the regiment who seemed willing to be on friendly terms with him was a Pole, named Josinski. He was a young man, with a pale, melancholy countenance, but noble-minded and clever, and the best horseman in the regiment. He was often with Jacob, and generally spoke to him about Poland.

“We Poles serve France without taking any warm interest in these wars,” said he one day to Jacob. “We are like the little Savoyards, who go to Paris and slave there in order that they may be able to assist their friends. But we can never send our fatherland the fruits of our service. When we meet death on the field of battle, we can but cast a prayerful glance to France, that she may not forget Poland.”

Another time he said, “You will seldom see a Pole gay. Our national misfortunes have crushed us in early life, and cast a weight on our souls which they cannot shake off. Oh! you know not what it is to have no fatherland. For a hundred years we Poles have been almost as the Jews, who spread themselves over the world, cherishing the traditions of their holy land, until a liberator shall come to restore them to it.” Jacob made no reply to this, and Josinski soon after began to

speak of their life in Algiers, and their tiresome, unprofitable garrison routine.

"Neither am I at all pleased with this life of stagnation," said Jacob. "I hurried hither panting for active occupation, for the most stirring scenes in which men can be engaged, and here I am condemned to the dullest, most sluggish existence I ever knew. When I am not on duty, I sleep, in order to avoid thought, yet the more I sleep the more drowsy I become."

"If one could only ride out for a chase among yon hills!" exclaimed Josinski; "no doubt there is game to be found, but one would run a great chance, instead of bringing anything home in one's pocket, that one's head would be carried home in a Bedouin's pocket. And such a land they call a conquest!"

One night all the trumpets in the town were suddenly sounded; the garrison hastened to the exercise-ground, men and women were thronging in confusion within the gates. The Arabs had made a descent upon the plains, and plundered, murdered, and burned up to the very walls of the town. A body of troops went forth to pursue the enemy, but these wild warriors had withdrawn as swiftly and suddenly as they came, after leaving smoking ruins and headless bodies to mark their way, while the French troops were endeavouring with forced marches to overtake them.

From the hills poured down the wild Kabyles, from the deserts came forth the wandering Bedouins in their flowing white burnouses, to help the true believers. Encouraged by this assistance, the Arab foe had seemed inclined to make a stand, and the whole day skirmishes had been taking place between the vanguard of the French and wandering detachments of the enemy. A battle was anticipated next morning.

All was excitement in the French camp at the prospect of an approaching engagement. Soldiers sat or lay around the great bonfire that was made on account of the chilling night wind, which blew from the Atlas mountains. Some drank and made themselves merry; others spoke in low tones to their comrades about their beautiful France and their loved ones at home; others again, and these were by far the youngest soldiers, spoke loudly and confidently on all possible subjects, and seemed to be in a state of feverish excitement, such as those who have taken shares in a lottery might experience the evening before it is to be drawn; while the veterans, who had often been in the heat of battle, discoursed

about the enemy and their mode of warfare, and gave good counsel to their younger comrades. At a separate fire, a warrior from the olden times had gathered around him a group of auditors, whom he entertained with his reminiscences of the glorious days when the chief *with the little hat* used, on the eve of a battle, to mix among his soldiers and talk to them of the next day's victory.

The officers lounged about in as careless, lively conversation as if they had been on the Boulevards at Paris, or as if the common soldiers only, not they, had anything to do with the coming battle, yet well did the soldiery know that their officers would the next day lead them gallantly against the enemy.

The noise died away by degrees; the soldiers wrapped themselves up in their grey cloaks, and stretched themselves on the ground near the fires to sleep. Nothing was now to be heard but the sentinel's signal-call from the outposts, or the howlings of the jackals in the adjoining desert, with now and then a wild, shrill cry in the distance, which told that the vigilant enemy were already stirring.

"Have you ever been in an engagement?" asked Josinski, as he sat with Jacob in his tent.

"No; and I was just thinking how strange it is that I, who have never heard an actual cannonade, should still seem familiar with it; I feel as if I had remembrances of one, yet I know not how this should be."

"Oh! it is a reminiscence from some review, which you mistake for some mysterious recollection. I vow I almost envy you, that you have still to experience the wild flutter of the spirits, the proud consciousness, the mingled feeling of terror and buoyancy, which seize on one at the first volley from the artillery. Oh! when the cannons thunder, the trumpets sound, and blood begins to flow, what strange sensations fill one's heart! A sort of bacchanalian, bloodthirsty frenzy, and indescribable pride of manhood, not to be quelled even by the knowledge that any moment may bring death. The first engagement is like first love—one is wrapped up almost in one's own feelings. Afterwards, however, one gets more accustomed to it; a man becomes then more indifferent, or at least calmer, and moreover takes some little care not to expose his life uselessly."

"I will say nothing for myself; but I hope that I shall not show myself a coward. Often have I longed for a moment like this."

An orderly entered the tent. "The general has received

despatches—a mail bag has come with them, and here is a letter for Lieutenant Bendixen.”

“A billet-doux perhaps from some faithful fair one in Paris,” said the Pole, with a knowing smile—“I shall leave you to devour it in solitude.”

The letter had a black seal, and bore every appearance of having travelled in various directions in search of him to whom it was addressed. It was from Benjamin, his father's clerk, and informed him, after much circumlocution, of his father's death. Then followed a long detail relative to the position of his property, and an exposition of affairs which showed how the faithful Benjamin had placed the capital to the best account. Death is a startling admonisher, and suddenly before Jacob's eyes arose every sorrow he had caused his father, every remembrance from his childish days, and the image of what he had himself now become. Then his thoughts turned to his father's death-bed, and to his long-lost mother. He beheld her again in imagination, so gentle, so pale! He beheld his father as he last saw him, and he had left him alone! What was it to be alone in a strange town, compared to being alone on one's death-bed! With what longing, what aching eyes might he not have sought his only son! And perhaps his last moments were saddened by the bitter thought, that *that* son would never say a *kadisch* for him when he lay in his grave.

“But I *shall* pray a *kadisch* for him,” cried Jacob, while the tears rolled down his cheeks. “What though they hear out yonder, that I am a Jew! Am I not a Jew? Yes, yes, in truth I am,” and he commenced repeating aloud the requiem for a departed soul—*Jisgadäl veyiskadisch Schemei rabo*.

“Thou shalt have a *kadisch* now, father!” he said, when that was ended; and again he began with his whole heart to repeat the Jewish form of blessing to the dead, and the invocation to the God who sends death.

But these prayers, as well as the tears he had shed, failed to lighten Jacob's heart. Prayer, so long neglected, could not at once bring comfort to his soul—and there was a whole past existence to weep over. Nor was there one point in the future on which he could build a hope; for his very love, even if the Christian maiden should prove constant to him, appeared to him at that moment equally hopeless and criminal.

In this state of mind he passed the night; the grey dawn of morn found him worn out by grief and want of rest, but in a state of feverish agitation.

The drums and the trumpets summoned the troops to

march ; in long ranks the columns poured forth to carry out the general's plan. Slowly and mechanically had Jacob mounted the horse which his orderly had brought to the door of his tent. He beheld with total indifference the blue summits of the distant hills gilded with the first rays of the morning sun ; and without one feeling of anxiety, or one thrill of military excitement, he heard the wild war-cry of the savage foe as they advanced to the onslaught, while the earth seemed shaking under the tramp of the cavalry.

By the orders of the colonel his regiment had wheeled round towards a level plain. Presently they saw before them a troop of Bedouins, who, protected by a deep ditch, and crouching behind a thick fence, seemed determined to check the advance of the French cavalry, by discharging their long guns at them. Suddenly the whole of the Arabs sprang to their feet, their white head-gear contrasting with their dark locks and swarthy countenances, their white burnouses fluttering in the breeze.

Jacob reined in his horse. So stood the Jews, clad in white, in the synagogues on the great festival of the Atonement ! So should they be clad when laid in their coffins ! He fancied that his dead father stood before him—the leader of that throng—and that all the rest were pious Jews arisen from their silent grave. At that instant the signal for the attack sounded—but had his soul's salvation depended on it, he could not have fired upon these apparitions. The trumpets blew their loudest blasts, contending as it were with the noise of the musketry ; weapons flashed around, and the men under his own command galloped past him right and left to mingle in the thick of the fight—and yet he stood immovable !

At length a consciousness of his situation, and idea of what his comrades—what the whole squadron—would say of his conduct awoke in his mind. He plunged his spurs into his horse's sides, and urged it madly forwards without seeing where he was going ; over the dead and the dying, over friend and foe he rode in his wild career after the regiment ; but it had already defeated the enemy, and the general had just issued orders to recall them from a useless pursuit of the flying Arabs. Jacob could not fail to observe that he had sunk deeply in the estimation of his comrades. Hitherto he had indeed never been treated with more consideration than was absolutely due to him as an officer, but now he seemed to be regarded with utter contempt. It was not by words that this was expressed, yet there was no mistaking the scorn with

which his backwardness at the moment of the attack was viewed. In Danish there is a very simple expression, yet full of meaning, applied to one who is the object of contempt or derision; they say, He becomes *flat*—so it truly is; for the very body seems to feel humiliation, it seems to shrink up, to make itself small, as it were, in order to escape notice.

In the afternoon, when the tents had been pitched, Jacob walked up and down alone in the most solitary outskirts of the camp. He felt himself lowered, disgraced in the eyes of the world, yet he was conscious that he had *not* acted from cowardice, and therefore did not in truth deserve the obloquy which had fallen upon him. He cast about in his own mind in vain for some means of defending, or rather of clearing himself before the world; none presented itself, and under the dark influence of despair he became embittered against himself and the whole world.

“It is well they do not know I am a Jew!” said he to himself. “If they did, they would say—‘That *Jew* Bendixen is a coward.’ Now they can only say, ‘That *man* Bendixen is a coward.’”

A French officer just then approached, but passed by him as if he had not observed him. The blood boiled in Jacob’s veins; all his hatred concentrated in fury against that one person.

“You look as if you do not see me, Mr. De Terry,” cried he. The officer stopped, turned towards him, and replied, with a glance of well-feigned amazement, “Oh, really, Mr. Bennigsen, you are right! I did not see you. I verily believe you possess the power of sometimes making yourself invisible.”

“How am I to understand this speech?” asked Jacob, with quivering lips.

“Just as you please,” replied the officer, with a most urbane smile.

“Are you prepared to receive a message from me immediately through one of my friends?”

“I shall be quite at your service, Mr. Bennigsen, and with the utmost pleasure.”

Jacob flew to seek the Polish officer; he, however, at first seemed anxious to avoid entering into conversation with him; but on learning that a duel was in question, his manner changed, and with a cordial shake of the hand, he promised to be his second on the occasion.

At the appointed hour the two adversaries stood opposite to each other, attended by their seconds. Time was precious,

so that little was said of explanation or apology. The seconds placed the pistols in their hands, and at a signal from the Pole, both were to fire. The signal was given. De Terry's bullet passed over Jacob's head—Jacob shot his opponent in the heart. De Terry spun round for an instant like a top, then dropped dead upon the ground.

Jacob awaited that evening in his tent the unavoidable consequences of this event; he felt gloomily resigned to whatever might happen; his sensations were as if he had been plunged into a deep river, and was carried away by a strong, swift current, against which it were hopeless to contend.

At length Josinski rushed in. "Good night!" he exclaimed; "and good news! A patrol has found poor De Terry, but without his head. One of these devils of Arabs, who swarm round us, has stolen that and his piastres. It is reported in the camp that De Terry had lingered too late outside the encampment, and had fallen by the hand of some wandering foe. So we escape a court-martial."

A ray of gladness beamed over Jacob's face. Good-fortune is a sorceress; even when she seems to have taken everything away, she can bewitch with a smile.

CHAPTER XXXII.

"You lead really a pleasant sort of solitary life here," said Josinski, one day that he bestowed a visit upon Jacob at the little outpost where he had been stationed.

Jacob answered by a melancholy smile.

"I can very well understand how painful daily intercourse with the officers must have become to you," said Josinski. "I was quite nervous at the thought of your being much among them, for *certainly* you would have had to fight duels with one-half of them, and have the other half for seconds. Do not be angry that I allude to *your* affair; I, for my part, am convinced that danger cannot daunt you. When you stood to receive De Terry's fire, any one might have thought, to see you, that you had spent your whole life in practising the art of standing to be shot at, and it required no small courage to request such a post as you have here."

"You are kind to judge so favourably of me, dear Josinski. It is not courage which I have shown, it is rather apathy,—

indifference even to danger. It is said that those who suffer much from sea-sickness are so overpowered by their miserable feelings, that they can hear with the utmost indifference that the vessel is about to perish ;—such is my state.”

“Perhaps I should feel the same, were it not for a secret hope which I cherish, and which at times makes the blood tingle in my veins. Well, it would be a sin to say that you are too comfortable here,” exclaimed Josinski, interrupting himself, and looking round the barrack-room. “What books are those you have?”

“They are some which came by accident among my clothes when I left my native land, and which really have been a great comfort to me. I wish you could understand them; they are narratives of Icelandic heroes, and they are curiously written. These little histories, indeed, only describe actions and events, but they suggest reflections, and awaken feelings not easily forgotten.”

“Tell me something about them,” said Josinski, “thus we shall be studying the literature of the North amidst the deserts of Africa, and spending the hot noonday hours in a pleasant manner. I am no Frenchman, therefore you need not fear that I shall forthwith interrupt your tale with a learned disquisition on the character of the ancient Icelanders.”

Jacob laughed, and said, “I will do my best to fulfil your wish, but I fear that the cream of the book—the northern air, as it were, which pervades it—will disappear under the influence of a translation. Perhaps it would be better for me to repeat some specimens to you, than to translate from the book. I remember at this moment three stories. I will begin with one respecting a child :—

“A man, named Thorsten, lived on bad terms with his neighbour Steinar, a wicked but very valiant man. Once when Thorsten, with his son Grim, a child of ten years of age, and a few followers, had gone forth into the country, he was overtaken near a wood by Steinar, who with a strong escort fell upon them. Then Thorsten said to his son, “Go thou into the forest until the battle is over;” and forthwith he and his men turned to fight Steinar. After the combat was over,’ says the tale, ‘there was a search made in the wood for Grim. The child was at length found severely wounded; but Steinar’s son lay by his side, and he was dead.’

“Perhaps you will not feel as I do,” said Jacob; “but to

me there is something fearful in the idea of the two children's furious and mortal combat in the solitude of the forest."

"Yes, very true; and this specimen of your northern tales makes me wish to hear more. Tell me another, will you?"

"'One of the greatest warriors in Iceland was Gunnar, who lived at Hlidarende——' but no, I cannot repeat his story so as to do it justice; I will teach you Danish, and then you shall yourself read of the strong friendship which existed between Gunnar and the sage Njal; of the hatred between their wives Bergthora and Halgerda; of the good-humour with which the husbands paid each alternately the fines levied on account of the murders committed among their dependants by order of their furious helpmates; of Gunnar's glorious achievements and last combat, when his wife refused to cut off a lock of her hair for a bowstring, and thereby save his life, because two years before he had given her a box on the ear."

"Is this tale in common circulation among the Danish populace?" asked the Pole.

"No, I do not think it is," replied Jacob. "But let me tell you how the sage Njal died. His warlike sons, who all resided with him, had put to death the governor, and in revenge their home was surrounded by his people and set fire to. Towards evening the buildings were blazing on all sides. Flose, the leader of the incendiaries, then entered the house, and offered to assist Njal's escape from the flames. Njal replied that he would not outlive his sons, for he would not be able to revenge them. 'Come forth, then, Bergthora,' said Flose to the mother; 'I would not willingly hurt thee.' She answered, 'I was married at an early age to Njal, and I have promised him to abide, weal and woe, with him.' Thereupon they both retired to the interior of the dwelling. Bergthora, however, wished that her daughter's son should be removed from the burning house; but the child entreated to remain; he insisted that it was better for him to die with her and Njal than to outlive them. Then Njal retired to his couch with his wife and grandchild, and having ordered his attendants to spread a fresh ox-hide over the couch, that their bodies might be found uninjured, he laid himself down to die."

After a short pause, Josinski said, "That magnanimous contempt of death is one of the qualities in which uncivilized races excel us. In that respect the Arabs resemble your ancient Icelanders; I had an example of this as I was riding hither. I had somewhat outstripped my escort, when, acci-

dentally raising my eyes, I observed behind a ruined wall—probably the remains of a mosque—a Bedouin, who with the utmost deliberation was taking aim at me; but his deliberation saved me. I threw myself off one side of my horse, so that I left only one foot in the stirrup, and hardly had I done this when a ball whizzed over the horse's head. Now he was *my* man. I drew my pistol and galloped up to him, but when I approached him, he coolly folded his arms, and steadfastly surveyed me with his coal-black eyes. I could not kill him; I left that work for the soldiers who were following me."

"And did they kill him?"

"Yes. Why, you seem shocked at this?"

"Oh no—nevertheless, I cannot deny that I take some interest in these people. The right is on their side, and they defend their rights with a noble and unflinching courage. And also there is something romantic about them—they seem less worldly than we are; in the wandering life they lead, they seem not so bound to the earth by walls and planks as we are. And yet, when one looks on their powerful, noble figures, one would fancy that they were more beloved of their mother earth than we. How graceful an Arab looks in his flowing white garment, by the side of the French soldier, with his stumpy red pantaloons and narrow shako. To see Colonel Yussuf by the side of a French officer of the same rank! The former looks as if formed by the Almighty for the model of a hero—his fine countenance, his whole figure expressive of the loftiest courage! I never see him without a feeling of deep regret that he has forsaken his own people; how their hearts must bleed when they behold him in the Christian army! You perceive then why it is that I am so inactive. I would give worlds—more than worlds, if I had them—to distinguish myself; but I cannot fight against these people. I should feel myself a wretched hireling, to murder, if not just for money, yet certainly for a reward; since what can one call that but murder, even on a battle-field, when one does not kill men in a righteous cause—or at least in what one deems a righteous cause?"

"Then go over to the Bedouins," said Josinski, laughing.

"Oh no! We Europeans are linked to each other by civilization. I love the French—at a distance; I like them for the sake of the purpose which our heavenly Father seems to have had in view when he created them."

"It is truly wonderful," cried Josinski, "these men, who, individually, are so egotistical, frivolous, and vain-glorious, as a nation feel sympathy for all other nations, and are

ready to offer their lives for them. I dislike each separate soldier; but when I see a regiment marching on in fine military style, my heart beats with pride."

"A mass of people always causes that impression—it is always imposing," said Jacob. "We feel no affection for each individual fellow-citizen, but we love our countrymen collectively."

"I cannot agree in that," replied Josinski; "I, for my part, love every Pole I meet,—he is a fraction of my fatherland. The other day I took up a button from a street here in Algiers,—it was the button of a Polish uniform, and I thought it a sin that it should lie in the dirt."

"That is because your native land is unfortunate; a son of that rich, proud England, cannot endure to meet another Englishman abroad."

"Yes, my fatherland is unfortunate —— hark! —— will you ——"

A corporal entered just then with a report to his superior officer, and Josinski's conversation was interrupted.

Some hours after he had gone, Jacob was standing outside the palisades which surrounded the temporary barracks, when he saw in the distance a cloud of dust that seemed approaching. After a little time, he perceived that it was a horseman coming at a furious pace. Fancying it might be a Bedouin, who, in his matinal devotions, had vowed to Allah the head of a Christian, and would take him for one, he prepared to defend himself, when, to his surprise, he recognized the figure of his friend Josinski. The Pole rode up at full gallop, sprang hastily from his saddle, and threw his arms round Jacob's neck. Jacob seemed quite startled by his friend's unusually warm greeting, and did not appear to observe the joyous expression of his countenance. It was some moments before Josinski's emotion permitted him to find words. At length he exclaimed, "Revolution!—The Russians have been massacred at Warsaw—Poland has risen!"

"Hurrah!" cried Jacob. "Dane as I am, I say, God be praised!"

"We two rejoice here alone in the desert," exclaimed Josinski; "but I could lay my life, half Europe is rejoicing at this moment. You have said that you would fight in a righteous cause. I ask you, now, do you consider the cause of Poland a just one?"

"Oh, Josinski! It is almost blasphemy to ask such a question. I will go with you to Poland —— but ——"

"Why that *but*? Is there any obstacle?"

“None; it was but an idea that possibly letters might come to me here from my home.”

“Write to them that hereafter they must address their letters to Warsaw, instead of Algiers. Is there any other difficulty?”

“No; it was but a passing thought. At this moment, home fades on my recollection, and my private sorrows seem, indeed, petty, compared to the weighty concerns of Poland.”

“Then let us start at once; there is no time to lose. We must make haste, even if we should have to desert. Heaven grant no Arab may be loitering in the way! Do not think ill of me, my friend, if you see that now, while I remain at Algiers, I am careful of my life.”

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE ASSAULT.

“I AM as hungry as a Calmuck!” said a young officer, who one evening in the dusk followed Jacob through a hamlet. “After the example of the good Captain Dalgetty, I clasped my belt tightly on the march; but truly, the tighter I clasped it, the louder cried my empty stomach. Perhaps you have been so fortunate as to stumble upon good quarters; if so, I invite myself to be your guest. What——*here* are they? O, thank you, then, I shall go on farther and forage for myself.”

Jacob, meanwhile, entered the hut, which resembled more one of those cellars wherein country people stow away their potatoes for the winter, than a human habitation. Within the mud walls nothing was to be seen but three half-naked children, who lay on some damp straw, and gazed furtively on the intruders.

The corporal who had marshalled him to this resting-place said, “This is a rough lodging, lieutenant, and the entertainment is not much better. But here is some bread and some brandy, if you will be pleased to be satisfied with that. The Russians will give us breakfast to-morrow; I doubt not it will be a warm one.”

“Thanks, good Soltau. But where are the inhabitants? Have these children no mother?”

“God knows, sir; I have seen none.”

"Where is the man to whom the house belongs?"

"Oh, he has betaken himself to the dog-kennel; I turned him out to make room for your honour."

Perhaps, thought Jacob, he may be some Pole whom my departed father has received at his table. "Soltau," he added aloud, "I would rather go out into the open air; let the man return to his house."

"Oh, he will creep in fast enough, when he sees that you and I are out of it. Don't be uneasy on that score, sir."

"Tell me, Soltau," said Jacob, when they had left the hut, "how could you be so inhuman as to drive the man out into the cold, away from his little children? You, whom I have with pleasure observed so good-natured and kind-hearted to your comrades on the march?"

"Inhuman, sir! Inhuman to such a creature! If he could win a florin by cutting all our throats, he would not hesitate to do it. If we did not keep such a good look-out, half a score of Jews would be already on the way to betray us to the Russians."

"But there are Jews serving among our troops like good Poles."

"Oh! that's another thing. Whoever takes arms against the Russians is my comrade, even if he were a Turk. An old soldier like myself cares little in what faith a man was baptized. But if we had fewer of these peddling Jews in Poland, we should have fewer traitors."

"But why don't they hang these accursed spies, as a punishment and a warning?"

"We hang a couple almost every day; but they swarm like rats."

"Are there actually, then, none but Jews who are traitors?"

"Lord, no, your honour! Every swinish rustic is a traitor, who cares not if such a country exist as Poland; but we have the habit of calling every traitor a Jew."

"Oh! that's another thing," said Jacob, laughing; "and now lend me your flask."

At that moment they heard a shot fired close to the adjacent village. They hastened to the spot, and found some horsemen surrounding a man who lay on the ground, groaning. The soldiers were speaking in loud and threatening terms.

"What is the matter—what has happened?" asked Jacob.

"Wait a moment, lieutenant," said the corporal, stooping over the man. "Ah! just as I thought—our host! On the

way to Stoczek, were you not? you worthless dog—you cursed Jewish traitor!”

The man who was lying on the ground half-sobbed, half-screed, “I am no Jew—I am no Jew—I am a Christian like yourselves—I am your brother—*all man schlemadsel!** Oh—oh! I am called Michael Wucziewicz—the holy archangel Michael is my patron saint—may his name be blessed! Mamzir ben hanido† — Oh—oh!” The Hebrew words were uttered in a low voice, so that to an unaccustomed ear they might sound as groans or suppressed cries.

“Rascally tell-tale! What did you want at Stoczek? Confess, dog!”

“I only wanted to buy a few eggs for the great gentleman who has got his quarters at my place. Saw sollt ihr hraio hoben‡ — Oh—oh!”

“So you wanted to buy eggs, did you? Has not one here got a bit of rope?”

“Oh, I will confess,” shrieked the Pole. “I will declare how many Russians there are in Stoczek; I know where General Geismar is — let me only live — Oi, schema Jisroel!§ — Oh—oh—oh!”

“Make haste with the rope!”

Jacob, who had scarcely been able to restrain his laughter, —partly at the troopers, who did not comprehend the curses showered on them; partly at the Pole, who supposed no one understood him,—now interposed.

“Carry him to the colonel; perhaps he can give some useful information. Take the rope from round the fellow’s neck; you have already fired at him, and wounded him—that is enough.”

“That wound is nothing, lieutenant; he is only pretending,—he has fallen from sheer fright. But, as you order it, let us take him to the colonel.”

Shortly afterwards the officers were called to the colonel’s quarters, and received orders to lead the troops as secretly as possible towards Stoczek.

“At two o’clock the general will arrive here at Filipowko,” said he, on dismissing them. “Would that we could receive him as our guest in a conquered town!”

The officers all repaired to their posts; and in the chill, dark winter night, the expedition noiselessly approached the town occupied by the enemy.

* My malediction on you.

† The filthy son of a wanton.

‡ That will surely go down with you.

§ Hear, Israel! a Jewish exclamation.

Outside of a house in the suburbs lay a Russian sentinel, frozen to death, with a flask of brandy by his side. His comrades were killing time within the house in rioting and uproar, while their arms were piled against the walls. The Polish soldiers, rushing in with fixed bayonets, surprised, surrounded, and speedily overcame them. About two hundred of the Russians only succeeded in forcing their way to a large barn, where they obstinately defended themselves, until the Poles set fire to it. At that moment the colonel rode up, his countenance expressive of the deepest anxiety. "This is bad work," said he, angrily; "that fire may bring down Geismar's whole force upon us this very night. You must keep a sharp look-out that the Russians may not surprise us as we have done those poor devils!"

At dawn of day there were sounds of triumph and joy in the cantonments at Filipowko, for Dwernicki's cavalry was descried advancing. At the same time, however, on the other side of the town, the Russian columns were visible in the distance, bearing down upon it.

It was *the eighteenth February*; on that day the first contest in an open battle-field for Poland's independence took place.

Like an enormous serpent came the close columns of the Russian line, winding forward against the Poles, crushing on their way the little band that held the heights and the woody hollows which surrounded Stoczek. Then the fire of the artillery opened on both sides, and on both sides the infantry and the cavalry advanced to the charge.

General Dwernicki headed a squadron of lancers, and took the lead to meet the Russians. The rest of the troops placed themselves according to his orders. When all were formed in battle array, he stood for one moment to survey the compact and glittering ranks. Then waving his hand in the air, he cried, as he turned and spurred forward his foaming horse, "Poles, level your lances and advance!" The trumpets sounded, and the earth trembled beneath the thunder of the cavalry's charge.

Yes—ye waver—ye Russian men! Dwernicki heeds not the approved rules of ordinary combat. But it is not two kings who are fighting for some trivial cause, and trying whose cannons can kill the most of their subjects. It is not a battle conducted on mathematical rules, where the opponents meet on equal terms, and neither have writhed under the sting of oppression.

Ha! This *is* fighting! Here are no guns—but man

"Well, it may be barbarity, lieutenant," said the corporal, sullenly; "but since I first tasted their blood, the longing for more has been very strong. When I look at these accursed Russians, every recollection becomes vivid, and stirs up the raging thirst for their blood."

Jacob became more thoughtful; he replied,—

"True—you are a Pole, Soltau."

"Yes!" added the corporal; "and a Pole of fifty years of age. I have lived through all the miseries of Poland since Kosciusko's time. I was at Prague when the Russians stormed it."

"At Prague?"

"Yes—I was there. I was at home with my mother; my father fought that day among the Poles, and fell. But we knew not of his death. We sat in breathless anxiety, and listened silently to what was going on. We heard the cannon's fearful thunder, and in the intervals the clash of arms. The uproar increased, and from the streets there came howls as if of wild beasts. I was afraid, for I was then only eleven years of age; and as the howls came nearer, I crept behind my mother. The door, after several heavy strokes on it, was battered in, and a rabble of soldiers in green uniforms, stained with blood, burst in. My mother was killed by a thrust from a bayonet; she fell over me, and her blood saved me. But I had a sister—let us not talk of this"—cried the corporal, interrupting himself in a hoarse voice, and passing his hand quickly across his eyes. "When I see a Russian, I fancy to myself that he it was who murdered my mother. And when I have cloven the skull of another, I say to myself, that he was one who—I give no quarter."

Shortly after, he resumed in a calmer tone. "I was drawn for a soldier, and was enlisted to serve under the Russians. But I made my escape from them. Well, I knew that if I were taken, I should be put to death; but I escaped nevertheless. Afterwards I was at Austerlitz—at Austerlitz with the great emperor! The Russians retreated over a frozen river—the artillery, as I heard, were ordered to fire upon these frozen waters—the ice broke—the Russians flung away their heavy armour, and tried to escape; but they sank—they sank with piercing cries and outstretched arms—as the Polish women had done at Prague.

"I was severely wounded in Friedland; and as the grand dukedom was soon after restored, I settled myself at Warsaw, and married. I became a suttler, and all went well with me, until the emperor fell. I would have given all

I was worth to have saved the emperor; but of what avail would that have been? You may believe, sir, that was a cruel day when the Russian guards again entered Warsaw, with colours flying and drums beating, and the Polish soldiers had to give up the arsenal. On that day sorely did I grieve that I had not been of the expedition in 1812—at least, had not had the delight of seeing Moscow burning. But when I looked at my countrymen, I saw in their countenances that the Russians would be chased out again; yes, well could I see that, lieutenant! It has been a long time coming, but better late than never, say I. When I consider everything, my only wonder is how we could have held out under their oppression so long. You know, sir, that they broke the constitution they had given us for a permanency—that was bad enough; we had no means, however, of resisting, and were obliged to submit. But, not content with that, they determined to do away with our old Polish language, and substitute the Russian in its stead, which all our children were to be bound to learn. Our lawful rights were withheld; nay, more than that—all law, and justice, and humanity, were trampled under foot. The bravest and best men were arrested, condemned to the knout, and exiled to Siberia. Every sentence was changed into what the oppressors desired. Even in people's own families they hardly dared express their thoughts, so all-pervading was the espionage practised. The slightest word was sufficient to condemn a man to have his house surrounded during the dead of night, and himself torn from his wife and children, never to behold them more! All private property was confiscated, and people who one day were rich, had to beg their bread the next. Senators and ladies of distinction were to be seen working in wheelbarrows, and no one dared so much as cast a look of pity on them, for fear of being placed among them. Yes, lieutenant—we were treated as if we were a people cast off by God Almighty, and destined to be tortured by the Russians. But, doubtless, you have heard enough of this, even before you came here."

"Yes, I have read at home many sad descriptions of the misery of Poland; but when people are at ease themselves, they cannot thoroughly enter into the calamities of strangers. But, Soltau, excuse my remarking to you, that though my own countrymen, the Danes, are a peace-loving nation, yet were they thus oppressed, I hardly think they would bear it through fifteen long years."

"Ah, lieutenant! Remember that the youth of Poland

was almost annihilated in 1815; our little children had to grow up before there could be a revolution. Then, in 1825, we expected a change for the better, and were willing to give Nicholas a fair trial; but we soon proved what *he* was going to be. God knows how long things might have gone on as they were, had Nicholas not taken it into his head to go to war with France, and, for this purpose, determined on employing the resources of Poland in money and troops. All Polish fortresses became then garrisoned by Russians, and we soon felt that there was no alternative between revolt and hopeless submission."

"But who were the '*We*?' " asked Jacob.

"We, the sworn confederates; we, the old and young Polish soldiers, the students, burghers, noblemen—we altogether!"

"But how did it happen that you were not discovered, arrested, and sent into Siberia?"

"Could they arrest a whole people, lieutenant? The grand duke knew full well that something was in agitation, but he did not know when the conspiracy was to break out. We pretended several times that a rising was to take place on a certain day, and on every occasion he gave orders for his Russians to hold themselves in readiness to put it down. At length he became tired of these needless alarms, and when, on the 29th November, the chief of the police warned him that insurrection would break out that evening, he called him an infamous dupe, and kicked him down stairs. But the 29th *was* the appointed day; and it had been arranged that the military at Lazienki, a short distance from Warsaw, should commence the revolution by seizing on the Russian cavalry barracks, and give us, in the town, a signal by setting fire to a prominent house. That evening were the Polish sappers, several hundreds in number, assembled in my house; from thence they were to proceed to occupy the Alexander church. In order to deceive the police, I had given out that I was to have a ball that night. To be sure, there were but few damsels, but the men danced together gaily whilst they were thinking of a very different dance. I had posted my eldest son, who was eight years of age, outside on a balcony, and had instructed him to keep a good look-out in the direction of Lazienki. At seven o'clock the child came in, and whispered to me, 'Father, Lazienki is on fire!' I then went to my bedchamber, and took from under the coverlet of the bed my old carbine and my old *uhlan** jacket,

* Uhlan,—a kind of light cavalry soldier.

which I put on, and when I stood thus equipped in the doorway of the saloon where they were dancing, you should have seen the fun, sir! Up sprung the musicians and brandished swords and axes, the dancers flung their blouses off and stood glittering with arms! The police spies present, astounded, shouted, 'In the emperor's name!' But we cried, 'To hell with you and your emperor!', and striking them to the ground, we rushed to the Alexander church. What happened that night I have not powers to describe. I observed that our numbers had greatly augmented: we were speedily opposed by the Russian cavalry. Lights shone in every window, church bells rang, houses were burning, the Russians rent the air with yells, cannons thundered,—what a night was that! Next morning there was not a living Russian in Warsaw—plenty dead ones there were—and forty thousand armed Poles stood in the streets. Blessed Jesus! what a spectacle was that when the Polish flag was hoisted on Alexander's tower, and the populace without waved their hats in the air, and embraced each other amidst tears and shouts of triumph!

"There was only one thing happened," continued the corporal, in a subdued voice, "which I wish had not happened. I shall relate it to you, sir; for, after all, I have no reason to be ashamed of it. Those traitors, officers and others, who felt well inclined towards the Russians, sought to smuggle themselves out of the town, but whenever we caught them, we stabbed them. At length General Trembicki came riding up, and wished to pass out to join the Russians. He was our most respected and most beloved general; he had always treated the soldiery as if he had been their father. We reasoned with him, and entreated him to remain among us; but he replied angrily, that he would be true to his emperor, and that we were rebels. I threw myself on my knees before his horse, and implored him to remain, but he cried, 'Move to one side, Soltau, or I shall ride over you.' Then I placed my carbine against his breast—several of my comrades did the same—I shut my eyes, and fired——"

"Soltau!" exclaimed Jacob, horrified.

"Yes, lieutenant; I did that. God is my witness; I lament it even now. But the Russians did not get General Trembicki!"

They rode on for some time in silence, then the corporal began to speak again, but in a less excited tone.

"In the afternoon we had great cause for rejoicing; the first Polish provincial regiment marched in, and tendered its adherence to the revolution. Talk of a hero; if ever there

was one, it is General Szembek, who commands that regiment. He rode almost singly into the grand duke's camp, and told him that he intended to proceed to Warsaw with his regiment, but he wished first to be absolved from his oath of allegiance. The grand duke was so taken by surprise, that he absolved him from his oath, and let him depart. The kind grand duke ! He had been driven forth from his comfortable berth and his post of command, and forced, with his guards, to wade up to the knees in water. The following days, the Polish provincial regiments surrounded his camp and cut off all supplies, so that he learned to know what it was to hunger and thirst.

"We were at Warsaw forty thousand men fit for fighting, and ready and longing to be led against the Russian troops ; the ten thousand starving wretches would doubtless have laid down their arms, if they had then seen the Polish army. But our government sent a deputation to the grand duke, and on the 3rd December it became generally known that an agreement had been signed, by which his Imperial Highness the Grand Duke Constantine's troops were to evacuate the country, but were to be permitted to retire in safety, and were to be fed at the expense of Poland until they reached the Russian frontiers !"

"But what on earth made them commit such unheard-of folly ?" cried Jacob, in a tone of indignation, "as if reverses could no more be helped ?"

"Ah ! what, indeed ?" replied the corporal, shrugging his shoulders.

Jacob observed that he muttered something to himself, and then was silent.

"There was no need for it," said the corporal.

"But we were not to be ruined by ten thousand Russians more or less. We obtained assistance from all Europe, and such brave men as that French colonel, who swam across the Vistula to come to us, are at least as good as some thousands of those lean Russian scarecrows. And none need despise us Poles ourselves. When the manifesto was published which called the nation to arms, you should have seen the enthusiasm ! How men flocked from all parts of the country, and demanded nothing but to be led against the Russians. Many fathers and mothers travelled from a distance with their half-grown lads of sons, and offered them to the minister of war. It was no great matter, perhaps, that the rich gave their plate to the mint, but when the very servant-girls brought their little savings to the treasury, instead of spending them

for dances, we may indeed say, lieutenant, Poland is not lost!"

They now approached a village where the commander had given orders to halt. Next morning, before sunrise, the soldiers on the outposts gave notice that a strong body of infantry and cavalry were on their march towards the upper side of the camp, and the Polish troops were immediately drawn up in battle array before the village. Through the dense mist of a winter morning the eye could not penetrate far; the troops were therefore standing in anxious expectation, waiting every moment to see the enemy emerge from the fog. Presently a breeze sprung up, which in some degree dispelled the mist, and the struggling rays of the rising sun fell upon a long line of warriors carrying Polish banners and ensigns. They were the Cracow volunteers, miners and peasants from the adjoining waywodes, who had risen in a mass. With the speed of electricity the Polish troops sprang forward to welcome them, and they were soon locked in each others' arms.

The report of cannon was heard in the distance.

"What can that be?" was asked of the newly-arrived brethren.

"It is the other Polish volunteers, who have attacked Creuz and Wirtemberg; we are on our way to join them."

"Let us all hasten to Creuz and Wirtemberg!" was then the cry.

LETTER FROM JACOB TO LEVY.

PICTURE to yourself a camp. In the centre stand a few half-ruined cottages, which are substitutes for a palace; here our general and his staff reside; around these, dark-grey tents (for the reflection from the skies alone gives them brighter tints) and huts, built of earth and branches of trees, swarming with numbers of soldiers and horses. From innumerable holes the smoke is escaping, for we cook in the same primitive manner as they do in the caravans that travel to fairs at home; Russian prisoners being brought in amidst the lanes of tents, and a spy hanging on an adjoining tree.

Fancy all this, and behold sundry small parties sent forth to forage, one of which is led by — Lieutenant Von Bendixen! They encounter a detachment of the enemy; the corporal asks Mr. Von Bendixen if they shall attack them

—yes, for there *are* people who ask my advice here, as I in Copenhagen used to be in the habit of asking yours. It is in consequence of that foraging party that you are favoured with this epistle. We had arrived in the immediate vicinity of a tolerably large farm — according to the Polish scale of farms — and were riding joyfully towards it, when we perceived that the Russians had been beforehand with us, and were already in possession of the place. My corporal rode up to me and said, “Please sir, are we to retreat, or to attack them?” This query was only a ceremony, I could see full well that the old fellow never once dreamed of anything but fighting. And even had we wished to retreat, it would have been a vain attempt, for the Russians had caught sight of us, and were already advancing upon us; therefore it was no very heroic deed on my part to order the assault. Then began one of these battles which are the most interesting — to a beholder, at least. The Jews are pretty right when they say, “Für’n Zuschauer ist kein Spiel zu grosz!”* We were soon engaged, and in the space of a few moments I found myself between two Russian horsemen. A blow from one of them, intended to finish me, I happily parried, and I gave him such a return, that his imperial majesty the autocrat has now one slave the less to tyrannize over; but at the same moment the other struck me so severely on my arm, that I dropped my reins. I could not then guide my horse, and my head seemed destined to be quietly chopped off; I believe I tried to think of you all at home, but my brain seemed to be spinning round. But just as my opponent raised his arm to strike, he received a pistol-shot in his breast. For one instant he looked exceedingly angry and surprised, the next moment he dropped from his horse. The Russians were put to flight, and after we had killed at least a score of men, and lost a handful ourselves, we remained masters of about as much straw as would be sold in our West-market for five rix bank dollars. We carried this home in triumph, and highly was our prowess extolled. The portion of the booty which fell to my share was in quantity pretty nearly as much straw as a small family in Copenhagen would buy to pack up their goods with on moving from one house to another. For this action I was advanced to be first lieutenant. I am also allowed an hour or two’s repose in the camp, and thus it is that I can get up a long letter to you.

You will doubtless observe that my mind is somewhat in a different state from what it was when I wrote to you from

* For a spectator no play is too great.

Algiers. You might then, in every line, detect the anger against myself, the regret I felt at having left my home. No wonder I wrote in this strain, for such were my thoughts by day and by night. I felt that I might as well have remained in passive inactivity in Denmark as in a foreign land, and I was consumed by a longing desire to return. If at home, I was distracted by the ill-will of the family of my betrothed; there I was thoroughly uncomfortable among the French officers, and, of a surety, I had not the solid consolations of a good bed and a good dinner. Here it is very different; an almost new life is, as it were, created around me. Here I feel myself incorporated with the rest of mankind; I am at liberty to fight along with brave men in a glorious cause, and to act according to the impulse of my nature. What though I fight, like Ivanhoe at the great tournament, with a closed visor, were I even to raise it, and they were to recognize in me one of our disinherited, exiled race, they would not deny me a soldier's reward.

The only thing to be said against such a life as this is, that one almost ceases to live for one's self, and having no will of one's own, becomes a mere fraction of a mass. But, on the other hand, there are moments when I can only compare life to an ocean, and one's self to a swimmer, who, having no specified point to reach, sports joyfully amidst the undulating waves, whilst the soul fearlessly rocks in the glad sensation of freedom.

I feel a strong conviction that I shall not die here. During the first engagement in which I took a part, I suddenly beheld distinctly before me *kiever ovaus* * at *Norebro*. Since then I have foreseen that my grave shall be dug there, and as it is not very likely, should I fall here, that they will embalm me, and send me home, it follows, of course, that I must absolutely return alive.

When I *do* return home, may I find *her* unchanged, and still worthy of my affection! Oh! I have never forgotten her! When all is still around me, at the dead hour of night, how often her favourite little sitting-room rises up before me, and I see her there, and then I feel as if my whole frame were drawn homewards; I almost lose my senses, and I cannot understand how I was ever able to leave her. There are times, however, when I fancy to myself that even should *she* be faithless, I could make my happiness in the success of Poland, and think only of the warfare I am engaged in. But,

* The churchyard.

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oh! how much more frequently, when my comrades are speaking with deep anxiety of the future, I wrap myself up secretly in thoughts of her, and forget all around. I cannot always help this egotism, though I blame myself for it. I ought to be happy—I, who have two bright hopes to sustain me. The poor Poles have but *one*—the hope of freeing their oppressed fatherland!

Dear Levy, I must confess that your long silence occasions me often a great deal of uneasiness. And *she* ought, surely, to have written first to me; she is innocent—I believe—I know that she is! But appearances are against her, and it would be unmanly on my part to write first. However, I console myself with the idea that letters have been forwarded, but have not reached me; God grant that this may be true!

Ah,—here comes the surgeon!—He insists that my arm must be taken off. He is a tall, lanky German, evidently only a barber, but who gives himself out as a surgeon and doctor of medicine, and very wroth he is at me because I understand wounds better than he does. He vows that since I am so super-excellent a surgeon, I ought to have staid at home. Yes, if I had had him there to have disposed of the old aunt, that meddling minister's wife, all might have gone on smoothly. Well! I suppose even she will have some respect for a first lieutenant in the Polish army; let me only receive a letter from Thora, — and if in a very short time after I am not a Ritmester — you may call me — a Russian. When I come home in the glittering uniform of a Ritmester, will it not so disguise the *Jew Bendixen*, that no one will recognize him?

A DARK SKY.

SOME months after this, the Polish army lay in an entrenched camp on the Austrian frontier; Dwernicki having granted his troops a few days' rest, after a long and harassing pursuit by a superior Russian force. A dead silence reigned in the camp—nothing there was in activity but the restless spirit of the commander-in-chief, which, like that of the mariner who has to guide his ship through storms and danger, was intently occupied in anxious consideration of their position.

On the outside of the tent two officers were pacing up and

down in earnest conversation; these were Jacob and Josinski.

"How happy I am," said Jacob, "to see you again. What a lucky chance by which you were deputed to bring us despatches! And you are now a major—I congratulate you with all my heart!"

"I cannot rejoice at my own good-fortune," said Josinski thoughtfully, "when I think of my fatherland."

"Your fatherland—Poland? Why grieve for it? Have we not driven the enemy from Warsaw, and forced them to retire to the right side of the river, while we have cleared the left bank of every soul of them? Is not all Poland in arms, from the Russian frontiers to Austrian Galicia and the Prussian territories? Are there not thousands of the peasantry here in Volhynia ready to join us? What though we have been pressed hard for once, are we to lose courage for that? Old Dwernicki will soon hit on some expedient to put all to rights!"

"Ah! dear Bendixen, you know not how matters stand! What signifies it that we have triumphed at Grochow, Wavre, and Dembe; that we have shattered the emperor's guard, and defeated both his 'Lions from Warna,' and his 'invincible' cuirassiers? What boots all that glorious enthusiasm of which I was so proud? That we pursued the enemy so hotly after the battle of Dembe—that a regiment composed of little better than children put the Russian veterans to flight—that the Russians again gave way when the fourth regiment of the line marched on them with fixed bayonets? What signifies all this, what has it done for us? Skrzynicki stood so still after the victory that one might have thought he was paralyzed. Instead of falling upon the defeated, fugitive, terrified Russians, putting them to death, taking them prisoners, clearing all Poland of them, he remained in inexplicable inactivity; leaving the enemy to recover themselves, and the emperor time to strengthen their forces with new masses of troops. It almost seemed as if he had been panic-struck, so little dared he overthrow the colossus when it was tottering. And now he leaves Dwernicki here, besieged and hard pressed, and Poland will lose six thousand of her best warriors, because Skrzynicki will not move an inch with a fine army, who are burning to be in action. O, at times I am almost mad with impatience! It is fortunate for me that I was sent away, for I might have murdered Skrzynicki, my general."

"But are matters so hopeless here?"

"With thirteen thousand Russians between us and the

rest of our forces! In a position which, though of itself almost impregnable, is close to the Austrian frontier! Once more does Poland trust to Austria, though she has twice taught us a dear lesson! What if Austria opens her frontiers to Rüdiger, and permits him to attack us from thence—perhaps even helps to do so? Poor, persecuted Poland has everything to dread.”

Josinski was called to the general, and Jacob retired in gloomy thought to his tent.

It was on the 27th April, 1831, that the Russian general Rüdiger passed through the neutral territory, and attacked Dwernicki in the rear; when that general complained to the Austrians, they disbanded their own troops and handed over their arms and cannon to the Russians.

It was eleven o'clock in the morning—the engagement had commenced, the Russian cavalry, charging from the neutral frontier, pressed the little Polish army on all sides. Then Dwernicki issued orders for a forced march, to gain, if possible, the neutral ground, while certain squadrons were directed to make a desperate attack on the enemy, in order to occupy their troops, and cover the retreat.

At such a moment thoughts fly with more than usual rapidity through the mind—remembrances of the past, apprehensions for the future, chase each other in confusion through the brain.

“From my childhood I have believed in omens,” said Jacob to himself, as he gazed on the grand but threatening scene before him. “From a mere trifle I augured good-fortune when I went to Thora’s father; now I will augur smaller things from greater. If all goes well to-day—I will write a letter to——”

The trumpets sounded, spurs were buried in the horses’ sides, the lancers raised once more the Polish banner, and, like a shower of hailstones, they fell on the Russians. The foremost ranks of the enemy were routed, killed, trampled underfoot, and the whole living mass swept back like a cloud of dust before the wind.

Then, from another side were heard the loud voices of the Russian commanders, as they angrily ordered a squadron of Russian horse to charge. The cavalry galloped forward against the Poles—the retreating infantry were brought back, and the little but heroic Polish army was engulfed as it were in a whirlpool.

Jacob beheld a Russian bury his lance in Soltau’s breast;

the Pole for one instant raised himself in the saddle, whilst he cast a look of deadly hatred on his adversary, but life was ebbing fast; in a moment more he seemed to become faint—he fell, and was presently a senseless corpse beneath the horses' feet.

After that, Jacob saw no more. Imprecations, groans, the clash of sabres, and the loud report of pistols sounded in mingling and frightful confusion around him; mechanically he parried thrusts, and struck in return, until he found himself by the side of Josinski, behind the Russians, and following his example, spurred on his horse to a furious gallop.

The over-ridden horses fell at length; but no Russian was to be seen. They were saved—they were in Poland—whilst their comrades who had loitered behind were doomed to listen in Austrian prisons to the distant rumour of Poland's still hard-fought battles.

MICHAEL WUCZIEWICZ.

MANY were the dangers the friends encountered, and the hardships they underwent in the country, now swarming with Russians. Sometimes they found shelter among Polish peasantry, who shared with them the scanty resources that the plundering foe had left. At other times they had to conceal themselves in the depths of the woods, exposed to every inclemency of the weather, and obliged to sustain nature on the nuts they were so fortunate as to find.

One night that they had lain down on the damp earth, and in vain sought the refreshment of sleep, Josinski exclaimed, "If it were another warfare, and they were other foes, I think I would allow myself to be taken prisoner. The devouring pangs of hunger can conquer the bravest man. But I will not fall alive into the hands of the Russians. Yet I do grieve much for you."

"Do not grieve on my account, Josinski," replied Jacob; "I support the want and sufferings I have to undergo here as cheerfully as I should meet the dangers of a battle-field: I look upon all this as a sort of purgatory I am destined to pass through, in order that I may be absolved from the faults of my former life, and rendered worthy of happiness. Would to Heaven it were only not necessary for you to share this purgatory with me!"

"You are a stout-hearted fellow, and a kind, excellent comrade," said Josinski, shaking his hand warmly.

"No—I am in reality only very selfish. I would fain hope we shall obtain some reward, proportionate to the privations we now undergo. When I reflect on my own conduct and situation, the strange fancy often comes across my mind, that all that is happening here in Poland takes place on my account, to make a new man of me, and save me from becoming like a moth-eaten garment. By the help of my anatomical and medicinal studies, I am enabled to point out to you that the brain frequently hatches curious fantasies, or beholds curious visions, when the body is weakened by long fasting."

"Your jesting tone has almost driven away my hunger. Hark ye; it is, after all, somewhat cowardly to hide ourselves here, and die by inches. Let us go forth, and trust to chance. If we encounter the Russians, we will fall with arms in our hands; death must come sooner or later—it little matters how."

"As you will, Josinski. Destiny speaks perhaps by your mouth, as it used to do by that of the Pythian priestess in the olden times."

They then began to thread their way out of the wood, and when they reached its outskirts, they could see over a tolerably large circuit of the open country. The moon was not high in the heavens, therefore a portion of the forest-trees cast a dark shade over a lonely hut near. A few hundred yards to the left of this little cottage lay a village, in which they could see soldiers moving about; and a little to the right, in the full moonshine, marched a Russian patrol.

Jacob grasped Josinski's arm, whispering, "I know this place, and you must trust to my guidance here!"

They crept stealthily across the ground, which lay in a deep shade, and fortunately gained the hut at the very instant that the patrol approached that entrance to the wood they had just left. Both involuntarily cast a look of gratitude towards heaven. When, in the next moment, their eyes wandered from the calm and smiling heavens to the interior of the hut, Josinski clapped his hand upon his sword.

The place was almost in darkness. On a low dirty table stood a small lamp, which cast its glimmering and uncertain light upon a man, who sat half-crouching, and yet in a position, as if ready to make a sudden spring forward. His dark eyes glittered through the obscurity around, and he glanced

savagely from the one intruder to the other, as if debating which he should first attack. His black *talar** was torn at the breast, and by his side lay some victuals, namely, two eggs and some bread, which were bestrewed with ashes.

Jacob put Josinski back, and himself advanced farther into the hut; at the same time giving the Jewish salutation, "*Scholaum aleichem.*"† The occupant of the hut did the same, while he strained his eyes through the dim light to see Jacob's face. Presently, he cried, "Who comes in the garb of a Polish warrior, to the abode of a faithful Russian? You are a traitor, and you shall die."

"I am a Jew, like yourself; arise, son of the Hebrew nation, and help your brother!"

"Away, traitor! I am no Jew—I am called Michael Wucziewicz! The holy archangel Michael is my patron saint."

"Will your tongue dare to utter these words, whilst you are sitting *Schivvo*,‡ perhaps over a beloved child; whilst the death-lamp is burning, and *Mal'rh Hamoves*§ perhaps at this moment is hovering over your house? Why do you not add *Mamzir ben hanido*, as you did when you lay writhing on the ground yon time?"

The Pole had sprung to his feet; he laid his hands on Jacob's shoulder, and said, as he gazed earnestly in his face, "Answer me—*Welch Sedre geiht Schabbas?*"||

"Isaac,"¶ replied Jacob, after a moment's thought, while the Pole in anxious expectation looked earnestly at him.

"Enough—you *are* a Jew! Boruch habo bescheim Adunoi!** Praised be the God of Israel! A son of his chosen people has crossed my threshold, and calls me *brother*. I have lain on the outer steps of the door of the synagogue, and no one would trample on me; I have bared my back, and no one would strike me.†† God's holy book has been closed for me; my children have been laid in their graves, and I dared not say a *Kadish* over them; I have been a *Kelef*

* Long robe.

† Peace be with you!

‡ The most awful of the Jewish ceremonies, lasting during seven days—mourning over the dead. The mourner rends his garments—undertakes no work—sits in solitude—says neither good day nor farewell, &c. &c.

§ The king or angel of death.

|| Which portion of the law do the Jews read on Saturday?

¶ That portion which begins with the word *Isaac*.

** Blessed be he who cometh in the name of the Lord.

†† When a Jew who has been baptized would fain return among the Jews, there are penances to be performed—he voluntarily subjects himself to punishment; but the Jews sometimes refuse to accept the penitent, as in this case.

mezauro.* Speak—what do you desire of me, O blessed son of Israel?"

"In the first place, something to eat."

"Rarhmin Schadai!"† cried the Pole, pushing some bread towards him; "would to Heaven that I had better to offer you. Is *he* also a Jew?" asked the man, as Jacob shared the bread with Josinski.

"No; but I must entreat of you to take him along with me to Warsaw."

The Pole's countenance darkened, and he said, "A Goi has entered under my Schivvo; I will cast him forth, that his destiny may be fulfilled, and that he may become a Kelef mesz."‡

"Then I go too," cried Jacob, placing himself before the Pole. "If he is to die, I shall die with him, my blood shall be on thy head."

"But by what vow can I bind his tongue, that he may not betray what he sees here?" demanded the Pole in great consternation.

"He will give his word of honour."

"A fine maschkaun!§ No; will you assure me, by that name which is not to be spoken, by the Jehudim Meilech,|| that I can trust that Goi?"

"I will so assure you."

"Be it so, then," said the Pole, with a suppressed sigh. He thereupon went to a corner of the hut, and raising a hidden trap-door, he drew up from a deep recess the dead bodies of two men. "Help me to strip these of their clothes," said he.

"Russians!" exclaimed both Josinski and Jacob at the same moment, as even by the feeble light of the glimmering lamp they recognized the uniform.

"Yes—Russians!" exclaimed the Pole, with almost frantic gestures; "yes, I also carry on war — on my own account. My children, my three innocent babes, were stabbed by the Russians when they returned after you had defeated them at Stoczek. But they give gold, and I serve them!—Ha, ha, ha! —I serve them!"

"But the Poles give gold also," said Josinski.

"Ha, ha, ha!—I serve the Poles too! The Starost took a fancy to my wife—he compelled me to be baptized—his people dragged me to the church. Their gallach¶ gave me

* Dog with the mange.

§ Pledge.

† Merciful God!

|| King of the Jews.

‡ A dead hound.

¶ Christian priest.

the name of Michael Wucziewicz, and the holy archangel Michael became my patron saint. And when I was baptized, the Starost swore that I could no longer be married to a Jewish woman, so he took away my wife. She is at the palace with the Starost, and my children have been murdered by the Russians!—Ha, ha, ha!—Blessed be this war!”

He sprang back to the low stool by the side of the death-lamp and the bread strewed amongst ashes, cast himself down in a posture of grief and humility, and mumbled Hebrew prayers, whilst he swayed his crouching body backwards and forwards.

After a long pause, Jacob addressed him mildly with “Seid mauchel rabbi.* It is written, Auneis potur miklum.† Day will dawn soon.”

The Pole gazed at him with a vacant stare, as if he did not understand him; but he rose nevertheless, came forward, and signed to them to put on the Russian uniforms. When that was done, he asked if either of them could speak Russian; and when informed by Josinski that he could, he desired him to say to any Russian who might come in his absence, that Michael had gone to the general’s. “I am now going to the general,” he added; “I will soon return.”

“To the Russian general?” cried Josinski, surprised. “Can I proceed anywhere with you without a pass?” When he had left the hut, Josinski exclaimed, “Perhaps he has gone to bring the Russians upon us.”

“Oh, no, you need not fear that. Let us rest ourselves a little, I feel weary.”

It was almost daylight when the Pole returned. He brought some food for them; and when they had satisfied their hunger, he desired them to follow him. But as they were just passing the threshold of the door, and the red morning light fell on Josinski’s face, the Pole rushed suddenly upon him, crying, “No, no, no!—He shall not leave this place alive, unless he kneels before me, and I set my feet upon his neck!”

Josinski turned towards Jacob, and smiled.

“He will not do that,” said Jacob; “he is a Polish warrior.”

“Then let him die!” shrieked the man.

“Rabbi, I will share my comrade’s fate, and you would

* Forgive, master.

† To dispense with ceremonies is allowable in a case of necessity; or, necessity has no law.

not wish my blood to be shed? You must save him," cried Jacob.

"What shall I do?" whined the Pole. "I laid my hands on my murdered infants, and swore *hrajai rauschi*,* that no Christian whom I might have in my power should ever pass over my threshold until I had trodden him in the dust."

"It is written, that he who saves a brother's life is man mattu."†

"May God so forgive me!" said the Pole, kneeling for a moment, and then turning to go forwards.

"Stop!" cried Jacob, seizing him by the arm. "Evil thoughts may return to you on the road, and you may kill him. Stir not from hence until you have given him *scho-laum*."‡

The Pole seemed to undergo a short inward struggle; but at length he held out his hand to Josinski, exclaiming, "*Scholaum*!" and then proceeded to guide them on their way.

After they had walked a long way in silence, Jacob turned to Josinski with a look of great embarrassment, and said, "Josinski, you must now have discovered what I would fain have concealed, that I am a Jew."

"I discovered that long ago," replied Josinski.

"How could you have discovered it?" asked Jacob, eagerly.

"I suspected it in Algiers; and since then, I became convinced of it by the pains which you took to conceal your interest in the Jews. But what signifies it?" he added, cordially grasping Jacob's hand; "the only difference between us is, that I believe the Messiah has already come; you, on the contrary, that he is yet to come. I should be content either way, if I could but hope that a saviour for Poland might arise. I am extremely anxious to inquire how matters stand, yet dread almost to hear the answer."

He then moved forward quickly until he got up to the Pole, who was walking on alone at some distance before, and addressed him with—"My friend, what news is there from Warsaw, and from the Polish commander-in-chief?"

The Pole did not answer, and Josinski repeated his questions; but when he found that the fellow strode on in silence, taking no notice of him, Josinski returned to Jacob, and said, "I believe the man hates me because he has been compelled to save me; will *you* speak to him?"

* By the life of my head.

† Absolved from his oath.

‡ Peace.

Jacob hastened after the guide, and asked, "Why will you not answer my friend's question?"

"Answer him? Why does he not call me by my name? '*My friend*'—*his* friend! I am not his friend. When people speak to me, they might give me my name—Rabbi Chivo."

"Rabbi Chivo, will you be so good as to tell me, if you know it, where the Polish commander-in-chief is at present?"

"At Praga."

"At Praga!" cried both Jacob and Josinski at once. "Has he, then, been beaten?"

"Yes, at Ostrolenka."

"My God! my God!" cried Josinski. "Ask him if he knows anything of risings in Podolia, Lithuania, Wolhynia."

"Suppressed—put an end to!" replied the Pole, on Jacob's making the inquiry.

Josinski clasped his hands, and gave a heavy sigh. But Jacob became enraged at the mischievous pleasure with which the Pole seemed to speak of the misfortunes of his country; he took Josinski's arm, and suffered the other man to go on alone.

"Ask him what general he was with in yon village," said Josinski, a little after; so that Jacob, to oblige his friend, was again compelled to rejoin Rabbi Chivo.

"It was the commander-in-chief," replied the latter.

"The commander-in-chief! Diebitsch himself?"

"Diebitsch! He died of the plague. It was Paschkewitz Eriwansky! Hark ye," said he, drawing Jacob closer to him, "what do you want to do at Warsaw? I tell you evil hangs over that city. Go to the Russians! The Russian eagle is strong, and its claws are gilded."

Jacob turned from him without deigning a reply.

"See if you can get anything more out of him," whispered Josinski; but the Pole either knew no more, or would tell no more. Several times he looked earnestly back at Jacob, as if he had something on his mind; but he always turned away again with a shake of his head.

THE FALL OF WARSAW.

A FEW days after their arrival, Jacob was requested to appear before the chief of the police.

"I have sent for you, sir," said that functionary, "only that you may give your testimony respecting a man, who has been seized as a spy. He declares that he knows you, and has travelled hither with no other purpose than to see you. We thought, at one time, that he believed you were dead, and therefore had trumped up this story. But since you have returned, you had better go and see the fellow before he is hanged."

"What is the man called?" asked Jacob.

"He is a Jew, named Benjamin."

"Oh, he is innocent!" cried Jacob, rising hurriedly. "For God's sake, let me go to him, that I may not by any possibility be too late."

Jacob flew to the prison.

In a damp cell lay Benjamin upon straw, pale and emaciated, his hands burning with fever.

"My poor dear Benjamin!" cried Jacob, throwing himself down beside him, and kissing him; "you here—in this frightful place! Poor, poor Benjamin!"

Benjamin gazed at him with a languid smile, took his hand and kissed it. The jailer beckoned to Jacob, and said to him, aside, "Do not go near him, he has certainly got the cholera."

"Not go near him!" cried Jacob, with tears in his eyes. "He shall come home to me! I will presently obtain an order for his release."

In the evening, after Benjamin had awoke from a short sleep, and in a weak voice was answering Jacob's many questions, and exerting himself to relate the particulars of his journey, and his imprisonment, Jacob said to him, "Have you brought no letter or message for me, Benjamin? Did you save nothing when they plundered you?"

In the midst of his sufferings, Benjamin smiled, and bade Jacob take one of his shoes, and cut open the lining; "I hid there a letter from your friend Levy. He bade me take great care of it. It was a real madsel* that I found so

* Lucky chance.

good a hiding-place for it. They were prettily duped, the thieves!"

With trembling hands Jacob cut open the shoe, and drew from it a letter. It ran as follows:—

"The peaceable Levy sends his salutations to the warrior Bendixen. It is really almost absurd that I should write to you, for how do I know that you will be alive to receive this letter? Nevertheless, I will suppose that you are still living, and will inform you of what I have been doing and suffering on your account.

"For a long time my daily prayer was,—'Gracious God! Grant that Bendixen be not this day shot by an Arab, a Bedouin, a Kabyle, or any other of these worthies.' Yes, that was my daily prayer—and I found my soul tranquillized by it. But I have received a letter from you lately, setting forth that you, in the month of December, intended to proceed from Algiers to Poland: so that while I was praying for your safety among the Kabyles, you had set out for the land of the Cossacks. Perhaps you have before now started for Java, Abyssinia, or Guinea, and they are shooting with poisoned arrows at you, whilst I am striving and labouring to keep the Cossacks from taking your life. I will have no more of this. If I am to perform orisons for you, you must give me the programme of your journeys, with the necessary dates, and the time you intend to stay at each place, that I may know your whereabouts, or, at least, be able to advertise you, when, as they say in the newspapers, you have absented yourself from your home, and given no tidings of yourself.

"I wrote this by a man who will hunt you up wherever you may be. He came to me, and said that he had travelled a long way—namely, from Fyen—here, in order to ascertain how you were; and now he was willing to undertake a still longer journey to find you out. I said to him, 'Benjamin! are you also going to go mad? It will be the *Hrat gaddjo*.* Don't you think that the vagabond† can be put to death without your being present at the catastrophe?'

* A jovial Jewish song, signifying that the cat ran after the kid and eat it, the dog worried the cat, a stick killed the dog, fire burned the stick, water extinguished the fire, an ox drank the water, the butcher slew the ox, the Angel of Death slew the butcher,—but at length the Lord himself came and destroyed the Angel of Death.

† Vagabond, or perhaps vagrant, are the only English words at all corresponding to the original Danish; the Scotch word *landlowner* would be a better translation.

“ He answered me, ‘ *Losz mir menucho!* ’ * When I told him that you were in Poland, he was very glad—for there dwells Rabbi Nathan Fürth! He dined one Sabbath day at Rabbi Philip’s, and was much delighted with the children. But when Benjamin came to find out that he had to sail over the sea,—I went with him to take his passage on board a Dantzic skipper,—he had almost lost heart; he looked timidly at the sea, and asked if he could not go by any other way. However, when I told him that he must in any case cross some part of the sea, and that by another route the land journey would be very tedious, he mumbled ‘ In God’s name, then ! ’ and went home to put up his little luggage. He bought an orange for you; and I do believe he had some idea of taking a little well-cooked meat for you, for he said, ‘ The poor boy was well found in his father’s house; a soldier’s rough fare must be very hard for him to put up with. ’ After all, if you had staid at home, and had lived in peace and comfort with this Benjamin and myself, and a few other good friends, had become a great man among us, and on Saturdays had eaten your Scholet; † do you think that Thora Fangel would have married Lieutenant Engberg more quickly for that?

“ Yes, my friend, she is married; so you can now come home in peace. I hope you will be reasonable, and will not put me, who have had such a hand in your education, to shame, by making yourself ridiculous, and shooting yourself. Recollect that there will be no great heroism in the act of self-destruction, when you have such a variety of weapons about you to choose from. If, however, the devil tempts you to commit any violence upon yourself, let me only entreat, for the sake of my credit and reputation as your friend and counsellor, that you will not do it in a hasty, off-hand way. Prithee, let some little time elapse first, that people may see you did not put an end to yourself in a fit of passion or despair. If, after due reflection, you determine to do the deed, before proceeding to the last extremity, cast a glance in thought on the green parlour at the hospital, where Gröndal and I are sitting cheerfully smoking our pipes, whilst you are about to take your own life. Take also in thought a view of your mother’s and your father’s graves, standing forsaken *Johrzeitdagen*, ‡ and then go to hell in the devil’s name!

* Leave me in peace,—or let me alone.

† Scholet,—the Jewish dish for their Sabbath.

‡ The anniversary of the burial of a relative, when it is customary to go and pray at the grave.

"I get quite vexed in spirit, when I think that you may perhaps be behaving yourself like a child. If I could be but with you for a moment, what a jobation I would give you! I had better, however, lay my letter aside a few minutes, while I smoke a pipe, and give time for your vexation to subside a little.

"I do not exactly know how the marriage was brought about. After your departure, Wilhelm Fangel was *stok brauges*.* I came in for a share of his anger, on account of my intimacy with you. König told me that his sister had heard that a servant-girl had been listening, and had overheard all that passed during the scene between you and Engberg. Scandalous tales were circulated; these came to the merchant's ears; you had flown away with the wild geese—the parties were clapped together.

"I am aware that this is not very agreeable intelligence. While you were fighting for Warsaw, as if it had been a holy place, you forgot your Dulcinea, and you see now that you have been playing the part of a Don Qui——; but perhaps it may be more prudent in me not to write the name at full length. But the worst is over; the operation is performed, and the wound will heal in due time, with judicious treatment. To divert your thoughts, you had better go and travel a little in peaceful lands; that is the best remedy for love. From what I have seen of love, it can be likened to nothing so well as to that complaint which in the vulgar tongue is called *the hickups*. If one can but lead the patient's attention from the hickups, it soon passes off. Do take a little pleasure tour, and then come home and show them that you are not altogether overwhelmed. Benjamin exclaimed, when I confided the story to him, 'That is good. Rabbi Hirsch, at Middel-furt, has a daughter; she is very rich, and she is still unmarried.'

"Come home, Jacob Bendixen! Will you allow that minister's wife the triumph of saying that *she* has been the cause of your being killed, or rendered a cripple? Put a disdainful look on the first time you meet them in the street, or go in a friendly way and congratulate them. Do what you will; but be reasonable, and let the Poles slay the Russians, or the Russians slay the Poles. What the deuce have you to do with the matter? However, if the Russians take Warsaw, you might set up as a surgeon and doctor of medicine, and in time get into considerable practice.

* Exceedingly angry.

"I do not know what more to say. If this dose does you no good, at least be not angry that a prescription is offered to you. In any case, I remain, as heretofore, your constant friend,

"MARTIN LEVY, Surgeon and M.D."

Jacob had risen from his chair; he leaned his head against the window, and gazed out with a vacant stare.

It was towards the end of summer; the evening had closed in, but the skies above were clear. The stars looked out from the heavens like calm, earnest eyes, whilst the lofty houses, towering upwards, seemed in the obscurity like living beings stretching themselves with anxious longing towards their spirits' home above.

A red light suddenly shone upon the roofs of the neighbouring houses, and shouts arose from the adjacent streets of "Down with the traitors!" whilst wild hurrahs, the clash of arms, and every tumultuous sound, betokened that mortal strife was going on. Then for a moment came a dead stillness, to be only succeeded by still wilder clamour. The surprised Poles began to assemble in the greatest consternation. Jacob felt as if all was the phantom scene of a disturbed dream.

Again all was still.

He started on hearing his own name called in almost unearthly tones in the apartment. On approaching Benjamin's bed, he beheld a painful sight; the worthy friend of his youth was the colour of a corpse, and convulsively fumbling with his hands.

"Seid Ihr do? Are you there?" cried the dying man. "I wish to tell you something—it is Jacob, a son of Rabbi Pfeives. Sollt' ich ihn nit kennen?*"—My wife has had a son—Madseltauv, said I.—Jette! sie wor so schön!† Do ist der mal'rh hamoves.‡ See, where it comes!—Weih, weih! wo sind die guten Jehudim die do sogen widdo?§—Oschamti, bogadti, gosalti, tofalti scheiker.||—There she is—there is Jette! Yes, Jette!—Jainkef! Ben Rabbi Pfeives!¶ your mother died of eimo** for you—Sie meimisen euch††—O Schema Jisroel!"

* Should I not know him?

† Jette! she was so beautiful.

‡ Yonder is the Angel of Death.

§ Woe—woe! where are the holy Jews to pronounce the absolution of sins to the dying?

|| The words of the dying shrift,—“I have sinned, I have dealt unfaithfully, I have robbed, I have spoken falsely.”

¶ Jacob, son of Rabbi Philip!

** Anguish.

†† You killed her.

Benjamin was dead!

Jacob sank down by the body. He would fain have wept, but his burning eyes refused to shed one tear.

"The Russians are on us!" cried an officer, bursting suddenly into the apartment.

Jacob started up, seized his sword, and hastily went forth.

"There is nothing to fear now!" said Josinski, with sparkling eyes, on a hurried meeting with Jacob. "In a few hours all will be settled. Lay your ear to the breastwork, and you will hear the rumbling of the cannons far away. They will perhaps storm these outworks and intrenchments. Let them try it. When, wearied with fighting during the fruitless assault, they wish to-morrow to retire, the twenty thousand free Polish troops under Ramorino will have come up, and will cut them to pieces. We have them now! Now Poland conquers!" Josinski passed on, after shaking hands cordially with his friend; but Jacob said to himself,

"It were a sin to tell him that I have very different and very sad forebodings. Let him retain his glad hopes a short time longer."

He leaned against the breast-wall, and gazed up at the heavens, where the stars were one after the other paling and vanishing from sight: in the east a faint streak of red was spreading, whilst the rest of the sky seemed to have become darker, and strange vapoury shapes seemed floating in the misty morning air. "Thou God above!" he exclaimed, stretching his clasped hands towards the impenetrable vault on high, "thou Lord of all mankind! if thou art *there*, I swear before thee, that should I leave this place alive, I will murder one of thy creatures! I swear it!"

He felt a hand laid on his arm, and on turning quickly round, he beheld Rabbi Chivo.

"Kol Jisroel ochim!"* said the Pole, earnestly.

"And what then?" said Jacob.

"Flee away, brother, from this place! I tell you, he they call Ramorino will not come. He has been sent five days' march away. He will not come until Warsaw is taken."

"Rabbi Chivo!" said Jacob, "you saved my life—I spare yours now—go!"

"To-morrow it will be too late," said the Pole, in a tone of

* All the children of Israel are brethren.

friendly anxiety. "I shall seek you, and shall only find your corpse. I tell you this place will fall; it is like a tree that is sawn through—give it but a touch, and it drops. Go over to the Russians, if you have such a taste for fighting!"

"Begone, Rabbi Chivo!" cried Jacob, grasping his sword.

"Now, now, kreisch nür nit!"* cried the alarmed Pole; "see how a Jew is believed who has ever been a Christian!" he muttered to himself, as he moved quietly away.

A signal-gun was heard, and the 6th of September broke over Warsaw.

Hundreds of fiery throats gave forth their thunder. The works that human beings had raised with such labour, and the solidity and strength of which they deemed would make them the admiration of posterity, fell before the foe; but the defenders of Poland mounted on the ruins. The besiegers still pressed on, till at length lance met lance, and bayonet met bayonet in the deadly conflict.

Yet once again the Polish banner waved aloft in triumph, for the Russians had given way!

A ball had struck Jacob in the breast; he lay on the bloody ground, and was a half-unconscious witness of the desperate battle. The fighting slackened, and orders came that several of the Poles were to go to another part of the fortifications. Josinski's regiment was among those who were ordered to execute this movement, and the brave band of patriots left their fellow-soldiers, whom they never more were to behold.

The thought that Josinski was about to forsake him so afflicted Jacob in his weak state, that he swooned away.

After a time he partially recovered, and he fancied he saw Rabbi Chivo bending over him, while his head was leaning on his breast. Then he dreamed that he heard Soltau and several cavalry officers shouting, "The accursed Jew traitor—has no one here got a rope?" "I am not a Jew," sobbed the Pole.—"He is no Jew," cried Josinski's voice.—"Your pardon, Jew!" said Lieutenant Engberg, thrusting at him with a sword.—"Oh, Schema Jisroel!" he heard Rabbi Chivo cry, placing his hand on his breast, from whence a stream of blood was flowing, and dragging him in haste to some dark recess. Suddenly he was stunned, as if with the noise of a hundred cannon, and he fell into insensibility; and then once more he seemed to rouse from his stupor, and to see Josinski weeping. But again he felt as if stabbed in the breast, and he sank at length into a state of total unconsciousness.

* Speak not so loud,—make no noise.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

ON the Prussian frontiers lies a village surrounded by low hills. At the extremity of one end of the little town the hills fall back, and form a semicircle round a fruitful valley watered by the river Neisse. Some neat detached houses stand at a little distance from the village, at the entrance of the valley, giving an air of cheerfulness and comfort to the pretty landscape around.

In one of these houses, inhabited by a family of Polish extraction, Josinski and Jacob had found a place of refuge. As soon as Jacob's wound had permitted, Josinski had managed to have him conveyed secretly, and through many dangers, across the well-watched frontiers. But the fatigue of the journey and distress of mind had thrown Jacob back upon a sick-bed, and the finest season of the year had passed for the two friends in sorrow and suffering.

The summer was now far advanced, and the period of their separation approached. The nearer it did approach, the more taciturn and gloomy became Josinski; he seemed to be almost angry at Jacob because he was about to part from him.

The last evening they were to spend together, when their luggage lay ready along with their arms, and all that was necessary for their journey, Josinski kept frequently going out and taking a short turn in the neighbourhood, but he always came hurriedly back and sat down silently by the window. At length he said, "You sit the whole evening without saying a word; one would think we were two lovers about to part."

"Josinski, I am thinking of the many hours we have passed together; who knows if we shall ever meet again?"

"Why should you not go with me?"

"You know full well what impels me towards my early home. You had better join *me* rather, and accompany me to Denmark; it is not too late to alter your plans."

"What should I do without the means of living in Denmark?—No; it cannot be. Our paths can no longer be the same, and we must part."

After a long pause, Josinski resumed the conversation. "This place may be likened to time. Behind yon hills, whose summits faintly catch the light, all lies in mysterious shadow,

like the future. Amidst yon dark masses all is still, except the mountain rills that dash down the clefts in the rocks, as if they were imbued with life, now hiding themselves in deep recesses, now sporting in the clear moonlight, like bright thoughts flashing for a moment on the mind, and the next instant forgotten. Ah! it reminds me of my fatherland!

"One knows not," he continued, "how much one can endure. A year ago, at Warsaw, when Poland had a people and an army, and victory smiled upon us, the slightest idea of a time such as that which has now come would have killed me. Yet here it is in sad and terrible reality, and still I live, and I eat and drink as usual, as if nothing had happened to drive me to madness. Oh for revenge!"

"Revenge!" exclaimed Jacob, moodily; "yes, if by revenging one's-self one could undo the past—if by murdering a man one could destroy his deed!"

Josinski turned round and gazed at him. "Such were not your thoughts when you lay in the fever, and when you murmured the name of that man who has stolen your bride with such fury that the blood used to burst from your wound."

"It was doubtless that dreadful feeling that I could not revenge myself, and yet could not give up the idea of vengeance. It was that vain longing—that frightful struggle, which shook me as you witnessed. Yes, in the first transports of my passion, I could have sprung upon him like a wild beast, and destroyed him. But calmer thoughts have succeeded, and were he now in my power, and I had the choice of the means of doing him harm, and becoming happy myself, I would relinquish them all, in the firm reliance on God for revenge."

"What, *you* religious! Truly it sits well upon you," exclaimed Josinski with a sneer, as he rose and left the room.

Jacob remained sitting in silence; after a time he arose, and approaching the table, on which lay Josinski's sword, he looked closely at it, and then hastily and stealthily kissed it, as if afraid that any one might see him.

On Josinski's return, he seized Jacob's hand, and said, with tears in his eyes, "Forgive me, dear Bendixen, for having been so rude and unfriendly. I am at present so wretchedly out of spirits, that I feel embittered against myself, and against the whole world. Before I left you, I said something that must have hurt you."

"No—oh, no, Josinski! I will be candid with you; I believe you were right; this religion is at bottom but a compromise I would make with the Lord of the creation. I know

not if such a power really exist; but it is possible, and I dread to offend it, lest it should deprive me of the last and only thing I pray for in this world."

"My poor friend! can you really fancy that you might prevail on the Almighty to work a miracle, and make her love you even now?"

"I do not know, Josinski; but it seems so natural — I cannot bring myself to believe otherwise. You should have known her; you should have seen that lovely face! — I will bless God and the whole world if she has only preserved her affection for me. I will strain every Christian to my heart, and call him brother, because *she* is a Christian. Oh! I have such fancies and dreams about her, and about my returning home and seeing her again. I am so happy in these imaginary scenes. I fancy that I have seen her standing at the altar with him; that the priest had opened the holy book and read the proper prayers; that she stood trembling; that the priest asked, 'Wilt thou have this man to thy wedded husband?' that her lips quivered—that then I rushed in, and with a cry she fell into my arms;—but this is a foolish fancy! Again I have seen them, in my mind's eye, in their home. She sat by his side at the tea-table; he was reading a newspaper and yawning; she was pale and thoughtful, and sat listlessly playing with her tea-spoon. The servant suddenly comes in, and announces that a foreign officer has called, and wished to see the lieutenant—he came out, I met him and challenged him—for I too am now an officer. Then she rushed in and shrieked, Spare him, spare the father of my child! If you must have satisfaction, take this: here, in my husband's presence, I swear to you, my best beloved, that I have never loved any but you—that I will always love you.'—Then I left them, and offered my life as a sacrifice to the Christians. Perhaps the Almighty will permit me to begin life anew in some other sphere, for well I know that here all is over for me."

"Come," said Josinski, "let us be merry to-night; I will prepare the festive bowl, and we shall drink until my horse is brought to the door. I shall sing once again the Polish national air, and you shall sing of happy love—perhaps our hearts may break, then there will be no need for parting."

"I would not die yet," murmured Jacob.

After a long silence, Josinski exclaimed, "I feel it so hard to part from you, Bendixen. With you, I seem indeed to lose my fatherland. I remember when, as a child, I was sent from my father's estate to a military school at Warsaw, I

did not begin to cry until the carriage was about to go home, and leave me alone behind. I grieve, also, that in the cause of Poland you must have lost a great portion of your fortune, if not the whole of it. It is the duty of a son to pay the debts of his dead father, that he may at least repose in an honourable grave ; but you know I possess nothing."

"Dear Josinski, it is painful to me to hear you speak thus. Why will you treat me as a stranger? Besides, I am not poor ; I have wealth enough at home, for my father was rich. Surely it is not the thought of pecuniary distress that would weigh on your heart or on mine?"

"Day begins to dawn," said Josinski, looking towards the window ; "alas ! we can now count the minutes we have to pass together. How I wish I could lengthen them out ; and yet, it would be better that they were gone. Indulge me in one whim, my friend ; let us ride away at the same moment from this place. On the road, we shall each hastily turn his horse and take different routes. We shall soon lose sight of each other—and it will be all over."

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE steamboat cast its anchor, and boats came off to land the passengers. On the stairs of the Custom-house one was met by his wife and children, another was cordially welcomed by a friend, a third respectfully received by his servants, who with bustling attention set about to get his luggage together—one alone passed through the crowd, with none to receive or welcome him, and hastened, in a state of feverish excitement, through the streets.

For a moment a faint gleam of pleasure glanced through his soul at sight of each well-known place ; but he checked it instantly, as if afraid of admitting a sensation of joy.

He directed his steps towards the Fangels' house—he sees it again ! The garden looked neglected, and he said to himself, "I guessed as much ; they are in the country ; *she* is there too, probably—this evening, then !"

He turned and took the way to Levy's old lodgings at the hospital, and he smiled to think that there at least he would be gladly welcomed. But he found, on reaching the hospital, that Levy had removed from thence some time before, and was now living with his own old landlady.

"Good gracious ! is that you, doctor ?" cried the old dame when Jacob arrived at her house. "I really did not know you, until you began to spêak. Walk in and sit down. What a wanderer you have been ! Why, you look ten years older, I declare—indeed you do. Aha !" continued the ancient lady, approaching him, and shaking her finger at him—"you young gentlemen lead a pretty life when you go on your travels, and especially in Paris, where there are so many light women, as I have heard tell."

"Tell me, dear madam, where is Levy ?"

"He has gone out for a walk, I think ; gone out with Mr. König ; he called for him, and I dare say you know some of the young gentlemen's haunts. But Mr. Levy is a well-behaved young man, sir, very well-behaved indeed, and therefore I am sorry that he is going to travel abroad."

"Levy going to travel abroad ?"

"Yes, indeed, he is. He is going to Sweden to study the cholera. Well, young men can easily go and see the world ; they don't leave any one at home to fret about them—but are you going already, doctor ? You will come again in the evening, won't you ? you will be sure to find Mr. Levy at home then ; he is always at home in the evening, he is such a steady young man."

"No—I am going into the country this evening ; but will you tell him that I lodge at the *Hotel du Nord* ?"

"Ah ! going into the country, are you ? to visit some kind friends, I warrant me ; that will be very pleasant. I shall be sure to give your message to Mr. Levy. Farewell, sir. I am happy to see you among us again—adieu !"

"Perhaps it is as well that I have not met him," thought Jacob as he left the house ; "and now !"—He laid his hand on his heart to quiet its wild and violent throbbing.

It was an evening in September. The moon shed her pale clear beams over the Sound, and tipped as it were with silver the curling waves that were rolling gently on the sparkling sand. Its mild light fell also over the adjacent fields, where the corn was still partially waving, while part was covered with haystacks. A deep stillness lay over the whole scene, interrupted only by the rustling of the gentle breeze among the foliage near, and the low murmur of the calm sea. But at the part of the grounds where Jacob stood, he could hear the sound of violins and flutes from the brilliantly-lighted mansion.

"They have music, there are gay doings there!" said he, as he waited half-concealed by the tall shrubs. "Oh—now I remember, this is *her* birthday! It was to this spot that she used to like to come; and here will I linger to-night—aye, and every evening until chance or fate shall bring her hither. At this very moment she is dancing, perhaps; it was with me she used to dance formerly. What if I were now to go suddenly among them."

There was a rustling in the path—some one was coming—it was Thora!

She was approaching, languidly and pensively, the very spot where he was standing. He was once more near her! He could have fallen on his knees and worshipped her. Earnestly contemplating her, he remained rooted to the spot, and he felt as if his only desire was to prolong the delight of gazing at her to the latest moment.

She came through an opening in the trees; and when the full light of the moon shone upon her, he perceived that her cheeks were flushed, and that there was a strange expression in her glassy eyes, as they gazed searchingly around, apparently looking for some one or something. He could not account for the unpleasant sensation which that expression awoke in his mind, and he hesitated to advance.

Presently he heard a footstep—Thora turned at the sound. A young man approached by another path, put his arm round her waist, and gently drew her into a summer-house close by.

They sat down; he embraced and kissed her.

"Where is my husband?" she whispered.

"He was quite drunk when I left him."

She shuddered, and withdrew herself from his arms. A few moments after, she pushed the hair back from his brow, looked him steadily in the face, and said, "Grabow, a time will come when you will forsake and despise me."

"Nay, do not be childish," said he, replacing his arm round her waist.

Her eyes wore again the same meretricious expression as before, and their lips met in a long kiss.

"Hark!" cried Thora, springing up. "I fancied I heard a sigh—a deep sigh."

"Oh, it must have been the wind, stirring some of the leaves. Do not annoy yourself about that."

"Yes, yes—it was some one. Listen! There is a rustling now behind us—among the bushes!"

"It is some worm crawling over the fallen leaves."

"No, it was some human being. Do go out and look!"

On his return, he said, "A man was sitting there, leaning against the bank, apparently resting himself; but when I went out, he moved away. He seemed to be an old man. So you see there was nothing to fear."

* * * * *

CHAPTER XXXVI.

"BENDIXEN has returned!" cried Levy to Gröndal, when he met him next morning at an early hour in Oster-street.

"Indeed! Then that is the reason you are galloping along so. When did he arrive?"

"Yesterday afternoon he came to my house to inquire for me. Will you go with me to him? He lodges at yon hotel there."

"Yes, if you think I can depend upon his being well shaved. I suppose I shall have to give him the salute of welcome."

"Well, I was thinking of receiving him as if he had merely made a short journey,—it would be a good joke. I dare say he will be vexed and surprised when he finds we greet him merely with a cold 'Good morning,' instead of throwing ourselves upon his neck and hugging him."

"Capital! Under these circumstances, I will go with you."

"We can afterwards get up a little entertainment for him at our institution, to make up for our chilling reception of him."

"Yes, that will be famous; you are quite inspired to-day."

"I cannot help laughing at the idea of the face he will put on. But I really am glad to have you with me, else we should have come at once to talk over the affair of Thora Fangel. You may remember he was engaged to her."

"Yes; who has not been an ass in his younger days?"

"You speak like an oracle. Let us now get hold of one of the waiters, and find out his quarters. Ah! Here is what we want, lying on the table—Bendixen, No. 54. Good. Now let us compose our visages, and prepare for the fun."

"Stop, Levy! I don't quite approve of this fun. I used

rather to like Bendixen formerly. Let us go and shake him cordially by the hand, and kiss him too, confound it, if we can't get off decently; one can wipe one's mouth afterwards."

"Upon my soul, I believe you are turning tender-hearted."

"I? Rather than that you should calumniate me so, I will look as fierce as if I could eat him. Come along."

They knocked, but without waiting for any "Come in," Levy threw open the door, and walked in, followed by Gröndal.

Jacob was reclining on his bed, with all his clothes on; a wax candle, burnt almost to the socket, was lying on a table near him, and its expiring flame was flickering and flaring by turns.

"Where the deuce can he have been last night?" said Levy.

"Oh, he is reposing after the fashion of camps, don't you see? He fancies he is still in Poland. How nicely we could take him by surprise. If you will take him by the arms, I will lift his legs."

"Nay, it is dastardly to fall upon a sleeping foe; let him rather take his sleep out."

"If you will go to the institution and arrange the collation, I will wait here until he wakes."

"But if we could manage to remove him quietly during his sleep, and wake him amidst the jingling of glasses and bottles, we might perhaps persuade him that he had never been away."

"Gröndal, you are turning quite romantic; you want to arrange an adventure like those in the Arabian Nights' Entertainments."

"Well, I'm off," said Gröndal; "good-bye."

When he was gone, Levy put out the candle, and arranged the window-curtains. He sat more than an hour by the bedside, gazing on Jacob's pale, emaciated features. Suddenly Jacob began to moan, and then Levy called out, "Bendixen! Bendixen!" first in a low voice, and then louder and louder, until he took him by the arm and roused him.

"Who is that?" cried Jacob, starting up.

"A good friend—a Pole, of your paternal race."

"Levy!" cried Jacob, springing from the bed. "Is it you?"

"Who else should it be? Who but myself would sit upwards of one mortal hour before awakening his friend?"

"Was it a dream?" said Jacob, rubbing his eyes.

"What? That I awoke you? No, faith; it was a devilish deal more of a reality."

"Yes; it was, indeed, a devilish reality."

Levy looked at him in silent amazement.

"Levy!" cried Jacob, grasping both his hands; "at length we meet again! I have no one else on earth now but you."

"Indeed! Why, what have you done with your own self? Have you forgotten yourself in Poland?"

"No; but you are the only one I care for now."

"Can I believe what you say? Not her who ——"

"Speak not of her,—let me never hear that name!"

"Bravo! that is the right way to speak; but there was no need to roar quite so loud. However, you meant it well. You can now have a clean bill of health."

"Oh, yes, I am now quite cured!" said Jacob, beginning to pace backwards and forwards.

Levy followed him, and said, casting a glance at his hurried walk, "Yes, let us give ourselves a little motion; the peripatetic philosophy is, *certes*, not to be despised. Come, since you feel so well, what should hinder you from mingling among the children of men as others do?"

"A few minutes ago I felt inclined to go out into the streets, with a knife in each hand, and thrust at every one as long as I could move."

"Bless my soul! It was very lucky that I came before you went out."

"But I restrained myself, in the recollection that I should be soon overpowered,—that a process would be brought against me—that I would surely be condemned, and that all the world would turn out to see the Jew hanged."

"Very true; it would be a pity for the Polish hero to suffer the penalties of the Danish law."

"Or I would fain have set fire to the houses on every side; but again I reflected that I should infallibly be condemned to the pillory or the treadmill."

"You reasoned very sensibly. But what had the poor houses done to you?"

"You hear it was a mere foolish fancy. I have left the houses alone."

"Ah, that is very fortunate, and we must all be very grateful to you for so doing. But I rather think these fancies may be traced to fever—by the bye, you told my landlady that

you were going into the country last night. Have you not been out, and caught cold?"

"No; it was but a dream."

"What was?"

"That I saw *her*."

"Did you dream, also, that you spoke to her?"

"No; a man came in the way."

"Ah! you dreamed that you saw her husband come in the way?"

"Her husband! Yes;—ha! ha! ha!"

"How you laugh. Was he rude when you spoke to him?"

"I did not speak to him."

"Where is Benjamin,—that worthy creature?" asked Levy, adding to himself in a low voice, "I shall inquire of *him* what all this means."

"Benjamin! He is dead."

"Dead!—Benjamin? Of what did he die?"

"Of cholera."

"Indeed!—Poor fellow! I will say a *boruch dajon emmes!** he has well deserved it. Tell me truly, at once, Bendixen, have you spoken to any of the Fangels?"

"No."

"It is well. For the future, then, take care not to dream that you have seen them. People might be thinking that there was some chance of Engberg's finding you too intimate in the house."

"People would be crazy to think so."

"Are you so sure you could trust yourself? Are there no misgivings in your heart?"

"No, on my honour, not one misgiving,—with me all is certainty."

"So much the better. Now come with me to our club. You will find nothing there to vex you."

"Levy!—It is seven years since you first dragged me among your companions. What good have I gained? No; let me live in solitude. I hate mankind!"

"What harm have the earth's millions of inhabitants done to you? You must have received a vast deal of injury from your species, since you will no longer let the light of your countenance shine on them."

"Listen to me, Levy; my regard for the Christians is

* A blessing over, or prayer for the dead.

gone. If I could destroy them all at one blow, I would do it. But they are too powerful for me. Let me, at least, keep out of their way; let me not have frequently the mortification of hearing that the lowest rascal among them is better than me, and can stigmatize me with the name of 'Jew extortioner.' I will keep a tight rein upon myself; I will live peacefully and quietly, and will seek no other society than yours."

"A thousand thanks for the honour conferred on my humble self; but to-morrow I start for Sweden, and I shall remain there some time."

"Could not I go with you?"

"Not well. When I am engaged at the Swedish hospitals, I cannot play dry-nurse."

"Oh, I assure you, I really can stand on my own legs."

"Yes, you have learned to go by yourself with a vengeance. You are a pretty fellow, to think of taking a knife in each hand, and sallying forth to slay people."

"That was nonsense; I take shame to myself for such folly, Levy."

"Yes, now that you are in a good humour; but come along with me."

"Levy, do let me stay at home."

"Nay, come; you will be extremely well received, and perhaps you may taste some Danish punch again."

"I might meet Wilhelm Fangel there."

"Gröndal is to arrange the entertainment, and he naturally will not invite Fangel. But even if he chanced to join us, it would be absurd in the man who has fought with Diebitsch Sabalkansky and Paskewitsch Erivansky to be afraid of Wilhelm Fangel. So, come along with me!"

"Velkommen, store Mand hertil,"* sung a number of young men, who had been, or were now, medical students, ranged in double rows on both sides of the door; each with a brimful glass in his hand. Levy ushered Jacob into the room with much ceremony, and when the martial air was finished, Gröndal advanced and said, "As the prime mover of this feast, I propose a cheer for the hero Bendixen, who has taught the Russians what famous hands the members of the

* Welcome hither, mighty man.

Royal Danish Hospital are at killing people. In honour of this gentleman, who is an honour to our hospital, I demand a hearty cheer. Empty your glasses then, my friends, to his health, and after that, we shall proceed to crown the hero."

The door opened, and a young man, clad in the robes of a daughter of one of the professors, entered with a green wreath in his hand, and approached Bendixen.

"This is Victoria," said Gröndal, "and the wreath is a crown of laurel." The goddess proceeded to place the wreath on Jacob's head, exclaiming "Denmark is a grateful land!"

In the endeavour to place the wreath properly, the somewhat awkward goddess knocked off all the leaves, and when at length it was made fast, it looked like a crown of thorns, and gave to Jacob's thin pale face a dying appearance.

"You look too grand in your laurel wreath," cried Levy, hastening to take it off.

"To the table, gentlemen, if you please," cried Gröndal; "the hero Bendixen cannot dine upon laurels."

Jacob's place was assigned to him at the upper end of the table; just behind where he was to sit were arranged, in fantastic array, a collection of surgical instruments, of all sorts and sizes, to represent trophies of war.

"Bendixen!" cried one of the party, when there had been a moment's pause in the noisy meeting, "tell us now something of your adventures. Have not the Polish women dark hair and ruddy cheeks? They are worth having, are they not?"

"Gentlemen!" cried Levy, rising, "our worthy president has permitted me to address you. A long time will elapse before you again hear my voice, for I am about to leave Copenhagen. Weep not, my friends; for should we never meet again here below, we shall meet up yonder. Like the Indian warriors, it will comfort me in the hour of separation, if I may take the assurance with me that my wigwam shall not be desolate. I therefore pray you all to let Bendixen step into my vacant place. The pipe which I have smoked, let him smoke; the glass I have quaffed, let him quaff; let him drink it brimful, and deny him not his coffee in the morning. Watch over his morality and his manners, as ye would over mine; let none of the teachers' daughters entrap him! Will ye promise me this?"

"We promise it!" cried all the party, waving their glasses.

"Then I am contented, for I shall not be forgotten among you! Let us take a bumper upon it!"

"Bless me! there is my goodnatured Holstein cousin!" cried a young man; "I hear his spurs on the stairs. Come in!"

"Good day, Lieutenant Grabow; welcome, you must sit down and join us," was shouted from all sides.

"Thank you; but I have no great inclination to drink to-day, for I must keep guard to-night."

"What a reason! and are you never to drink anything the days you keep guard? Come, what will you have, wine or cold punch?"

"Let me have some salmagundy first, if there is any."

"Oh, that is a standing dish among us. There, place yourself by Bendixen; he is the prodigal son returned. Bendixen, this is Grabow. I shall not launch forth into his praise, but you will soon become good friends."

Bendixen looked narrowly at Grabow, he scrutinized him almost more closely than was consistent with politeness.

He had one of these laughing, lively countenances, which one likes almost against one's will. When one occasionally meets such a man, one involuntarily feels a degree of envy; for good-fortune seems to have engraved on his forehead, "I ordain that all shall love this good-for-nothing fellow."

"Make a little room for him, Bendixen; you two warriors are birds of a feather."

"I have made room for the lieutenant," said Jacob, moving as far off as possible. "No, that won't do—for Grabow would then sit under the trophies, and Bendixen shall not be shoved out of his place; as the president of the day, I cannot allow that."

"I have not been shoved out of my place," said Jacob; "I gave it up of my own free will."

"Much obliged by your courtesy," said Grabow, seating himself.

"You do not seem in good spirits to-day, lieutenant," observed one of the party.

"Oh, I shall become brighter before night."

"Have you paid yet?" asked his cousin.

"I paid all I could—but I am still somewhat in debt. Have you been hearing anything? I am quite certain one of those who played with me last night cheated. The other was so drunk, that he could scarcely see a wink; yet he had a run of luck—but he was welcome to it."

"With whom were you playing?"

"I think I ought not to tell you, after what I have been saying of them. But, in honour of whom is this festivity?"

"Of Bendixen. He has returned, after a long absence."

"Bendixen!" cried König, "you won't want to study any more now. You will live upon your fortune, and become the Mæcenas of your old comrades."

"Well, that may be," said Bendixen.

"How many Mæcenas do you want?" asked Gröndal.

"Oh—we can't have too many."

While the rest of the party continued their desultory chat, Lieutenant Grabow addressed himself particularly to Jacob, who also seemed occupied by him alone. Jacob drank glass after glass of wine, and laughed loudly at the lieutenant's jokes. At length Levy leaned across to them and said, "Have you two ever met before? You look as if you were on the point of kissing each other."

Jacob laid down a knife that he was playing with, and balancing in his hand.

Grabow replied, "Mr. Bendixen is a cavalry officer, like myself; and he likes it as much as I do. People who have the same taste soon become acquainted."

"Yes, we have the same taste," said Jacob, laughing.

"There is a resemblance between Bendixen and Grabow—don't you all see it?" said Jacob's nearest neighbour.

After comparing the two faces a little, it was declared that there was a likeness between them, though the features were different.

"Yes, we might perhaps be mistaken for each other," said Jacob, beginning to hum an air.

"Well, I won't exactly say that," replied the other; "for, to speak the honest truth, Grabow is the handsomest. But let us have a song, Bendixen, a Polish song—you must have learned them in perfection."

"No—no singing to-day," said Gröndal; "let us rise now from table."

Levy, Grabow, and Jacob, left the house together, and then Levy said, "I must go and see the captain, to know when we sail; but I shall return to say farewell, Bendixen—shall I find you at home in about two hours?"

"Yes, I am going straight home."

"If you are going past the King's new market, we may go that far together," said Grabow.

When they had proceeded a little way, he began with, "It is astonishing, we have only known each other an hour or two, and yet I feel as if we were old friends. I wish you would give me some good advice how to get out of a cursed scrape."

"Do you think I am a proper person to advise with?" asked Jacob, smiling.

"To be sure, why not? Every one can give his opinion. You see I lost last night, as you heard, all my ready money. That might not have mattered much, as I shall have another supply next month, and I could have gone on till then. But I have had my likeness taken, a little miniature, and I should have had it to-day, but that confounded painter will not give credit."

"Then let the picture remain with him until next month; it will be very safe, I dare say."

"Ha, ha, ha! It is very easy to say this; but, you see, it is intended as a present to a lady."

"Can the lady not wait till next month?"

"Well—she might, perhaps. But I must explain to you that yesterday was her birth-day, and she should have had the miniature then. I promised her last night that she should certainly have it to-day."

"Oh, indeed! that alters the case."

"To be sure. And she is such a sweet little darling."

"Is she married?"

"Yes; but I knew her long ago, over in Holstein, when I was stationed in a garrison town there. When I arrived here, she was so kind as to renew her acquaintance with me."

"Probably you had a little *liaison* with her formerly. Eh?"

"Lord, no! Not *then*. But now do pray tell what I am to do. I must absolutely raise a hundred rix bank dollars to-day."

"Does the portrait cost so much?"

"Not quite so much; but a hundred dollars is a good round sum to name. Where do you think I can get them?"

"There are plenty of people in the town who make it their business to lend money."

"God knows there are! But these good people never lend money without security—bonds, acceptances, and what not. Do you think such a fellow would have any feeling for me, or even understand my wish to send my picture to the lady of my love? Oh, no! But listen, now—lend me the money yourself, Bendixen!"

"I!—Ha, ha, ha! what a laughable idea!"

"How so? It strikes me it would be an affair quite in your way."

"Quite in my way? Oh, yes!—it could be done—but there must be some recompense."

"You can dictate the terms yourself. I shall cheerfully subscribe to them."

"So be it, then, lieutenant," said Jacob, clapping Grabow on the shoulder. "You shall have the money, and on easy terms."

"Hurra! Can I go home with you now, and get it?"

"No; I cannot let you have the money under a day or two."

"Shuffling, like the other Jews," muttered Grabow to himself. "But, dear Bendixen," he continued, aloud, "you see how much I really do want the money to-day. Let me have it at once, will you?"

"On my honour, I have not got so much by me to-day. I must make some arrangements to get it."

"Oh, do let me have it at once!"

"Lieutenant Grabow, in two days I can render you and your fair lady this little service; not before. If you choose then to come for the money, you may. Farewell!"

"The day after to-morrow, then," cried the lieutenant after him.

"Yes; the day after to-morrow."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

"WELL, have you got all the difficulties arranged?"

"Yes. I have now the money for your miniature."

"I hope you will let me have it, then; you look as if you had changed your mind."

"You shall have it directly, if you agree to my conditions."

"You can name the terms. I shall not try to beat down either the premium or the interest."

"There shall be no question either of premium or of interest. It is quite another thing that I have to ask."

"What is it, then? If I can do you any service, upon my soul, I shall be most happy."

"That remains to be proved. I wish to send a little note with the picture."

"The devil you do! Perhaps a love billet?"

"You have not yet told me the lady's name."

"Faith, that's true—but perhaps you mean to tell her that you have lent me the money?"

"Why should I do that? What a ridiculous idea!"

"Well, certainly, I should think you are too much of a gentleman to do that."

"You may well believe I am not going to write anything which would make it necessary for you to revenge yourself. It is only a whim of mine."

"It is a devilish odd whim, though. Besides, the lady is rather unwell at present."

"Caught cold, perhaps?"

"What puts that into your head?"

"Oh! when people do not feel very well, it is generally supposed they have caught cold."

"Ha, ha! that's true. But, as I have told you, she is not well, and it is difficult to get anything conveyed to her at present."

"If the portrait can be conveyed to her, so can my note."

"Hum! Yes; but, to confess the truth, I do not like to send it."

"Very well;—then you cannot have the money."

"This is pretty much like holding a knife to my throat. I suppose I must submit; but I wish you would throw another favour into the bargain."

"What may that be?"

"There is a young nobleman of my acquaintance; lend me fifty dollars for him."

"You will then agree to my proposal?"

"Here is my hand on it!"

"It is well. Now I will write the note."

Jacob went to another table, and wrote:—

"There was, indeed, some one close to the summerhouse on Wednesday night, and it was I, JACOB BENDIXEN."

"Come," said Grabow, "this seems a short sort of billet; it can't do any harm. Give me the note—I will take charge of it."

"No—stop; you can very well write here the tender epistle which is to announce your present to your beloved, and my note can be put inside of it. Then we can go together and pay for the picture, and you can give in my presence directions where to send both together. You can't be much distressed at my knowing to whom they are going."

"That's confoundedly cool! You can trust the note with me. Upon my honour, I will forward it."

"But what objection can you have to my arrangement, if you really and truly intend to send forward my note?"

"Well, to be candid with you, the picture is only to cost twenty-five dollars."

"I shall not withhold the rest. Here, take the money."

"Upon my soul, you are a fine fellow! Let us be off now, and get through this business at once."

About a week after, when Jacob could no longer bear the solitude to which he had condemned himself, he strolled down to the hospital.

Gröndal and some other young medical men were sitting in quiet and grave conversation, smoking their pipes. When Bendixen entered, no one seemed to observe him; they continued their conversation, but in a lower tone. Presently one of the party left the room, and speedily returned, carrying a pair of old pantaloons. He went up to Jacob and said: "Bendixen, how much will you lend me on these old breeches?"

"What do you mean by that?" asked Jacob, colouring violently.

"Oh, don't look so sanctified! We know the whole story about Grabow and his friend. It soon got wind.—You have studied the sciences in Poland to good effect, faith!"

"You shall have the custom of the hospital," said another; "we shall remember you for old acquaintance sake."

The crimson in Jacob's cheek had faded, and was succeeded by a deadly paleness. He folded his arms upon his breast, and asked, "What has Grabow been saying?"

"Oh, nothing very particular!" said the first speaker, throwing himself in a chair, and sticking his hands in his pockets. "Only a scene from daily life! A young officer is in want of money, and he betakes himself to Mr. Moses. Mr. Moses says that he really cannot help him, that money is very scarce now-a-days. 'For all that, let me have some,' says the officer. 'I have none at command myself,' says Mr. Moses, 'but I can borrow some in a couple of days.' The officer goes away contented, and swears that Mr. Moses is a most obliging person. But a couple of days after, Mr. Moses contrives to throw a pretty large bucket of water on the lieutenant's enthusiasm, and that officer declares that it has been the dearest money to him he ever borrowed."

"Did Grabow tell on what agreement he borrowed the money?"

"Lord, no! he was too discreet. He said he was bound in honour not to reveal."

"Bendixen," interrupted another, "you really are in luck—two good customers at once, and both so impatient. But you were always noted for having a long head."

Then Gröndal rose, and said,

"Listen, Bendixen! The pipe Levy smoked, *you* shall never smoke—from his glass, *you* shall never drink. Nevertheless, for his sake, we will not altogether banish you; therefore, if it suits you to come here occasionally, you may."

Jacob turned without saying one word, and left the room.

"A gentleman has been here several times asking for you," said his landlady, when he reached home; "he looked as if he were in great trouble."

"Did he give his name?"

"No, but I observed that he was an officer; he will be here again presently, for I told him you would soon be back."

"Very well," said Bendixen, going towards his rooms.

"Mr. Bendixen," said the woman, "are you ill? You look deadly pale, and your eyes seem quite bloodshot. Let me make you a cup of warm coffee."

"No, not any, thank you," said Jacob, going into his apartments.

Shortly after, Grabow called:—

"She is dead now!" he cried.

"Who is dead?" asked Jacob, holding by the table.

"The lady to whom you sent that note!"

"Well, what have I to do with that," said Jacob, sinking on a chair.

"What have you to do with that? What was there in the note you sent her? She went into convulsions when she got it, and lay laughing and screaming, and asking where it came from."

"She *lay* laughing and screaming; was she ill in bed then?"

"Yes, she was in a violent fever."

"Is there anything surprising in a person under the influence of fever being a little delirious?"

"No, certainly there is not; and you really do look so calm, that I cannot believe you guilty. I thought—I—I fancied you had written the note on poisoned paper."

"Ha, ha, ha! what an extraordinary fancy to hit upon."

"Well, she is dead at any rate, and a great pity it is too,

for she was a pretty little woman. But, hark ye, if you should ever happen to meet Lieutenant Engberg, say nothing about all this before him; she was his wife—I may mention this to you, now that she is dead.”

“No, I never will,” said Jacob.

“Bendixen, I have come again to you as a friend in need. Lend me a handful of dollars to pay for some things I need, else I cannot go to the funeral.”

“Grabow; what would you pledge if I gave you some money—your skin and your hair?”

“The fact is, you know, I have little else to pawn but my own person. However, I can have my life insured.”

Jacob raised his head, and looked hard at him; at length, he said, “Oh, that is unnecessary.”

“Lend me the money, then.”

Jacob continued to gaze at him, but made no reply.

“Pray do me this favour,” cried Grabow; “I can’t think how you can be so hard-hearted. Such a rich fellow as you are, too! Ah, what power you have over us poor Christians.”

“Have *I* power?” cried Jacob, rising hastily. “*I*?—Then write out a document, which I shall dictate to you!”

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

BEFORE a small house in Pile-street stood, one winter-day, a dark Jewish hearse. A body had just been carried out, followed by a crowd of poor Jews, who, after the coffin was placed in the hearse, hastened to find seats in the carriages which were waiting to carry, gratis, all who wished to attend the funeral.

Some of the conveyances were so speedily filled from both sides, that there was quite a noisy contest inside for places; in others the rush was made entirely at one door, and the people were in such a hurry to jump in, that some of them tumbled out at the opposite side. To be brief, it was a Jewish funeral according to the fashion of the olden time.

Immediately behind the hearse walked the higher class of Jews, and those of the poorer class who had not been able to find room in the carriages. A mass of common people followed the funeral procession, jeering and flinging stones, whilst a number of policemen, mingling with the crowd, dealt out blows alike to those who threw stones and those who did not.

In one of the carriages were seven elderly Jews, who, after having pushed and abused each other, by degrees came to settle themselves, and be at peace; they also began to scrutinize each other, each anxious to see whom chance had made his companions.

"By my life, Moses Ringstedt!" cried one, stretching forth both his hands as far as he could towards another who was sitting in the farthest corner of the carriage. "How came you here?"

"Ephraim Gedalio! as God lives!" cried the man in the corner, striving to get his pinioned arm loose, so as to shake hands with the friend he had recognized.

"When did you arrive?" asked Ephraim.

"Yesterday evening. How are your wife and children?"

"Thank you, all eating and drinking well. Why did you not come on Friday evening? On Schabbas you might have had a *baunensupp** with us. Koscher,† by my life! Nebbisch, musz't sau rasen bei winter tog!"‡

"No matter. I expect to do some good *masmatten*,§ and therefore I came. One must sell one's last rag to become a rich man."||

"You arrived only yesterday evening, and already here?"

"A poor man must not stand upon trifles. They will give a good *zedoko*."¶

"And why? Because he was a rich man, and there are no poor relations to look sharply after his goods."

"Was wor er eigentlich? Ich kenn ihn gor nit! Er hiesz Rabbi Jainkef, nit wohr?"**

"Was wor er? woher? Ich wa'sz nit! Do wird'n gut *zedoko* geben—dorum bin ich mitgegangen!"††

"I knew him," said one of the others, who was better educated than the rest, and therefore spoke Danish.

They all turned towards the speaker as well as their cramped positions would allow.

"And who is *he*?" asked Moses Ringstedt, in a whisper, of his neighbour.

"It is Schaie Iisroel. He has much more money than either you or I, and yet goes with us for the *zedoko*!"

* The same as *scholet*, a Sabbath dish.

† Excellent.

‡ Poor fellow, to have to travel on such a winter's day.

§ Business.

|| A Jewish saying.

¶ Large alms will be given at the funeral. (At the grave, alms are dealt out to the poor, in proportion to the wealth of the deceased.)

** Who was he? I know nothing of him! Was he not called Rabbi Jacob?

†† Who was he? And from whence? I do not know; but I hear good alms will be given, therefore have I come.

"He was a worthy man!" said Schaie Iisroel, casting up his eyes towards the top of the carriage.

"Worthy!" exclaimed one of the others—"one never saw him at school."*

"No; he had his own ways. Once a year he came to church, at the Jaumkipur, and he remained there all day, like the most pious. He took his place always next to me, so I ought to know it;—let any one contradict me who can!"

When no one attempted to gainsay him, he went on—

"He was a worthy man! He made several voluntary gifts to the Jewish free school, and to the whole congregation besides. He belonged to all *hrevrer*,† and whenever he discovered a Jewish child being taught at a Christian school, he always took the utmost pains to have him placed with a Jewish master. Whenever he found a lad engaging in those studies which turn the best Jew into a Goi,‡ he interfered, and had him put behind a counter, or at a desk. Sirhbraunau *livrocho*!"§

"What business did he follow?" asked Moses Ringstedt.

Schaie Iisroel's countenance darkened at this question, and he said, "The Lord forgive him, and let not the earth press too heavily upon him, though he *did* take the bread out of the mouths of the other children of Israel! I am going to his funeral to-day, to get back a small portion of what he has deprived me of these two long years. He discounted bills, and lent money; and how did he do it? All the fine folks were crazy after him, and would have no dealings with the rest of us while he lived, though he took a higher per centage than I did. For instance, that thick kammerjunker|| came to me lately. 'It is long since I have had the pleasure of seeing you, kammerjunker,' said I. He laughed, and replied, 'Yes; but Bendixen is ill now, and will probably die.'—'Was not my money as good as Bendixen's, kammerjunker?' I asked. 'Oh, yes,' he replied; 'but Bendixen was so *shentlemanly* in his manners, and treated one so much as a *shentleman*, that though with the devil's greed he stuck on a hundred per cent. profit, I grudged him that less than your fifty per cent. If one were at any time hard up, with nothing on earth to give as security, he would accept one's word of honour, and that is more than you do, Mr. Israel.'—'Of course not, kammerjunker,' said I; 'any other respecta-

* Synagogue, or place of worship.

† A Christian.

§ Blessed be his memory.

‡ Charitable institutions.

|| A court title.

ble pledge; but not *a word of honour*. God defend me from that security! I have so many words of honour standing unredeemed from old times, that I could furnish a whole army with them.' So the kammerjunker laughed, and pledged a pair of bran-new epaulettes, which he had just *bought*, and *paid for*, with his word of honour."

"Shentleman!" asked Moses Ringstedt, "what is a shentleman?"

"How should I know," replied the other; "probably one who takes a hundred per cent. The business is a good one," continued Schaie Iisroel; "but, after all, it is safer to lend three marks on a coat or a petticoat, than a hundred dollars on a lord's promise. One is obliged, however, to do many things on account of the clamour against us. They call us misers—blood-hounds—Jew usurers. Jew usurer—that is their favourite term. There is a Christian living near me, who takes two hundred per cent.; they call him *Jew* usurer also."

"To hell with the usurers!" cried some voices from without, while a stone was thrown into the carriage.

"Aule mi jat!"* exclaimed Moses Ringstedt, drawing himself as far back as he could in the vehicle. The alarmed occupants of the carriage remained for some time in dead silence, even after the police had pursued and seized the boys who were the culprits. At length Moses Ringstedt returned to the subject, which apparently engrossed his whole soul, and asked, "Will he really give such a good *mas-matten*?"

"Awaddo!† He had more than he knew how to use; I was on the point of going into partnership with him."

"You! Schaie Iisroel?" cried his astonished auditors.

Schaie Iisroel enjoyed in silence for a few minutes the awed surprise of his companions, and then complacently went on. "Last Jaumkipur we stood, as usual, close to each other at the school. Dr. Levy came and placed himself just opposite to us"—

"Dr. Levy!" interrupted Moses Ringstedt; "is he son of Leibche Levy, who married a daughter of Mendel Kaun?"

"He," replied Ephraim Gedalio; "he is a son of Leib Schächter."

* These words convey a curse upon the parties who threw the stone, and they might also be intended by Moses Ringstedt to certify that he would never again go to such a funeral.

† Most certainly.

“Oh! of little Leib Schächter? I knew him—and his son is a doctor! Is he clever? is he much employed?”

“He is only lately returned from Sweden; they made a great deal of him there.”

“It is really a *naches** to hear this. What were you saying of him, Mr. Iisroel?”

“If you will keep your questions to yourself, I can speak,” said Schaie Iisroel sharply. “As I was saying, he came and placed himself just opposite to us. He looked hard at Bendixen, and so did I. Poor fellow! He was so pale, and seemed so ill, he was scarcely fit to go through the fast. So, says Dr. Levy,

“‘How do you feel, Bendixen?—able to attend to business?’

“Bendixen replied, ‘I am almost done up.’

“‘Then,’ said the doctor, ‘if you have more to do than you are able to undertake, you should go into partnership with one in your own line—Mr. Schaie Iisroel, for instance.’ I winked to the doctor, as much as to say that I would be very willing.

“‘Yes,’ said Bendixen.

“Then I took his arm, and said, ‘Well, I will come up to you to-morrow to talk about it.’ He turned round, and just looked at me, when all of a sudden he fainted away, and the doctor had to take him home. From that day forwards he could do no business, but became weaker and weaker until he died. You see how near I was to being in partnership with him!”

“Of what did he die?” asked Moses Ringstedt.

“It is said, of an old wound,” replied Schaie Iisroel; “he had been in the wars in his youth.”

“In his youth? I believe he was not an old man,” said one of the others.

“I do not say that he was; he looked older than he really was.”

“In the wars?” cried Ephraim Gedalio. “He did not eat *koscher*, or keep the *Schabbas* there, I’ll be bound.”

“He was not very pious in his youth. He was actually at one time engaged to a *Schikse*.† But the Spirit of the Lord came upon him, and he renounced her, and became a truly believing Jew. You know Reisches Aaron, Ephraim Gedalio? Well,—he watched Bendixen during his last illness, along with Dr. Levy. The last night he did not utter one word until death was approaching, then he raised himself up,

* Pleasure.

† A Christian girl.

gazed about him, and raved about the law of Moses—the blessed Thora.”

“Did he not say his Schema Iisroel?” asked the stiff-necked sceptic.

“No; but he called, as I tell you, on the law of Moses—the sacred Thora, and that is quite as much to the purpose. He was a worthy man. Gebenscht sei sein neschommo!”*

They reached the churchyard at length, and the carriages were emptied of their burdens.

Whilst, according to the prescribed usage, the body of the deceased was being washed in warm and cold water, in the *dead house*, Jacob’s uncle Marcus, and his two sons, along with the invited portion of the mourners, or funeral guests, sat together, and sang in low voices Tehillim,† the rest of the people walking up and down on the outside.

When the corpse was wrapped in the thallis, and laid in its flat, unplanned coffin, Marcus and his two sons were summoned. Then, weeping, they arose and went to put on the socks, and to beg *Mechilo*‡ of him. The lid was then laid on the coffin, and the funeral procession was formed. The coffin was lifted on the shoulders of the bearers, and the procession moved towards the churchyard, whilst the director of the procession went about among the crowd, and rattled the alms-box, crying “Zedoko tatzil mimoves!”§

At the entrance to the churchyard, amidst the bushes sparkling with hoar-frost, the coffin was laid for a while on the ground; the mourners formed themselves in a circle around it, and uttered in low monotonous tones the prayer, Hazur tomim poalau;|| they then again took up the coffin on their shoulders, and carried it to the grave, repeating the prayer, Jauseif beseiser eljaun.¶

When they reached the open grave, another circle was formed round it; in solemn silence the lid was removed from the coffin, and a small bag, filled with earth, laid under the head of the corpse. This done, the lid was screwed down, and the coffin lowered into the grave.

At this moment, loud shouts from the outside of the churchyard were heard of “Blood-suckers!” “Jew usurers!” and stones were cast at those surrounding the grave, not-

* May his soul be blessed!

† The Psalms of David.

‡ Forgiveness of any evil they might probably have done him while he was alive.

§ Charity rescues from death.

|| The acts of the Creator are just.

¶ He who is enthroned amidst the shadows of eternity.

withstanding the vigilance of the police. One of these stones rolled into the grave, and fell on the coffin itself; the hollow sound it occasioned seemed, as it were, a groan from the dead within.

A locked padlock was then cast into the grave, as a sign that with that burial should all further mortality be at an end; whereupon the chief mourner, Marcus, advanced and cast in the three first spadefuls of earth. After him followed his two sons, and then the remainder of the mourners; lastly, all who attended the funeral did the same. As soon as each individual had cast in some earth, he retired from the churchyard, and washed his hands in the adjacent court.

When all had gone, one person remained standing alone by the grave—that person was Levy:

He watched the departure of the crowd, and when he found that he was left quite by himself, he fell on his knees, and continued for a time in silent prayer. Then rising, he took a little earth from the grave, wrapped it in paper, and placed it in his breast.

At length he moved as if to go; but turning once more, his eye wandered from the lonely grave to the distant town, and from thence to the neighbouring woods—the spots where he had so often seen, in the joyous days of youth, him who was now numbered with the dead; and he exclaimed,

“He used to believe in

“EVERLASTING LIFE AND EVERLASTING FELICITY!”

A P P E N D I X.

Page 10, Note. "Zizis, or ziziths."—Each string of the zizis, zizith, or tsitsith, has five knots, answering to the five books of Moses. The plaited thread and tassels which form the zizith are attached to each corner of the taled, or tallith, —a white square veil worn by Jews at the synagogues, generally on their heads, in commemoration of Moses having covered his face with a veil when he descended from Mount Sinai. A large taled, or tallith, is worn at the synagogues; a smaller one constantly on the person, as it is deemed a preservative against temptation. In the morning, while the Jew is putting it on, he must say, "Blessed be God, who has sanctified me by his law, and ordained me to wear the zizith." The rabbis assume that the zizith includes the 613 commandments, or precepts of "the Law." The *eight* threads and *five* knots which form the zizith, together with the numerical value of the letters in the word, namely, *six hundred*, amounting to 613. Some rich Jews have, on that part of the taled, or veil, worn in the synagogue, which covers the head, a piece of silk, woven with silver or gold. The veil itself is most frequently made of white lamb's-wool.

Page 11. "Purim."—The Feast of the Purim. The word *purim*, whence the name of this festival is derived, is Persian, and signifies *lots*. It is the plural of *pur*, and the two days devoted to this solemnity are so called by the Jews because Haman, their inveterate enemy, had cast *lots* to destroy them on these days. (See the book of Esther, chap. ix.) The Purim is, as it were, the Jewish Carnival, and celebrated at the same time as the Carnival of the Christians. It is preceded by a fast. On this occasion, they give the poor in the morning sufficient to enable them to enjoy themselves at night, and the rich often send them dishes from their own table. At this time they collect the half-shekel

formerly paid to the *temple*, and distribute it amongst those who go on pilgrimage to Jerusalem, in order to avoid the fatigue of a tedious journey at the Resurrection, and to be nearer the Valley of Jehosaphat.

At night they repair to the synagogue, where the book of Esther is read over and explained to the congregation by the chezan. The reader is allowed to sit at this lesson, whereas he must stand when he reads the Law. After the volume is unrolled, he pronounces three prayers, to return thanks to God for calling them to have a share in this ceremony, for delivering their forefathers out of the merciless hands of Haman, and suffering themselves to live to this festival. In the next place he reads the whole history of Haman and Esther. In some places they engrave the name of Haman on a stone, or on wood, and the moment it is read they strike it with all their force against another stone, crying out, "Let the name of the villain perish, and be buried in oblivion." These acts of devotion are closed with imprecations on Haman and his wife, blessings on Mordecai and Esther, and praises to God for the preservation of his people. They then depart from the synagogue, sit down at table, and refresh themselves. Next morning they return to hear the book of Esther read a second time; after which they indulge in all manner of luxury and excess, insomuch that this festival was formerly confounded with the *bacchanalia* of the heathens.

Page 11. "No; but thou shalt go with me to the school."—The Jews make their synagogues, which they also call *schools*, either large or small, according to their convenience. The five Books of Moses, called Sefertora, or Book of the Law, are not in the form of modern books, but like a scroll of the ancients, written upon skins of vellum, stitched together with the sinews of some clean beasts. These skins are rolled on two wooden rollers, one at each end. The book thus rolled up is covered with a piece of fine linen, or embroidered silk, and has an outward covering of richly-embroidered velvet or silk, ornamented sometimes with precious stones. The ends of the sticks or rollers are adorned with crowns of gold or silver, with pomegranates and small bells attached to them. Portions of the law are read at festivals and at stated hours. In every synagogue there is a proper person appointed to chant the prayers; they pronounce their prayers and read the Bible in such a tone that they may be said to chant or *sing* them. This person

is called *Cazan*, *Hrazan*, or *Reader*. There is also a person to keep the keys, see that the synagogue is cleaned, light the lamps and wax-lights, and do what is requisite during divine service. He is called *Sciamas*, or servant: both are maintained at the public expense. There is a long altar of wood, somewhat elevated, either in the middle or at the entrance of the synagogue, whereon the Book of the Law is unrolled, when they are going to read it, and it is likewise placed on this wooden desk whilst they are preaching. Every man has free liberty to preach—he who intends to officiate, watches his opportunity when the congregation is sitting silent in the synagogue, then covering himself with his taled, or sometimes uncovered, he rests on the above-mentioned desk, and opens with a text from the lesson that has been read. And as every man, out of zeal for religion, is fond of being employed in the church ceremonies, such as taking the Book of the Law out of the ark, and laying it up again, the indulgence is generally granted to the most generous, or highest bidder. Whatever is so collected is distributed among the poor, or employed for the necessaries of the synagogue. Whatever is required for the Sabbath day is prepared on the Friday; nor do the Jews ever engage in any work on Friday which cannot be finished before the evening. The Sabbath begins half an hour before sunset. As soon as they can discover three stars of any considerable magnitude on Saturday night, the Sabbath is over. To be more expensive than usual on that day, is looked on by them as a laudable action, since it shows a particular value for that solemn festival, as it is written in the 58th chapter of Isaiah, 13th verse.*

Page 11. “The anxiously-expected Feast of the Passover.” —The Feast of the Passover is called *Peisach*, or *Passage*, and is held in commemoration of the Jews’ departure out of Egypt. They compute forty-nine days from the second night of the Passover to the *Feast of Weeks*, or Pentecost, named Feast of Weeks—Shavnoth—because it is kept at the end of seven weeks from the Passover. Tradition makes this the anniversary of the time the law was given on Mount Sinai. Before the commencement of the Feast of the Passover, strict examination for anything leavened in the

* The Ceremonies and Religious Customs of the various Nations of the Known World, together with Historical Annotations, and Curious Discourses, equally instructive and entertaining; written originally in French, and illustrated by folio Copper-plates. Translated into English by a Gentleman, some time of St. John’s College, Oxford. Published in 1733. Vol. i., containing the Ceremonies of the Jews.

house takes place. The master of the family goes with a light, and searches in every corner and crevice, examining even cracks in the wall. It is customary for the mistress of the family to put some crumbs of leavened bread in various places, that the husband may find them. All the leaven they can find is burned, and the vessel in which it was put. This practice is grounded on a passage in Exodus. After the search is concluded, the master of the house prays "that all the leavened bread which is in the house, as well what he has found as what he has not, may become like the dust of the earth, and be reduced to nothing." The German Jews are particularly observant of this ceremony. The table, on the Feast of the Passover, is set out to the best advantage by the women. The master of the house sits in an arm-chair; some unleavened bread is set on the table, and a *plate covered*, in which are three mysterious cakes — one for the high-priest, one for the Levites, and a third for the people. The blade-bone of a shoulder of lamb is always introduced. To this they add a dish, representing *the bricks* which their ancestors were formerly forced to make in Egypt. This is a thick paste, composed of apples, almonds, nuts, figs, &c., dressed with wine, and seasoned with cinnamon, broken into pieces to represent the straw they used in making the bricks. In another dish they have lettuce, chevril, cresses, wild-succory, and parsley. These are their bitter herbs, and a cruet of vinegar is placed near the salad. After the consecration of the Passover, every one in company, even infants in the cradle, have a glass of wine. The shoulder of lamb is meant to represent the *powerful arm of the Lord*, who delivered them from the oppression of the Egyptians.

Page 16. "Jaumkipur,"—The Vigil of the Chipur—Day of Expiation—or Feast of Atonement. The first ten days of the Jewish year are set apart for acts of humiliation and penitence for sins, and returning to God by sincere repentance. The Supreme Being, according to the Jews, examines the actions of mankind during the first nine days, and passes sentence on the 10th. They fast, pray, mortify themselves, and show every external act of piety, in order that on the day of Chipur they may be enrolled in the book of life, and blotted out of the book of death, wherein their names would be found without repentance; and they conceive, that even if the Almighty had entered their names in the book of death on the first day of the vigil, their repentance and good

works during the following nine may induce Him to transfer them to the book of life.

The Feast of Expiation, or Chipur itself, takes place on the tenth day after the new year. This is the festival mentioned in the 16th and 23rd chapters of Leviticus. When the festival commences, they assemble in the synagogue, where each man lights his candle, and chants the prayers and anathema in a loud but melancholy tone. They also make confession of their sins. The women light candles at home, and according as the lights burn, prognosticate their good or evil fortune. Some Jews spend the whole night at the synagogue in devotions; but those who retire to their own houses must be at the synagogue again at break of day, and pursue their acts of penitence. At the close of day the rabbi extends his hands towards the people, and gives them the benediction of Moses (Numbers, chapter vi.), which the people receive with great humility and devotion, covering their faces with their hands, imagining God is behind the rabbi.* Thus the hand of God covered the face of Moses whilst that holy legislator humbled himself before his divine maker for the sins of the Israelites; and this, probably, is the origin of the custom.

Page 16. "Then the priest commended them all to place new *mezussans*."—At the doors of their houses, chambers, and all places of public resort, except the doors of the synagogues, the Jews affix, by two nails to the wall at the right-hand side of the entrance, a reed, cane, or leaden tube, enclosing a parchment prepared for the purpose, whereon are neatly and correctly written the words of the fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth, and ninth verses of the sixth chapter of Deuteronomy, beginning at, "Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is one Lord;" down to, "And thou shalt write them upon the posts of thy house, and on thy gates." And after leaving a small blank in the parchment from the thirteenth to the twentieth verse of the eleventh chapter of Deuteronomy, commencing with, "And it shall come to pass, if ye shall hearken diligently unto my commandments," &c., the parchment is rolled up, and enclosed within the pipe, and at the bottom is written, *Shaddai*, one of the names of God. This *talisman*, so to style it, is called *Mezuza* by some writers, *M'zuzah* by others; in the plural, *Mezuzaus* or

* The rabbis are at the same time their tutors and their preachers.

Mezuzoth. Whenever the Jews go out or in, they touch this Mezuzah with a finger, and kiss the finger which has touched it. When a Jew changes his residence, it is forbidden to him to remove the Mezuzah, unless a Gentile is to occupy the house. The Talmud lays much stress on having the Mezuzah attached to the door-posts, as a preservative from sin.

Very strict Jews do not consider it correct to have pictures, images, or statues, in their houses; much less in their synagogues, and places set apart for divine worship, conformable to the commandment, which says, "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image." But in Italy (says Leo of Modena *) there are abundance of Jews who are not so strict, but have both portraits and historical pieces in their houses. It may be added that this remark does not apply to Italy alone.

Page 19. "If I carry my *Tephilim* with me."—The *Tephilim*, or forehead-pieces, called by the Greeks *Phylacteries*,† are reckoned sacred among the Jews; who trace their institution to Moses, from "Ye shall bind these words for signs upon your heads, they shall be unto you as frontlets between your eyes." They put on the *Tephilim* for the arm first, and afterwards that for the head. Their women do not wear them; it is sufficient for *them* to say amen to the prayers of their husbands. The ink used in writing the passages that are sewed up in the *Tephilim* must be black, and extremely clear, and no erasure must appear on the parchment. The *Tephilim* are, for the most part, used in a morning as soon as ever they rise, the mind being more free and disengaged, and in a better frame to pray without distraction.

Page 23. "Immediately after his *barmizoo*."—When a youth is thirteen years and a day old, he is looked on as a man, and is under an obligation to observe all the commandments of the law. This is called his *barmizoo* by some, by others *minian*, which signifies number. He is then of age, and may act, both in temporal and spiritual concerns, according to his own inclination. He then, too, for the first time, ties on the *Tephilim* while saying his morning prayers. This

* An Historical Dissertation on the Ceremonies and Customs of the Present Jews. Translated from the Italian of Leo of Modena, a Rabbi of Venice, by Monsieur de Simonville.

† "In Greek, *phylacteria*, from *phylacto*, *custodio*, either because they were supposed to preserve the law in memory, or, rather, because they were looked upon as a kind of amulets or charms to keep them from danger."—Jenning's Jewish Antiquities, chap. x. p. 231.

is a very important event in the life of a Jew, and is celebrated as such by his family. As to girls, they are reputed women at twelve and a half years of age.

Page 32, Note. "The Feast of Lamps." — *The Feast of Lights*, in the Hebrew called *Chanuccan*, or *Dedication*. In this festival it is not sufficient to light the lamps of the synagogue in a prescribed order, but this must be done at home also. The regularity of their worship requires the light to be on the left hand of him who enters the house. This festival is in celebration of the *Dedication of the Tabernacle*, and the seventh chapter of Numbers is read. It is kept for eight days.

Page 39. "There happened to be an unusual peace in the little town at the *Feast of the New Year*." — The Feast of the New Year, or Feast of Trumpets, takes place on the first of the Jewish month *Tisri*, our September. The course of one moon makes the Jewish month; the computation begins with the new moon. The new moon is a festival, because it is instituted and appointed in the book of Numbers. (See Numbers, chap. x. verse 10; and chap. xxviii. verse 11.) The names of the Jewish months are, *Tisri*, *Hassuan*, *Chisleu* or *Kislev*, *Teved* or *Tebeth*, *Scevat*, *Ader*, *Nisan*, *Jiar* or *Tjar*, *Swan*, *Tamus* or *Tamuz*, *Ab* or *Af*, and *Elul*.

On the Feast of the New Year, the horn is sounded to give the Jews notice that they are to hearken to the judgments which God has denounced against sinners, and to thank him for his favours during the year that has expired. The people are also reminded thereby to prepare for the day of judgment, which is the first day of the year, because God judges all the Israelites at that time. The time appointed for the blowing of the horn is from the rising of the sun to sunset. He who blows the horn stands in the place where the law is read. The whole congregation stand; the instrument is made of a ram's horn, in memorial of Isaac's ram.

If the trumpeter sounds it clearly and well, they reckon it a presage of a happy year; if otherwise, they deem it an unfavourable omen. The louder they blow, the better.

The Jews rise early on their new year's day. A sheep's head is a favourite dish on that day, and seldom omitted. During the festival of the new year all manual operations and transactions in trade are entirely laid aside.

The ancient Jews laid their sins on a he-goat, which they

afterwards drove into the desert. But the modern Jews throw them upon the fish. After dinner they repair to the brink of a pond, and shake their clothes over it, with all their force. This custom is taken from a passage in *Micah*, chap. vii. verse 19: "He will have compassion on us, he will subdue our iniquities; and thou wilt cast all their sins into the depths of the sea." * †

Page 41, Note. "This ceremony is called to *Durhne*." — The ceremonies and customs of the present Jews are not all of equal authority; neither are they observed by all of them alike; for which reason they are divided into three classes. The first class contains the *injunctions* of the written law, viz. those which are included in the Five Books of Moses.

The second class relates to the Oral Law, or that which was delivered by word of mouth. The third class includes such things as *custom* hath given sanction to in different times and places. They differ from each other in the third class only.

The Talmud is composed of the *Mishna*, a collection of the Jewish traditions, and explanations of several passages of Scripture; and *Gemara*, a sort of glossary on the *Mishna*. There are two *Gemaras*, that of Jerusalem and that of Babylon, the latter of which is most valued. ‡

Page 71. "It was ordained that Adam was to be a thousand years old, and David a still-born child." — In a work on the legends of the Mussulmans is to be found the following: "Allah then made a covenant with the descendants of Adam. He touched Adam's back, and, lo! the whole human family which shall be born to the end of time issued forth from it, as small as ants, and ranged themselves right and left. At the head of the former stood Mohamed, with the prophets, and the rest of the faithful, whose radiant whiteness distinguished them from the sinners who were standing on Adam's left, headed by Kabil (Cain), the murderer of his brother. Allah then acquainted the progenitor of man with the names and destinies of each individual; and when it came to King David the prophet's turn, to whom was originally assigned a lifetime of only thirty years, Adam inquired, 'How many years

* The Ceremonies and Religious Customs of the various Nations of the Known World, &c. &c. vol. i.

† An historical Dissertation on the Ceremonies and Customs of the Present Jews. By Leo of Modena.

‡ Jenning's Jewish Antiquities.

are appointed to me?' 'One thousand,' was the answer. 'I will renounce seventy of them, if thou wilt add them to the life of David.' Allah consented; but, aware of Adam's forgetfulness, directed the grant to be recorded on a parchment, which Gabriel and Michael signed as witnesses. The 930th year of Adam's life came at last to its close, and the angel of death appeared to him in the shape of an unsightly he-goat, and demanded his soul, while the earth opened under his feet and demanded his body. Adam trembled with fear, and said to the angel of death, 'Allah has promised me a lifetime of a thousand years; thou hast come too soon.' 'Hast thou not granted seventy years of thy life to David?' replied the angel. Adam denied it, for he had indeed forgotten the circumstance; but the angel of death drew forth from his beard the parchment on which the grant was written, and spread it out before Adam, who, on seeing it, willingly gave up his soul."*

Page 74. "During the *Feast of Tabernacles*."—The Feast of Tabernacles is a representation of the journeys and sufferings of the Israelites in the Wilderness of the Red Sea, and the mercy of Providence which preserved them forty years. The Jews spend the period of this festival under tents, which they set up either before or behind their houses, in the court-yard, or the garden; or, as often among the Oriental Jews, in a sort of green booths constructed on the flat roofs of their houses. These tents are hung round with leaves. During this festival they go to the synagogue with one branch of palm, three of myrtle, and two of willow, tied together and carried in the right hand; and a branch of citron with fruit in the left. They take a solemn tour round *the desk*, with these branches in their hands. On the 7th and grandest day of the festival, the myrtle, palm, and citron are laid aside, and with the willow boughs alone they go seven times round *the desk*. This is done in commemoration of Joshua's procession round the walls of Jericho. Each of these branches has a mysterious signification. The palm is an emblem of the hypocrite; the myrtle of those who perform good works without the law; the willow, of the wicked; and the citron, of the righteous. (For the institution of this

* The Bible, the Koran, and the Talmud, or Biblical Legends of the Mussulmans, compiled from Arabic Sources, and compared with Jewish Traditions. By Dr. G. Weil, Librarian of the University of Heidelberg, &c. &c. Translated from the German, with occasional Notes.

Feast of Tabernacles, see Leviticus, chap. xxiii. from the 34th to the 43rd verses.) The *Festival of the Law* is on the 9th day of the Feast of Tabernacles. It was instituted by the rabbis. On the night of the 9th day, the *Books of the Law* are taken out of the ark, after proper prayers, and carried in procession round *the desk*. The next morning the same ceremony takes place, and the books are carried back into the Heekal, except two books containing the beginning and the end of the law, which are kept out to be read aloud by two persons chosen for the purpose, who are called the *Spouses of the Law*. While this is performed the people make loud acclamations.

On this day all ecclesiastical offices are appointed, particularly those which relate to their law. These are sold to the highest bidder, and the money appropriated to the maintenance of the poor, repairs of the synagogue, &c. Some of these offices are as follows :—

Lighting the lamps of the synagogue, distributing the wine for the consecration of the Sabbath, and other festivals, to such poor as cannot buy it for themselves, rolling and unrolling the books of the law, lifting up the books of the law, and presenting them to the congregation, reading portions of the law on solemn festivals, &c. &c.

The Sabbath which ensues after this festival is called *Sabbath in the beginning*.

THE END.

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